NUMBER 4 SUMMER, 1967

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THE NATURE OF COMMUNISM: AN ESSAY IN PICTURES WUNS PHOTO FILES

MEMORY HOLE . . . WUNS RESEARCH STAFF

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FABRIC OF TERROR BY BERNARDO TEIXEIRA

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS BY ABRAM L. SACHAR

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EDITOR: Dr. William L. Pierce

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We must not ask whether it is possible to attain our goal, but whether it is necessary. If it is impossible, then we shall try our best and perish in the attempt; but if it is necessary and proper, then we must believe that it is possible.

ADOLF HITLER

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

I would like to call your attention to a small discrepancy in "The Twenty-Five Points," by Gottfried Feder, which appeared in the Spring, 1967, issue of *National Socialist World.*

In the very first paragraph, it is stated: "The National Socialist German Workers' Party—registered as the 'National Socialist German Workers' Union'—at a great mass meeting on February 25, 1920, in the Hofbräuhaus-Festsaal in Munich, announced its program to the world."

The date given in Feder's pamphlet—February 25, 1920—is in error.

In *Mein Kampf* the correct date is shown in two places as February *24,* 1920. In Volume I, Chapter XII, entitled "The First Period of Development of the National Socialist German Workers' Party," we find the following sentence: *"And so, the date of February 24,* 1920, was set for the holding of this first great mass meeting of the still-unknown movement."*

Again, in Volume II, Chapter I, entitled "Philosophy and Party," Adolf Hitler begins with these very words: *"On February 24, 1920, the first great public demonstration of our young movement took place. In the Festsaal of the Munich Hofbräuhaus the twenty-five theses of the new party's program were submitted to a crowd of almost two thousand, and every single point was accepted amid jubilant approval."*

I stress this point, because February 24, 1920, was subsequently regarded as the real birthday of the National Socialist movement, both within the NSDAP generally, and by the Führer in particular.

Heil Hitler!

Matt Koehl

National Secretary

NATIONAL SOCIALIST WHITE PEOPLE'S PARTY

Arlington, Virginia

*The Houghton Mifflin edition of the English translation by Ralph Manheim incorrectly gives a date of February *4,* 1920, here.

We apologize for our failure to correct this typographical error, which appeared in several of the German editions of Feder's pamphlet.

Editor

Dear Editor:

May I congratulate you on the best issue yet? *National Socialist World* No. 3 was superb. . . .

Permit me, however, to point out a small flaw in Frank Collin's translation of "The Birth of a Millennium." I know that it is difficult to translate poetry and that the poem is a free translation, but in the second and third lines on page 26 the meaning of the German original seems to be lost. What Frank Collin has written there would run in German:

Soll sich erheben aus den rauchgeschwärzten Trümmern
Lebender Geister ungestümes Wehen.

The true text is:

Erhebt sich aus den rauchgeschwärzten Trümmern
Lebenden Geistes ungestümes Wehen.

The difference may seem very tiny to a foreigner, but the meaning is totally different. In German, i.e., in poetic German, there is a well-known expression *"das Wehen des Geistes,"* which I would translate as "the reign of the spirit" and which is related to the poetic saying, *"da wehet Gottes Odem,"* or "there wafts the breath of God." It is this *"Wehen des Geistes"* or "reign of the spirit" (*not* "reproach of the phantom") of which Eggers spoke, using it in the double-intensified form, *"Lebenden Geistes ungestümes Wehen,"* or "The living spirit's impetuous reign."

The meaning of the whole sentence is: When all the vile, decadent world has gone to ruin and is utterly broken down, then from those very ruins will rise the unbroken spirit of life, the divine genius of humanity that has been suppressed for so long. And that spirit will rise stronger than ever in its un-

broken force and exuberant strength, and with that impetuosity which is the mark of all truly great natures.

Sincerely,
Heinz Schmidt
Johannesburg,
Republic of South Africa

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to tell you how much I have enjoyed the overall writing in the three issues of *National Socialist World* that I have so far read. Keep up the scholarly tone and minimize fanaticism of any sort except devotion to truth and justice and a zealous adherence to staunch anti-Communist principles. While not agreeing with every article (such as those by Savitri Devi, which, while they contain some excellent truths and provide stimulating and provocative reading, are much too anti-Christian and anti-Catholic for my blood—but nevertheless, still worth reading), I find more to agree with than disagree. I particularly found the conversation between Eckart and Hitler illuminating and find little or almost nothing to disagree with there, and the articles dealing with the origins of World War I and the "Russian" Revolution were of superlative quality. The reviews of the books, especially those on Vidkun Quisling and William Joyce, were excellent and corroborate what is contained in that excellent book, *The World Conquerors,* by Louis Marschalko, which I recommend to your readers who are informed as to our real enemy.

May I suggest from time to time a detailed booklist or bibliography be published on scholarly books dealing exclusively with the origins of World War II and the Nazi Revolution for those readers who might be interested in furthering their knowledge of these important events?

Sincerely yours,
James D. Madden
Bristol, Connecticut

Dear Editor:

... I particularly enjoyed your two book reviews in the last issue. A good review of Hewins' book about Quisling was really needed. For those interested in the period of Quisling's life from 1940 to 1945 I recommend also the book by Generaladmiral Boehm, *Norwegen zwischen England und Deutschland.* Generaladmiral Boehm was the German military commander of Norway during the war and was a very fine naval officer. Until his death he remained one of the officers most faithful to Hitler. He kept a picture of the Führer on his desk all the years after 1945, and there are not many officers here of that kind. The book is published by Klosterhausverlag, Lippoldsberg 3417, über Bodenfelde, Germany, and it can be obtained there.

Greenwood's book, as far as I am able to tell from your review, is utterly correct and can be recommended to any English reader. The question with which you close your review—i.e., how could Greenwood remain merely a detached observer—can easily be answered. I found this attitude of remaining an interested but uninvolved outsider among many educated people in Germany. It is a distinct form of decadence, though perhaps a mild one. To respond to National Socialism as did William Joyce requires above all that one *act,* as our comrade Hendle of London said so well. It requires, the world being as it is, that one become a fighter, or rather, that one *be* a fighter, as Hitler pointed out in *Mein Kampf.* But that in turn requires a natural abundance of strength and soundness which is to be found only among an elite minority of our race. Greenwood, obviously not belonging to this minority, instinctively avoided becoming what simply would have required too much of him, as did many "educated" but weak Germans of that time and of today. He could not give what he did not have, as can no man.

And I think this same point applies also to your editorial. Hitler pointed out in *Mein Kampf* that our primary task should not be the reorganization of the right wing, but rather the winning over of the hitherto hostile masses of the people. He knew from his own experience the general cowardice and weak attitude of the average right winger, who generally was of bourgeois background. At the same time he was aware of the native fighting spirit of many workers. And he was enough of a politician and political psychologist to know that it was not feasible to try to attract non-fighting men, however right-wing minded, and then try to induce them to become fighters, but that the only way to build up a fighting organization was to win

over fighting men, however hostile they might be at first. And that is what he did.

In the Hitler-Jugend, where we worked at the general National Socialist education of the whole youth (except for those who were too decadent by nature) and at the same time worked at forming an elite, i.e., at selecting from the masses the boys who were racially best, we did not have to talk much about the need to fight. Those who showed a lack of initiative and fighting spirit stayed below, regardless of the social rank their fathers may have had. Only the gifted boys were promoted—those we knew to be gifted and capable of fighting, qualities inseparable from true leadership ability. The real elite will always volunteer for additional achievement, because of their inborn drive and strength. They need not be persuaded to action, although some, because of wrong upbringing, must first be won over to our movement.

Therefore, any leader responsible for building up or selecting some elite must work on the principle of voluntary action; i.e., he must give the prospective candidates a chance to volunteer to fight or to take on additional work. He must keep in mind Hitler's words to the political leaders of the NSDAP at Nürnberg on September 14, 1935:

"Es gibt nur eine einzige Berufung, und sie liegt im inneren, nur im Kampfe selbst sichtbaren Wert. Zieh das Banner auf des Mutes und der Opferwilligkeit, der Hingabe und passe auf, wer sich um dieses Banner dann schart. Und, die von dem Banner angezogen werden, die sind berufen, ein Volk zu führen, und sonst niemand."

["There is only one real summons—one which lies in a man's inner value and only manifests itself through struggle. Raise the banner of courage and self-sacrificing devotion and dedication and watch to see who gathers round it. Those who are attracted by this banner, and no one else, are those who are summoned to lead a nation."]

Thus, I say that the problems the Red Jews have with their lazy scum in the PLP are *not* our problems. In accord with Hitler's teachings, Commander Rockwell himself has clearly stated: "We believe that struggle is the vital element of all evolutionary progress and the very essence of life itself... and that we must despise weaklings who run away from struggle." Our task cannot be to attract weaklings or opportunists, but to let those types run away, indeed, to give them a chance to run. Otherwise we would "win" such disgusting men as the present "German" Chancellor Kiesinger, who in March, 1933, suddenly discovered, like millions of other cowards and opportunists, that it might be advantageous to join the Party that had then taken power, and who now just as readily serves, as a most willing tool, his Jewish masters, who chose him just because of his lack of character.

Heil Hitler!
Bruno Lüdtke
Germany

EDITORIAL

Prophecy is a risky business, at best. And yet, it is a necessary business. Any serious program for an undertaking which spans years must be based on an estimate of the probable course of future events. We National Socialists can only hope to minimize the uncertainty in our program by making our guesses as closely considered as our resources allow, and then keeping constantly in mind our fallibility, being always ready to scrap—or at least modify—old prophecies as new and unforeseen circumstances arise.

With these qualifications, however, we must take our prophecies with deadly seriousness. A sure formula for failure is to use the unknowability of the future as an excuse for a vague program and indefinite plans.

In this third quarter of the twentieth century the critical area for the future course of world history lies in the United States of America. That is where the various possible paths for the further unrolling of events converge for the time being, and that is where our movement must stand or fall. This is said with no trace of provincialism. For Germany—or, at least, many Germans—may have the will, but certainly no longer the means to determine the course of world events. And France and England, who supposedly won a world war, are still trying to understand why their "victory" has eluded them—why the power and glory that should be theirs has slipped from their grasp. Scandinavia, despite the richness of her racial resources, slumbers on and gives no sign of awakening in the near future. Russia and her satellites possess both great material wealth and a certain store of unrepressed, primitive racial energy, but a systematic and thorough program of decapitation, or *ductoricide*—the liquidation of all potentially troublesome elements—has taken a fearsome toll and robbed the eastern European peoples of the initiative which might otherwise belong to them. Finally, any idea that China, India, or the "emerging" nations of Africa—the so-called Afro-Asian bloc—will become the protagonists of the world scene is nonsense. They are a powerful, and perhaps even a determining, factor—but only in the same sense that the weather is.

In the United States, on the other hand, there presently coexist three essential elements:

1. a large, unbolshevized, and—still—relatively sound Aryan population;
2. an overwhelming economic and military strength; and
3. a strong and persistent local irritant—namely, a large and restless Negro minority, backed by the financial and propaganda resources of the most powerful Jewish community in the world.

Nowhere else is a similar combination to be found at the present time. Every other national entity lacks one or more of these elements.

The fact that the United States has presented in the last few years a picture of less-than-overwhelming strength—that America seems to be hard-pressed just to hold her own militarily against a backward collection of unruly peasants in Viet Nam, for example—provides no contradiction to our statement that the critical area for world history now lies in America. That is, the *potential* lies there; if that potential is not exploited and the initiative is not seized which *could* be seized, then the blame does not lie with Destiny. She has done her part in setting the stage; the course of the play is now left to the actors. How will they act? We must try to answer that question, for on the answer depends our own course of action.

The United States today is inhabited by approximately 150 million more-or-less Aryan whites, about twenty-five million Negroes (including mulattoes), about six million Jews, and fifteen million or so citizens who fall into miscellaneous categories: Puerto Ricans, Japanese, Mexicans, and so on. Between the first three groups a peculiar sort of three-cornered struggle is being waged. Fundamentally, it is a race war—a war for dominance and, ultimately, survival—between the three racial groups involved.

This elemental aspect of the conflict is

kept largely in the background, however, even though more and more the issues are resolving themselves in clear-cut terms of blood and fire and terror in the streets. The reason for this is that the position of the numerically smallest group—the Jews—depends most critically upon maintaining a screen of confusion about all the issues involved. For, although they hold the balance of power through their control over the machinery of public opinion and, to a lesser extent, through their enormous financial resources, their physical position is quite precarious, depending as it does upon a complex and artificial system of illusion and convention.

For us the most important question to decide is whether the present disorder will continue to grow, or whether a condition of relative peace and stability will be established in the near future. We are obliged to predict that the former alternative is by far the more probable one, for the following reason:

Although a strong effort was needed initially in order to stir the naturally rather lethargic Negro community into violent action, the present state of unrest is well into the self-sustaining stage. Only the most determined effort on the part of the white community, based on a thoroughly realistic evaluation of the issues, would be sufficient to crush the black revolution now. The motivation and wide-scale coordination for such an effort can only be developed by a complete about-face by the policy-makers controlling the American mass media. And those policy makers not only have given no sign of such a change of course, but they almost certainly will not make such a change in the foreseeable future. For, while the most cautious segment of the Jewish community has begun to view the trend of recent developments with some alarm,[1] the Jewish community as a whole is irrevocably committed to the cause of racial chaos. The leaders of the Jewish community understand full well that once Aryan America has become racially self-conscious, has organized itself, flexed its muscles, and scented blood, the Jews will follow the Negroes into history's garbage pail in short order.

The Jews then, regardless of their individual commitment or lack of commitment to the Negroes, will continue to make every effort to keep the Aryan population divided, confused, and defenseless. And, as long as they retain their strong position in America's mass-propaganda apparatus, the Gentile "establishment" will follow their lead. Thus, the present policy of Aryan race-suicide will *not* moderate as disorder mounts and the threat of destruction becomes more sharply defined, but, rather, it will be pursued ever more urgently. Those now committed to this course, whether Jew or Gentile, will more and more blatantly attribute the cause of every Negro arson, murder, and insurrection to a frustrated quest for "simple human dignity" or the like. Every reason except the correct one will be advanced to "explain" the growing chaos. We will hear more and more insistently the story that poverty and discrimination, white prejudice and bigotry, police brutality and injustice are responsible for the inferno which America is becoming. News reporting will be even more warped, with this same objective in mind—namely, to squelch any chance of placing the blame where it belongs or of viewing the situation realistically. Negro welfare bribes will continue to increase, and law enforcement will continue to be undermined with more and more leniency toward Negro transgressors.

At the same time, increasingly severe repressive measures will be taken against all who raise their voices against the general lunacy. Active National Socialists may very well find themselves outlawed and driven into illegal, underground activities within the next two years. Anti-firearms bills now before Congress will become laws and will then be strengthened by more and more restrictive legislation, until the white American finds himself completely disarmed, or very close to that state.

America will not, in other words, act to save herself from national disaster. Although the majority of her citizens would like to avert that disaster, they will, like a panic-stricken man sinking into quicksand, act only

[1] In an article entitled "Civil Rights," on page 22 of *Time* magazine, dated September 9, 1966, is the following comment: "Meantime, CORE [Congress of Racial Equality] has been almost buried by the black-power struggle and its own intransigence. Supported mainly by contributions from whites, the majority of them Jews, CORE experienced a dramatic drop in income after a Mount Vernon, N.Y., CORE official said in a speech that Hitler's big mistake was that he had not killed more Jews."

to hasten it.

Even though we can understand this behavior on the part of the Jews and those under their spell, why will the ordinary white man—the man in the street with no emotional, political, or financial entanglements with Jewry—follow this course? The answer to this is given by those two most fundamental of human drives: *fear* foremost, and then *greed*. The one pushes, and the other pulls, their victims, however reluctantly, along the road to ruin. Very few escape their grasp. White America has never had it so good, so far as superficial material prosperity goes. Two cars and a home in the suburbs have become a commonplace, not only for the affluent middle class, but more and more for the blue-collar workers too. The plumber, the machinist, and the TV serviceman are largely sharing America's prosperity with the businessman and the college-educated professional. But this affluence has a very high price tag. The bolsheviks have a good name for it: *comfort corruption*.[2] Several generations of increasingly soft living have brought on a moral decay which has served to enhance the fundamental human tendency always to follow the path of least resistance. White Americans do not want Negro crime and Negro revolution; most of them, in fact, do not want the Negro in any way—but they will not make the necessary sacrifices in order to put an end to these things. Their utterly corrupt leaders will talk about stopping the violence in the streets, because that's what the voters want to hear. But these political leaders will *not* talk about the things that *must* be talked about if the problems are to be solved. They understand quite well what they may say and what they may not say if they are to remain in favor with those who control public opinion and, thus, their political careers.

We will hear more and more about the need for increasing concessions to Negro demands, but nothing about the fundamental threat to our racial integrity which the Negro represents by his very existence in our midst, for *that* would be called *racism*. We will hear guarded denunciations of black agitators and repeated calls for a return to law and order, but nothing about the ultimate instigators of the turmoil, for *that* would be called *anti-Semitism*. And especially we will hear of the need for forebearance and goodwill and brotherhood—but nothing of the fact that the time has long since arrived when we need to replace the whining, sugary approach of the pacifist by the ruthless and unbending attitude of our warrior ancestors, for *that* would be called *Nazism!*

Even the citizen who understands—more or less—what is happening will continue to play the game. He will sacrifice the future of his race before he will sacrifice either of his two cars, or even his color-television set. He will not allow a vague awareness that something is rotten to disturb his devotion to his own immediate safety and comfort to the extent of speaking out against that rottenness. Instead, he will lash out in hatred and terror at *us,* if he thinks that by so doing he can even momentarily appease the forces he is afraid to stand against.

Some may think that there is a limit to this sort of cowardice—that moral terror can push a man only so far, and that then he will turn against his oppressors. Unfortunately, history does not support this view. Instead, the more a people become accustomed to taking the easy way, the less likely they are ever to attempt to regain their honor. As the Portuguese in Angola reacted to the rape of their women and the slaughter of their men, as reported in the book-review section of this issue of *National Socialist World,* so will Americans continue to react, by and large.

That segment of the white population relatively untouched by "comfort corruption" and its accompanying moral cowardice—that is, those who have little to fear from the power structure in America because they have little to lose—may be willing to fight, but its members are largely without the means to fight. And the white "establishment" will never fight as long as there seems to be an easier and cheaper way.

As for the blacks, they will certainly continue to step up their violent activities. They have already learned by experience that there is relatively little danger involved for them—that "whitey" won't fight back. Even the thickest-skulled primitive among them can hardly have failed to absorb the lesson of the last few summers: not only is rioting a wonderful emotional release, but looting smashed stores is a much easier way

[2]Editorial, *National Socialist World,* 3 (Spring, 1967), p. 9.

to acquire a case of Scotch or a pair of alligator shoes than is spending hard-earned money for these luxuries. Furthermore, with each riot, "whitey" makes a few more concessions. Watts and Chicago and Newark will seem peaceful compared to the developments we can expect in the next few years. When small riots, restricted to black neighborhoods, fail to achieve their fundamentally impossible demands for "equality," Negroes will try larger riots and attack white neighborhoods. And "whitey" will keep retreating.

White degeneracy will continue to rise, as the moral disease afflicting our race continues its ravages. The racially integrated sex and LSD parties occurring on American university campuses now will become commonplace, and American youths will plumb new depths in their rudderless search for escape from an emptier and more meaningless existence.

At the same time, however, our National Socialist movement will continue to grow, for our lone beacon will stand out in brighter and brighter contrast against a darkening horizon. As long as idealism has not died in our race, we will win new recruits. But, for a long time yet, we must expect nothing but a mindless hatred from the general public.

This is a bleak picture, but it is one to which we must steel ourselves. Only chaos can be the result of the present course of events in America. Our task is to grow and to strengthen ourselves, for when that chaos comes, we must be prepared to shoulder the responsibility of salvaging what is left to be salvaged. That task can only be a grim and bloody one, for the dark forces which have set America on her present path have their own plans for what shall be made of that chaos when the day comes. If we are to prevail, and not they, the next few years must be ones of even greater sacrifice and devotion than we have yet shown. In the words of our immortal Leader:

Assuredly this world is moving toward a great revolution. The question can only be whether it will result in the redemption of Aryan mankind or in the profit of the eternal Jew.

The Editor

We are happy to announce the addition of Mr. Robert A. Lloyd to the staff of *National Socialist World*. Mr. Lloyd will handle all matters relating to sales, subscriptions, and promotion.

We have an urgent and immediate need for a dedicated National Socialist to fill the position of composing-machine operator. This is a permanent position which will require between twenty and thirty hours of composing per week, on a regular basis. The work is of such a nature that it can be performed entirely at home by someone willing to live in the Washington-Arlington area. A vigorous person might even be engaged in a full-time outside occupation. The only previous experience necessary is typing.

ADOLF HITLER: GERMAN NATIONALIST OR ARYAN RACIST?

by Matt Koehl

Matt Koehl is Corresponding Secretary of the World Union of National Socialists. He is also National Secretary of the National Socialist White People's Party (the U.S. affiliate of WUNS) and Acting Chief of Staff of the NSWPP's self-defense and street-action division. Among numerous other duties, he edits and publishes the internal organs of both WUNS and the NSWPP, WUNS Bulletin *and* NS Bulletin.

There has been a tendency, even among some sincere National Socialists, to adopt the attitude that Adolf Hitler, while undoubtedly a very great man, was after all only a product of his times, and that he thus shared many of the prejudices and narrow outlooks of his contemporaries. It is felt that, while we should acknowledge his greatness in certain areas, we must also recognize his limitations in other areas and "improve" today's National Socialism by "correcting" those ideas which have allegedly suffered from Adolf Hitler's failure to comprehend, or refusal to acknowledge, the deeper and broader significance of certain aspects of the very philosophy which he originated.

The paramount consideration of National Socialism is that of *race*. Underlying all its doctrines, whether economic, political, or social, are racial considerations. The racial ideas of National Socialism form the most fundamental ideological framework upon which all the rest of the National Socialist structure is built, and they completely determine the National Socialist world view. As Colin Jordan, Deputy Commander of the World Union of National Socialists, has said: National Socialism results in *thinking with the blood* on all questions.[1]

It is in this particularly critical area, namely, that of racial doctrine, that Adolf Hitler is often alleged to have gone astray. Specifically, he is accused of favoring a provincial German nationalism, a narrow sort of state-chauvinism, over the broader Aryan racial nationalism which forms the basis of our outlook today. As support for these allegations are cited a number of his public statements, along with a supposed policy of repression of the native populations of those areas occupied by the German armies during World War II, such as France, Norway, and Russia. These repressive measures supposedly stemmed from Hitler's contempt for all those who were not citizens of the Third Reich.

Even a superficial survey of Adolf Hitler's speeches and writings on the matter offers an abundance of evidence apparently supporting the foregoing verdict. Indeed, the Führer hardly made a major public address in which he did not stress German nationalism. Over and over again, for years, he exhorted his countrymen to help him restore Germany to a position of honor, independence, and strength. He demanded the return to Germany of those German territories which had been torn away from her by the Versailles Treaty, the re-establishment of German military strength on a basis of equality with Germany's neighbors, and the punishment of those traitors to the nation who were responsible for the disaster of 1918.

Furthermore, in his efforts to reawaken a sense of national pride and direction in his fellow Germans and to offset the cultural and spiritual bolshevism which cosmopolitan international (or *anti*-national) elements were promoting in postwar Germany, Hitler repeatedly emphasized the need for treasuring things specifically German: *German* art and architecture, *German* music, the *German* language, *German* literature, *German* history and mythology, and *German* national characteristics and peculiarities.

[1]Colin Jordan, "National Socialism: A Philosophical Appraisal," *National Socialist World,* 1 (Spring, 1966), p. 6.

This same patriotic fervor expressed itself in Hitler's deeds as well as in his words. From the outbreak of the First World War in 1914, when he was 25 years old, until his tragic death in the inferno of Berlin in 1945, at the age of 56, he devoted all his energies to a lifelong struggle to promote the interests of his people and to protect them from their enemies, both within and without.

Adolf Hitler was, in fact, the outstanding German patriot of our time. Everything he said, everything he wrote, and everything he did lead to this conclusion. There is no evidence to suggest otherwise.

The question, then, is not whether Adolf Hitler was a German nationalist. No reasonable person could argue that he was not. The essential question is whether or not he was *only* a German nationalist; whether his nationalism was restricted to unthinking, flag-waving solidarity with his fellow state-citizens—an all-too-familiar phenomenon—or whether it went beyond that; whether his national ideal was the sort which manifested itself in a xenophobic dislike of everything and everyone not German (in the most restricted sense of the word), or whether it was actually the same ideal to which we National Socialists of today have dedicated ourselves.

There are two decisive factors which must form the basis for any consideration of this question. First, we have been living for many years now in an era of intense state-nationalism, in which geographical, rather than racial, criteria have determined who a man's fellow citizens were, to whom he owed loyalty. The entire Western world has been permeated with this perverse concept. It has afflicted America, England, and Europe alike. That it was a serious problem in Germany in the first half of this century is indicated by the attention given to it in the first part of the chapter in *Mein Kampf* entitled "The State." There Hitler strongly attacks the lack of understanding of the proper relationship between race and state, which leaders of the other German political parties displayed to an alarming degree.

Nationalism owes its modern form, to a large extent, to the rise of the modern national state. In the past it has differed markedly in aspect, and throughout the long history of Aryan man has been based upon many different criteria. A strictly racial basis for nationalism, however, is peculiar to National Socialism alone among the various world views of today. It is an idea which not only was relatively novel to the great masses of citizens of the various national states a few decades ago, but which was, and still is, vigorously attacked by both internationalists and the flag-waving supporters of a more conventional state-nationalism.

One of the best-known writers in the former category is Carlton J. H. Hayes, formerly professor of history at Columbia University, whose ideas have influenced a great many modern authors. "Nationalism," he said in 1926, "is a modern emotional fusion and exaggeration of two very old phenomena—nationality and patriotism."[2] He then asked himself the question: "What determines nationality in general and distinguishes one nationality from another?" In answering this question he leaned heavily on the pseudo-scientific "findings" of his Columbia University colleague, Franz Boas, in disposing of the "notion, often advanced by uninformed or unreflective persons, that nationality is determined by race." He went on to say: "The conclusion is forced upon us that the basis of nationality is not to be found in inherent mental or spiritual differences among human groups, or, for that matter, in racial heredity or physical environment. Nationality is an attribute of human culture and civilization, and the factors of zoology and botany are not applicable to it. ... It is not that heredity and environment do not apply at all to man, but that they apply only indirectly and remotely to his civilization. ...

"Nationality is certainly an aspect of culture, and the causation of national groupings and national traits must be sought in the factors of the social and essentially human sciences, rather than in those of botany and zoology. The distinctive marks and qualities of the Russian, Greek, German, Japanese, or any other nationality are no mere appanage of race or incident of geography; they are the creation of social circumstance and cultural tradition."

Citing, among others, A. L. Kroeber, Franz Boas, Israel Zangwill, and John Stuart Mill as authorities, he finally concluded

[2]Carlton J. H. Hayes, *Essays on Nationalism* (New York, 1926), pp. 6 ff.

that "... we have confirmed our hypothesis that nationality rests upon cultural foundations, that a nationality is any group of persons who speak a common language, who cherish common historical traditions, and who constitute, or think they constitute, a distinct cultural society in which, among other factors, religion and politics may have played important though not necessarily continuous roles."

Now, the unfortunate thing is that Hayes, in deciding what factors constituted the basis of national feeling, was not merely theorizing. He was, to a large extent, describing the situation as it actually existed—and still exists—among the great majority of men, at least in the decadent West.

It was this raceless conception of the basis of nationality which, carried to an insane extreme, resulted in the anomaly of American men of Germanic origin fighting side by side with "American" Negroes and "American" Jews against their German racial kinsmen in the Second World War. It was this same lack of understanding of racial realities which was responsible for the creation of the artificial states of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and the new Poland after the First World War.

However deplorable this unnatural conception of nationality may be, and however it may have arisen historically, it remains today—and it remained even more so during the 1920's and 1930's—an undeniable fact of political life, not only in Germany, but in the other countries of the world as well. Most men were accustomed to looking at national loyalty from this point of view. Language, common geographical circumstances, and the adherence—however superficial—to certain commonly accepted ideas of what constituted national traditions and national culture were deemed the "natural" determinants of nationality. The one truly natural basis for nationality and nationalism—a common racial heritage—not only was not widely accepted as such, but was singled out for special attacks by the whole international-liberal-pacifist school of thought, of which Hayes was a prominent representative.

This brings us to the second factor in understanding Adolf Hitler's conception of nationalism. Not only was he an idealist, a visionary, and the creator of a heroic, new world view, but he was no less a practical politician, an unexcelled master of *Realpolitik*. He had his dream of a great, new world order, but the material which he had at hand to begin building that new world was, unfortunately, less than ideal. And here was the problem. Every world-historical figure has been constrained by the necessity of working within the historical framework in which he has found himself, submitting to those *historical imperatives* which are peculiar to a given time and place. This constraint applied even to Adolf Hitler. The tragic dilemma with which such a figure is confronted is poignantly expressed in *Mein Kampf:*

"Throughout long periods of human history, it may happen only once that the practical politician and the theoretician are found in the same man. The more intimate this union, however, the greater are the obstacles opposing the man's efforts as a practical politician. He no longer works for necessities which are obvious to any shopkeeper, but for aims which only a very few can comprehend. Therefore his life is torn between love and hatred. The protest of the present, which does not understand the man, struggles with the recognition of posterity—for which he works.

"For the greater a man's work is for the future, the less the present can comprehend it, the harder is his fight, and the rarer success. But if once in centuries success does favor such a man, perhaps in his latter days a faint gleam of his coming glory may shine upon him. To be sure, these great men are but the Marathon runners of history; the laurel wreath of the present touches only the brow of the dying hero."[3]

In evaluating such a world-historical figure, it would be totally presumptuous and wrong to expect him to act according to the requirements of another period, rather than in accordance with the historical imperatives of his own time. State-nationalism was an extremely important element of the historical framework in which Adolf Hitler found himself. Rather than ignore it because it did not fit his ideal conception of things, he

[3]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* vol. I, chap. 8.

chose to work with it as a tool toward his ultimate goal—a world in which it would be superseded by an enlightened *racial* nationalism.

Had Hitler done otherwise—had he failed to take men and conditions as they were, insisting that his followers abandon the real world about them and go the whole way with him at once, instead of gradually leading them toward the light along paths not wholly unfamiliar to them—he might have enjoyed the satisfaction of remaining "pure" in a doctrinaire sense, but only at the expense of foregoing any real hope of accomplishment within his lifetime. He knew that the hour was too late for him to afford that luxury. As he movingly told the great German writer, Hans Grimm, in 1928, "There is no more time to be lost!"[4]

It may very well be significant that Hitler came face to face with the problem of provincial state-nationalism on the occasion of his first public political experience, which he describes in the chapter in *Mein Kampf* entitled "The 'German Workers' Party'." During his very first visit to a meeting of the embryonic group which he was one day to forge into the NSDAP, he felt moved to put down a speaker who was supporting the cause of Bavarian nationalism and urging the secession of Bavaria from the rest of Germany.

The next thirteen years witnessed an almost daily struggle on his part to bring unity of purpose to a squabbling assortment of parties and factions, the narrowness of whose loyalties prevented their effective cooperation. If Bavarians required the most eloquent persuasion before they would consent to work together with Prussians, what chance was there at the start of convincing, say, Englishmen and Germans—not to mention Frenchmen, Poles, or Russians—that their best interests ultimately lay in a renunciation of their individual, territorial loyalties in favor of a common, Aryan racial loyalty? As a matter of fact, Hitler made repeated attempts in this direction, but the barriers of ignorance, selfishness, and prejudice—barriers which the self-appointed Chosen Ones were frantically reinforcing with all the influence at their disposal—were too strong.

From 1919 to 1939—that is, during the tenuous "incubation" period of National Socialism—it was thus absolutely essential that the new movement be born and nurtured within the close context of an *existing* national community, historically prepared to undertake the first steps toward a broader, Aryan racial nationalism. Under the circumstances, German nationalism was the obviously correct—and only possible—path to the goal Adolf Hitler was seeking.

It is this goal itself which we must examine in order finally to decide the question before us. For Hitler did not look upon German nationalism as an end in itself, nor did he even consider the ultimate establishment of Germany as a dominant world power to be his final aim. Unlike most German nationalists, Adolf Hitler looked upon the German people as a people with a divine mission to fulfill—a mission encompassing far more than the enrichment or glorification of Germany herself. In 1926 he clearly set down his belief in that mission: *"Whosoever speaks of a mission of the German people on this earth must know that it can only consist in the creation of a state which sees its highest duty in the preservation and advancement of the noblest elements of our nationality—indeed, of all mankind—which still remain undefiled."*[5]

The race-wide nature of the National Socialist goal was made even clearer by Hitler's constant reiteration: *"Today we fight for the future of the German people, tomorrow for the future of our race."*[6] Or, again, when discussing the need for a broad, humanistic education for citizens of the future racial state: *"We must not allow the greater racial community to be torn apart by the divergences of the individual peoples. The struggle which rages today is for very great stakes. A culture which spans millennia and embraces Hellenism and Teutonism is fighting for its existence."*[7]

Later the Führer was even more explicit, when he declared: *"In the new world we are building it will be of no importance whether*

[4]Hans Grimm, *Warum-Woher-Aber Wohin?* (Lippoldsberg, 1954), p. 14.

[5]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* vol. II, chap. 2.
[6]Speech of October 18, 1931, at Braunschweig.
[7]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* vol. II, chap. 2.

a man is a native of one region rather than another—whether he comes from Norway or from Austria—once the conditions for racial purity have been established."[8]

It is, in fact, altogether remarkable, in light of the intense local nationalisms following World War I, that Adolf Hitler should not only have recognized the feasibility of a broader racial nationalism, but that he should actually have ventured to broach the subject before the masses of his own people, and that he should further have deliberately chosen as the very emblem of the National Socialist movement a unifying symbol for all Aryans, rather than a specifically German emblem of the state-nationalist tradition. The swastika represents *"the mission of the struggle for the victory of Aryan man,"* Hitler clearly states in *Mein Kampf.*[9]

Many instances can be cited in which Hitler denounced "foreign" influences in German life, and these are sometimes interpreted as implying a certain amount of xenophobia on his part. There was really only one foreign element which was strongly entrenched in Germany, and that was Jewry. When Hitler demanded the removal of foreigners from positions of influence in Germany, whether these foreigners were technically German citizens or not, he was referring to Jews, and he often pointed this out explicitly. For example, in his Munich speech of November 29, 1929, he said: *"A National Socialist will never tolerate a foreigner—and that means the Jew—having a position in our public life. ... A National Socialist will never tolerate a non-German being the educator of a German, a Jew being the teacher of our people."*

Again, in the Twenty-Five Points, the party program of the NSDAP, Points 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 23 demanded that restrictions be placed on the privileges and activities of "foreigners" in Germany—but here too the specific reference in Point 4 to Jews makes it clear just who the foreigners were.[10] Indeed, there was no concern about booting a horde of immigrant *Belgians,* for example, out of the country, or about suppressing *Irish* tendencies in German art, or about prying German newspapers out of the hands of *Scotsmen,* or about putting an end to control of the country's finances by *Finns,* or about imprisoning *Hungarians* for peddling pornography in Germany, or even about restricting *Danish* speculation in German land. In every case the undesirable, alien elements to which Hitler referred belonged to the same nationality: they were all Jews, even when they may not have been explicitly named as such. Most other nationalities have a commendable tendency to mind their own business when resident in someone else's country.

Toward the end of *Mein Kampf,* Adolf Hitler plainly emphasizes his viewpoint on this matter: *"And again the National Socialist movement has the mightiest task to fulfill. It must open the eyes of the people where foreign nations are concerned, and must remind them again and again of the true enemy of our modern world. Instead of hatred against Aryans—from whom nearly everything may separate us, but to whom we are bound by common blood or the great line of a kindred culture—it must direct universal wrath onto the vile enemy of mankind as the real originator of all our sufferings. It must make certain that in our country, at least, the mortal enemy is recognized, and that the battle against him, like a gleaming symbol of brighter times, may also show other nations the way to the salvation of an embattled Aryan mankind."*[11]

Hitler was especially partial toward that other great Aryan-Germanic brother nation, England, whose future he regarded as inseparable from that of Germany, and whose sea power he considered the natural complement to German land power on the European continent. He contended that England needed a strong continental power, such as Germany, at its side to maintain its empire, a premise which has subsequently—with the loss of all but a few British colonial possessions—proven all too true. All of Hitler's hopes for a European peace, in fact, were based on the prospect of achieving a firm and durable accord with Great Britain, and he made this objective the pivot of his entire foreign policy.

[8] *Bormann-Vermerke,* night of November 1-2, 1941.

[9] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* vol. II, chap. 7.

[10] Gottfried Feder, "The Twenty-Five Points," *National Socialist World,* 3 (Spring, 1967), pp. 13-15.

[11] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* vol. II, chap. 13.

Although, to the monumental misfortune of Aryan men everywhere, he never succeeded in achieving this much-sought-after *rapprochement,* Adolf Hitler never ceased trying, even after the hostilities of World War II had commenced. His categorical refusal, over the advice of his generals, to order his *panzer* forces to annihilate the British army at Dunkerque in 1940 can only be interpreted as a mighty, final bid, against all odds, for conciliation with his racial kinsmen across the Channel—the culmination of the most sincere and persistent efforts ever made by any world statesman to lay the foundations of lasting Aryan solidarity and friendship.

On the other hand, it is quite true that Germany had genuine conflicts of interest with some of her neighbors—notably France, Czechoslovakia, and Poland—during the period between the two world wars. It was hardly possible to bring about a national rejuvenation of Germany without arousing bitter opposition from these principal beneficiaries of the Versailles settlement. For the great majority of Frenchmen, Poles, and Czechs, just as the Germans, were strongly nationalistic—in the narrowest sense of the word—and were immune to all arguments but one in any matter involving their relations with Germany. If Hitler were to raise Germany to a position from which she would be able to carry out her mission of a general revitalization of the Aryan peoples of the world, then he was obliged to do so over the bodies of at least a few of the more hard-headed nationalists among Germany's neighbors, and he understood this from the beginning.

Despite this, however, Hitler was willing to go to great lengths in the way of concessions to maintain peaceable relations. The abandonment of the German populations of the South Tyrol and Alsace-Lorraine to Italy and France, respectively, was extraordinarily difficult for him to accept. But he showed considerably more restraint of his "nationalistic" urges in these matters than did most of his countrymen. He was able to justify these concessions in terms of his long-term racial goals, whereas his contemporaries, with their narrower nationalistic aims, often were not able to do so. He could not remain silent, though, while the German populations under Czech and Polish authority were savagely mistreated. He announced his determination to put a forceful end to these atrocities and then proceeded to do so.

Hitler's actions with regard to Czechoslovakia and Poland and his general plans for German expansion to the east have been offered by anti-Nazi propagandists as evidence of a general policy of repression of the Slavs. This charge is ridiculous, of course, but even a few National Socialists have been taken in by it. Part of the misunderstanding is due to the confusion between "Slav" as a racial and as a linguistic designation. Among the many peoples who speak—or at one time spoke—Slavic languages are a number of racial types. A substantial portion of those Prussians between the Oder and the Elbe, for instance, have a Slavic background, being descended from the Wends. The Croats are also a Slavic people, at least in the linguistic sense, and Hitler had higher praise for them than almost anyone else.[12]

On the other hand, many of the peoples of eastern Europe, nominally Slavs, are not racially Aryan at all, but contain a substantial amount of Mongoloid blood, the result of successive waves of invasion from Asia.

[12]Confusion resulting from the use of terms with both racial and linguistic denotations has been widespread. The term *Aryan* also falls into this category. Generally, our use of the word has been confined to its *racial* sense, unless we have specifically indicated otherwise, and we prefer the term *Indo-European* for linguistic denotations. *Aryan* refers to those European peoples who still share to a substantial extent the genetic heritage—in both physical and psychical traits—left by those ancestral speakers of Indo-European languages who inhabited northern Europe in prehistoric times, and to certain other European peoples who are racially, if not linguistically, related to these.

In the words of the eminent anthropologist, Carleton S. Coon, "...the Indo-European languages were, at one time, associated with a single, if composite, racial type, and...that racial type was an ancestral Nordic. We have determined this through a study of the skeletal remains of peoples known to have spoken these languages at or near the time of their initial dispersion from their several centers.

"...The Slavs, like all the other Indo-European-speaking peoples whom we have been able to trace, were originally Nordic.... However, the Slavs who migrated to southern Hungary... mixed with a local short-statured, broad-faced, and broad-nosed brachycephalic people, who... were descended from the central Asiatic Avars." *The Races of Europe* (New York, 1939), pp. 220-1.

That Adolf Hitler, as a racist, was obviously concerned about the intrusion of non-Aryan blood along Europe's eastern periphery goes without saying. The effects of numerous Mongol and Turkic penetrations over the centuries have in many instances left their indelible mark on the local populations, a fact which could not be overlooked.

During the Second World War a particularly nasty form of warfare gained a new prominence. Guerrilla-type activities by civilian partisans—the "underground" or the "resistance"—were carried on to a degree vastly exceeding that in any previous major war. There were two reasons for this:

First was the fact that not even during the bitter religious wars of the Middle Ages had two such irreconcilable ideologies as National Socialism and Marxism been in conflict. In November, 1918, as he lay blinded by poison gas in a veterans' hospital at Pasewalk in Pomerania and heard of the Marxist uprisings in Germany which ended her war effort, Adolf Hitler made a resolution. He swore that he would never again rest until he had utterly exterminated the bearers of the Marxist disease-germ. If National Socialist Germany were to prevail in the Second World War, then Marxism would be finished in Europe, and the Marxists everywhere—from Washington to Moscow—knew this.

Wherever Marxism had extended its grip in Europe, the native populations, horrified by the bloody reality of bolshevization, looked upon the invading German army as a deliverer. In the Baltic states, in the Ukraine, in the Caucasus—the subject peoples rose up against the Red commissars as the Germans approached. The Communist leaders, with the desperation of cornered criminals, resorted to unprecedented brutality in their efforts to prevent solidarity from developing between the Germans and those peoples being liberated from Bolshevik domination.

In order to provoke reprisals by the German occupation forces against the populace, Communist partisans did not hesitate to use the most bestial measures. Not only did they assassinate unwary German soldiers, but whenever possible they kidnapped them and committed the most unspeakable atrocities on them, leaving the mutilated corpses where they would be quickly found by other Germans. The Germans, in turn, even if they had not been enraged by such deeds, could not afford to let them go unpunished. Hostages were taken; and when the partisans continued their murderous activities, the hostages were shot. The local citizens were bitterly resentful of such treatment, and their initial friendly feelings toward the Germans quickly evaporated. This, of course, was exactly the objective of the Communist partisans.[13] From their point of view, the stiffer the reprisals they could provoke the Germans into, the better.

The second factor which contributed to these partisan activities was the presence nearly everywhere of perfect partisan material—both Marxist oriented and completely indifferent to the sufferings that they brought down on the heads of their fellow citizens by their activities—namely, Jews. They constituted a ready-made, underground network of worldwide extent, and they certainly had sufficient motivation. They realized full well that, completely aside from the threat of justice at the hands of the Germans, if the Communist regimes they had helped to establish and had supported were to be eliminated by the Germans, then the native populations they had so grievously mistreated, when left to themselves, would swiftly and brutally solve the Jewish problem once and for all. If the war could be brought to a successful conclusion by Germany, with partisan activities totally suppressed and general knowledge spread among the Poles, for example, concerning Lavrenti Beria's massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, within 48 hours of a German withdrawal there would not be a Jew left alive in Poland.[14] Likewise, if the Germans were to smash the Communist regime in Russia and restore a patriotic Russian government, Jews would be roasted over public bonfires

[13]In the later stages of the war, the partisans shifted their attentions more and more from provocation of the Germans to the "liquidation" of native anti-Communists.

[14]Despite the German defeat and the establishment of a Jew-controlled Communist government in Poland, the Poles nevertheless avenged themselves against the Jews in some areas after the war. The massacre of Jews in Kielce in July, 1946, is an example. And the panicky exodus of Jews from Hungary during the anti-Communist uprising there in 1956, together with the worldwide Jewish denunciation of the revolt as "an anti-Semitic plot," is another example of the same phenomenon.

by a rejoicing populace in every village and city square throughout Russia.

An army presented with the problem of partisan harassment has a very simple choice to make: either tolerate the harassment with a smile, or use methods sufficiently severe to put an end to it. The Soviets always made the latter choice, as a matter of course. The slightest opposition to the Red army brought down such frightful and bloody retaliation on the heads of the populace that no more resistance was even thinkable by the terrified and cowed survivors. The German army, unable to bring itself to such measures, could only play directly into the hands of the Jews and Marxists by trying to take a middle course.

With the outbreak of the European conflict—and, more particularly, with the start of the campaign against the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941—the National Socialist struggle took a new direction. Up to this time the National Socialist movement had confined itself to Greater Germany and was, as often stated in official pronouncements, "not for export." Now, with the extension of the German sphere of influence, the young movement, with its racial message of Aryan solidarity, was carried beyond Germany's frontiers. It began to lose some of the parochial German character associated with it during the early years of struggle and the period of national consolidation immediately following—a character which, as we have indicated earlier, was at the time absolutely essential—and began to assume a new, pan-Aryan aspect.

The concept of a *New Order* emerged, as Adolf Hitler's long-range racial goal became increasingly more apparent. *"Our present struggle is merely a continuation, on the international level, of the struggle we waged on the national level,"* he remarked at the time.[15] *"The basic ideas that served us in the struggle for power have proven that they are correct, and are the same ideas we are applying today in the struggle we are waging on a world scale."*[16]

Hitler proposed that the battlefields of the Second World War and the struggle against Bolshevism should provide the cement of solidarity to bind the Aryan nations of Europe into a greater, organic whole, with each of them coming into a larger confederation, not like whipped dogs, but with the pride born of the knowledge that each and every one had shed its blood and played its part in the greatest struggle for freedom in the history of Europe. For all those who had risked their lives for Europe would be called upon to build the new, Aryan order of the future.

It was in line with this idea that sizable contingents of anti-Communist volunteers from virtually every country of Europe were either incorporated into units of the German army or the SS, or were allowed to form their own fighting units, which were then outfitted and supplied by Germany. Walloons and Flemings, Danes and Norwegians, Ukrainians and Russians, Dutchmen and Estonians by the tens of thousands—even Irishmen—fought courageously for the triumph of the great, new *Weltanschauung* and its inspired architect. For it was not a geographical boundary, nor one of language, nor even one of local culture and tradition, but one of blood which delineated the Aryan nationality for which they fought.

It is in this light that we must understand the real significance of the *Waffen-* and the Germanic-SS, and the role these two bodies were called upon to play in the formation of a true, pan-Aryan blood brotherhood—whose beneficial effects are, in spite of everything, still being felt to this day. With volunteers from every Aryan country participating, the SS was unique in that it represented the first concrete attempt to establish a fighting force based on the concept of racial nationalism, rather than that of state-nationalism. Indeed, never before in the history of the West had such an attempt been made.

Hitler's conception of European unity is clearly reflected in both his public speeches and private conversations, not to mention the formal pronouncements of *Mein Kampf*. It was not just another grandiose economic, geographic, or political scheme—such as those commonly proposed today—but an Aryan racial proposition at the highest level. Hitler did not propose an arbitrary leveling of Europe's racial types, but called instead for a conscious effort to raise the best racial

[15] *Bormann-Vermerke,* midnight of November 2, 1941.

[16] *Ibid.,* November 19, 1941.

elements of Europe to a leading position in continental and world affairs. *"All those who have a feeling for Europe can join in our work,"* he declared, adding that the men for such a mighty task would come from Scandinavia, the western countries—even America—as well as Germany.[17]

Although not the primary consideration, the proposed economic system under the New Order offered limitless opportunities, especially to the smaller European countries; and it might be described very loosely as a sort of European Common Market without the international bankers. The new system involved an autarkic economy for Europe which would not be subject to the fluctuations of the international market, and which could guarantee the conditions of full employment and economic growth.

To achieve the unification of Europe, Hitler believed, first, that the national initiative of one powerful country, such as Germany, was necessary to overcome the obstructions of selfish, narrow-minded provincialism—in much the same way that Prussia assumed the lead in unifying the bickering German states under Bismarck's policy of "blood and iron," while others *talked* about that unity. Only in a similar manner could the monumental task of welding northern, western, central, and eastern Europe into one organic entity find hope of accomplishment.

As the second prerequisite for European unification, Hitler proposed that all the Germanic[18] peoples of the continent themselves first unite to *"compose the nucleus around which Europe will federate."*[19] In discussing this idea with a Danish SS major from the *Viking* Division, he said: *"My native land is one of the most beautiful countries in the Reich, but what can it do when left to itself? What could I undertake as an Austrian? . . .*

"I understand that it may be hard for a young Dutchman or a young Norwegian to find himself called upon to form a common unit, within the framework of the Reich,[20] *together with men of other Germanic connections. But what is asked of them is no harder than what was asked of the Germanic tribes at the time of the great migrations. In those days bitterness was so great that the chief of the Germanic tribes was assassinated by members of his own family. What was asked of the countries that have formed the Second Reich is similar to what we are asking now, and to what we recently asked of the Austrians."*[21]

The full significance of Hitler's pan-Germanicism, as part of a larger pan-Aryanism, can only be appreciated if we consider that, virtually without exception, all of the states of western Europe are formations which have grown out of the last of the great Aryan migrations, the Germanic *Völkerwanderung:* Angles, Saxons, and Jutes to England; Franks, Burgundians, and Norsemen to France; Goths and Lombards to Italy; Goths and Swabians to Spain; not to mention those Germanic tribes which remained the closest to their original homeland, and subsequently formed the German and Scandinavian states. Indeed, the Germanic imprint has been so extensive in both eastern and western Europe, that today there are many persons who on linguistic grounds consider themselves Latins, Kelts, Slavs, Balts, or Finno-Ugrians, but who are, in fact, largely descended from these same and other early Germanic tribes.

In historical perspective, Adolf Hitler must be regarded as the first real exponent of *political* racial nationalism, or more specifically, of Aryan racism. *"If I try to gauge my*

[17] *Ibid.,* evening of October 17, 1941.

[18] In numerous instances, especially in *Mein Kampf,* Hitler's racism is de-emphasized in English translations, with the rendering of both *deutsch* and *germanisch* as "German." The former term applies specifically to the people of Germany, whereas the latter term properly includes the larger portion of the world's Aryan population—Anglo-Saxons, Scandinavians, Dutch, and Flemish, as well as Germans, not to mention their racial kinsmen in the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere—and should be correctly translated as *Germanic* (or *Teutonic*).

[19] *Bormann-Vermerke,* evening of February 22, 1942.

[20] Here Hitler's intention of assimilating all the Germanic peoples of continental Europe into one state, or *Reich,* is unmistakable. In this respect, the Führer began to employ the terms, *Germanisches Reich* and *Grossgermanisches Reich*—instead of *Deutsches Reich* and *Grossdeutsches Reich*—to emphasize this aim. In other instances, he simply used the expedient, interchangeable form, *Reich.*

[21] *Bormann-Vermerke,* evening of February 22, 1942.

work," he once said, *"I must consider, first of all, that I have contributed—in a world that had forgotten the notion—to the triumph of the idea of the primacy of race."*[22] That his pan-Aryan objectives may have been obscured by the more immediate task of mobilizing the indispensable national energy of the German people toward that end is somewhat regretable; for Germany and the German people did indeed play an exceptional role in Hitler's plans—but not in the narrow way that is sometimes imagined.

Although National Socialism is intimately conditioned by the fact that its doctrines are, in a sense, an expression of the inner nature of one particular race—the Aryan race—a broad outlook indeed is required to comprehend the full magnitude of Hitler's creation—to see beyond its conventionally nationalist aspects to its eternal and universal significance. Savitri Devi said it rather well, I think: "...in its *essence,* the National Socialist idea exceeds not only Germany and our times, but the Aryan race and mankind itself and *any* epoch; it ultimately expresses that mysterious and unfailing wisdom according to which Nature lives and creates: the impersonal wisdom of the primeval forest and of the ocean depth and of the spheres in the dark fields of space; and it is Adolf Hitler's glory not merely to have gone back to *that* divine wisdom ... but to have made it the basis of a *practical* regeneration policy of worldwide scope ...."[23]

[22]*Ibid.*, night of October 21-22, 1941.

[23]Savitri Devi, "The Lightning and the Sun," *National Socialist World,* 1 (Spring, 1966), p. 61.

NEWSPAPER CONTROL IN AMERICA

by Robert Homan

Robert Homan is a twenty-year-old student of political science and journalism who will be a member of the junior class at Seattle University this fall. This article is his first—but we certainly hope not his last—contribution to a National Socialist publication.

One of the more widely recognized virtues of the American way of life has been its "official" national philosophy, as set forth in the First Amendment of the Constitution, that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . . ." Throughout America's history an independent and competitive press has been regarded as essential to the effective maintenance of her republican form of government. It was the press's responsibility to provide factually the news and information necessary for the maintenance of a conscious and alert citizenry. The obvious importance of this task, and the inherent power and prestige which accompanied it, quite naturally resulted in a recognition of, and a respect for, the institution of journalism in America. American journalism's enormous capacity to organize and arouse public opinion for or against anything or anyone, and also the constitutionally guaranteed immunity from the threat of governmental restriction and suppression, elevated the press to a coveted plane of influence which was appropriately termed the "Fourth Estate."

The American press of today is a far cry from that which existed in the days of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine. The revolutionary technological advances which the newspaper field has undergone in the last century have been profound. Today the size, material quality, and format of newspapers, as well as the ability to provide a metropolitan area containing hundreds of thousands of readers with several editions a day, would certainly amaze the Founding Fathers. Yet, despite this advance in newspaper technology, they would probably be shocked by the growing monopolistic centralization of American newspapers and disgusted by the kind of managed news which is being presented with a straight face to the American people.

It is the purpose of this article to demonstrate how an influential minority, which constitutes only 2.9% of the total U.S. population,[1] has effectively achieved dominion over America's newspaper industry. Some readers will be shocked at the presented facts and figures; others will scoff—but no one can ignore them. They are as real as the Jewish people themselves.

Today, few people would deny the existence of newspaper monopolies. However, many people fail to realize the alarming proportions monopolization has reached and just *who* is in control of this highly influential medium. The degree of monopoly in America, considering that the country was founded upon the precepts of independent thought and free enterprise, truly staggers the imagination:

> In 94 percent of the cities in the United States that have daily newspapers, there are no locally competing newspapers. ... A tendency toward concentration of ownership has been manifesting itself in the following ways: (a) the formation of newspaper chains, particularly regional in scope in more recent years, (b) the elimination of all except one daily in cities of less than 50,000 population, (c) the combination of two papers under one publisher in cities of 50,000 to 400,000, and (d) the survival of competition only in cities of more than 400,000 population.[2]

[1] *The World Almanac and book of facts* (New York, 1966), p. 332.

[2] Raymond B. Nixon, "Implications of the Decreasing Numbers of Competitive Newspapers," in Wilbur Schramm (ed.), *Communications in Modern Society* (University of Illinois Press, 1948), p. 43.

Time magazine, in an article accurately titled "No Competition," stated that, although daily circulation of newspapers has increased from forty-five million to sixty million since 1945, the number of American cities with competitive dailies has shrunk by almost one-half, from 117 to 60. The article went on to say that the number of towns with newspaper monopolies has increased to 1,382.[3]

In a later article it was reported that:

> ... Since chains not only stifle competitors but kill newspapers (generally by merger), their effect has been dramatic. From a high-water mark of 2,461 daily papers in 1916, the number has steadily fallen, to 1,760 today. It is still dropping. Daily newspaper competition has all but disappeared. It survives in only 60 of the country's 5,911 cities—and in two-thirds of these the competition is token, i.e., between morning and afternoon papers.[4]

Monopoly newspapers, like an insatiable fire, require more and more "links" to their chain, which assures them of more influence, narrows the number of competitors in the field, and thus allows for a greater profit by increased and exclusive patronage. Since monopolists don't like to admit their policies destroy initiative and competition, a rationale is developed. This rationale usually explains that modern-day high costs require fewer but bigger newspapers. Such newspapers, they claim, provide greater efficiency, broadened news coverage, in-depth reporting, more special columns—a regular reader's utopia. The fact that such papers also become uniform in news coverage, i.e., in what the public is allowed to read and know about, is accepted by most newspapermen as inevitable.

In a study of the Midwestern newspaper monopolists, John and Mike Cowles (who among their other holdings own *Look* magazine), William Barry Furlong comments:

> ... In both Minneapolis and Des Moines, the editors and executives stress the "competition" offered them by radio and television. But in both cities, the Cowles brothers—like monopoly publishers almost everywhere—own all or part of local radio and TV stations.
>
> ... High standards in journalism do not spring from any virtue inherent in a monopoly. ...
>
> The truth is that not even the most scrupulous and thoughtful of publishers can overcome all of the defects of monopoly censorship. No matter how vigorous and fair he is in printing ideas antagonistic to his own, he cannot provide that intellectual climate in which ideas germinate. For he retains the triumphant weapon of modern conflict: the initiative. He has the first chance to offer ideas; the opposition is never in a position to do much but respond to them, and nothing can be more frustrating than always being on the defensive.[5]

The intense consolidation of newspapers into monopolies, which has resulted in the American public being offered only biased and censored news, is an event of recent years. The formation of large newspaper chains began around the turn of the century, and was restricted more or less to the urban industrial centers of the nation, which then contained about forty percent of the country's population. This was the period when the newspaper fortunes of men like E. W. Scripps, William Randolph Hearst, Joseph Medill (grandfather of Robert McCormick), and Joseph Pulitzer—the first notable Jew in the field—were fast on the rise and gaining momentum.

Although Jewish newspaper enterprises like Pulitzer's were increasing, the bulk of America's news media still resided in Gentile hands. This native American control was first overcome by the Jewish permeation of the Gentile newspaper chains. Usually, such infiltration was accomplished in periods of instability and chaos. A classic example of this process took place in Chicago at the turn of the century. In 1900, Hearst entered two newspapers, the Chicago *American* and the Chicago *Examiner,* into the city's field of competing newspapers. The circulation managers of these two new papers were Max and Moe (Moses) Annenberg, immigrant Jews.[6]

The Annenberg brothers were determined to "make good" and were not averse to using strong-arm tactics and violence to achieve their ends. Hearst wanted more circulation, but there were twelve competing

[3]"No Competition," *Time,* 79 (January 19, 1962), p. 67.

[4]"The Newspaper Collector," *Time,* 80 (July 27, 1962), p. 56.

[5]William Barry Furlong, "The Midwest's Nice Monopolists—John and Mike Cowles," *Harper's Magazine,* 226 (June, 1963), p. 75.

[6]Ferdinand Lundberg, *Imperial Hearst* (New York, 1936), p. 151.

daily newspapers in Chicago, the most formidable of which was Robert McCormick's *Tribune*. The Annenberg brothers, after surveying the situation, proceeded to "convince" newsboys and newsstand owners that it was in their interest to buy more copies of the *American* and the *Examiner* than they could possibly sell. When that tactic did not produce the desired results, the Annenbergs resorted to "discouraging" newsboys and newsstand dealers from handling the papers of Hearst's competitors. The Chicago *News* and McCormick's *Tribune* became alarmed and proceeded to retaliate. Thus, the Chicago newspaper circulation war was on. Early in the conflict, McCormick enticed the Annenberg brothers away from Hearst with an offer of $20,000 a year.[7] As is usual for the Jews, loyalty was only pocketbook deep.

When the Annenbergs moved over to the *Tribune,* they brought with them their most efficient "associates," men like "Mossy" Enright, Red Connors, Walter Stevens, and others—all of whom later became prominent in the Chicago gang wars.[8] The more ruthless and cold-blooded these men were, the better the Annenbergs liked it:

> The *Tribune's* truck of sluggers lay in wait at strategic points for the agents of Hearst's *Examiner,* the new name for the morning edition of the *American.* When they appeared, they were greeted with fusillades of shots that brought police and ambulances to the scene. . . .
>
> How Annenberg comported himself on the *Tribune* in 1911 may be shown by a few examples.
>
> A typical newsboy slugging was that staged by Bob Holbrook, one of Annenberg's men.
>
> On August 22, 1911, Charles Gallanty, a newsboy at Chicago Avenue and Robey Street, refused to take thirty additional *Tribunes,* which he knew he could not sell. Bob Holbrook, one of Annenberg's men . . . smashed him in the face and knocked him down. When the boy rose he was knocked down again. This was repeated several times, with horrified spectators watching but deterred from interfering by Holbrook's assistants. Holbrook then tried to drag the newsboy into the alley, there to finish his work in privacy. The newsboy desperately clutched a weighing machine. He was then knocked unconscious and kicked repeatedly as he lay on the ground, blood pouring from his mouth.
>
> On June 20, 1912, C.D. Ray, a newsboy, swore out a warrant charging that Max Annenberg had jumped from a truck and knocked him to the street, there kicking him repeatedly, in the presence of two unconcerned detectives. Annenberg was exonerated.[9]

The Annenberg terror squad had perfected its methods of intimidation and head-smashing to an art. Its efficiency was reflected in the *Tribune's* circulation increase and the *Examiner's* corresponding drop in sales. By the time the circulation war had ended, twenty-seven newsdealers had been killed and countless more injured. This period is regarded by many observers as the beginning of organized crime and gangsterism in Chicago.[10] However, it was also another instance of the fratricidal slaughter in which Aryan man has engaged since before the time of the Greeks. The Gentile newspapers lined up in battle formation and showed each other no mercy. Meanwhile the Jews, as throughout history, offered their services to the highest bidder, and, with a minimum of loss, secured for themselves advantages far out of proportion to their contribution. When the smoke had cleared in Chicago it became plain the only real winners were the Annenbergs. Mute testimony to their success was the elimination of four out of the twelve competing daily newspapers in Chicago between 1900 and the close of the circulation war.

From Chicago the Annenberg brothers went on to greater accomplishments. Max Annenberg was transferred from the *Tribune* to the New York *Daily News*. Moe Annenberg founded his own news bureau, General News Bureau, and developed it into a national wire service which reported sporting news. Moe Annenberg explored and exhausted every possible avenue through which he could increase his power. In the mid-1930's he acquired two Philadelphia newspapers, the *Inquirer* and the *News*. He also kept "huge sums of cash on hand for quick deals—some ten million dollars ready to rush in and buy should Hearst die or retire."[11] Hearst's longevity outlasted Annenberg's, however, who died in the early 1940's, leaving his pub-

[7] *Ibid.,* p. 153.

[8] W. A. Swanberg, *Citizen Hearst* (New York, 1961), p. 271.

[9] Lundberg, *op. cit.,* pp. 154-56.

[10] Swanberg, *op. cit.,* p. 274.

[11] George Seldes, *Lords of the Press* (New York, 1938), p. 241.

lishing business to his son, Walter Annenberg (who also owns *TV Guide,* the magazine with the second-largest circulation in America). Moe Annenberg was prevented from acquiring any further newspaper properties—although he owned many magazines—due to his abrupt appearance in the late 1930's before a Chicago federal grand jury. Annenberg was required to reconcile his actual income with that he had acknowledged to the federal government for income tax purposes. He was sent to a federal prison in the largest income-tax-evasion case of his time, involving some $9,500,000.[12]

William Randolph Hearst was perhaps one of the most controversial figures in the history of American journalism. As lord of his domain, Hearst was held responsible for everything that happened within his vast newspaper and magazine publishing complex. No one noticed or bothered to investigate the many Jewish advisors and top Jewish organizational executives who constantly accompanied Hearst wherever he went. Jews like Jacob Gortatowsky, Moses Koenigsberg, and Paul Block were the men that actually ran the Hearst enterprises. These Jews came to know Hearst better than he knew himself. They knew his likes and dislikes, his strengths and his weaknesses, his idiosyncrasies. In short, they knew how to placate Hearst and how to manipulate his tremendous power and influence for their own ends—the ends of organized Jewry.

Jacob Gortatowsky, known as "Gorty" by Hearst, was the top executive under Hearst. He was general manager of the Hearst newspapers from 1939 to 1955 and from 1955 until his recent death was chairman of the Hearst Corporation and president of King Features Syndicate and International News Service.[13] At this writing, his former positions are still vacant. Another key Jew in the Hearst organization was Moses Koenigsberg, who was "one of his [Hearst's] most trusted lieutenants... highly-paid president of six of Hearst's news and feature services."[14]

Paul Block, a Jewish advertiser turned newspaper owner, created his fortune through his association with Hearst. Block was literally Hearst's shadow and had his nose in most of Hearst's business transactions:

> Paul Block is the only publisher in America closely associated with William Randolph Hearst. ...
>
> Block and Hearst have engaged in numerous newspaper deals. *Time* claimed (April 4, 1938) that "partly with Hearst money, Block acquired nine substantial dailies by 1931," and for many years before becoming a publisher Paul Block Associates handled Hearst advertising. In 1927 Block and Hearst invaded Pittsburgh and the result was a slaughter of the press. ...
>
> In 1937 another Block-Hearst deal took place, which *Editor & Publisher* reported involving more than $2,500,000 with Block obtaining complete control of the *Post-Gazette* ...
>
> *Editor & Publisher* (September 18, 1937) quoted Block saying that Hearst "helped finance" his purchase of the Pittsburgh *Post* and *Sun* ten years earlier, and that "when the Pittsburgh deal was consummated Mr. Hearst retained a 'considerable amount of stock' in the *Post-Gazette* on which Block had an option."[15]

Besides his dealings with Hearst, Paul Block had many "business connections" in New York City. It was well known that New York Mayor James J. Walker's "closest advisor was Paul Block."[16] In 1932 Block's name came up in the New York case of Mayor Walker, and it was revealed that they had a joint stock-exchange account which the two had "shared from February, 1927, to August, 1929, and from which the Mayor cleared $246,692.76 without the investment of a cent on his own part...."[17]

In the late 1930's Hearst's 220 million dollar empire was threatened with total financial ruin. American Jewry had set out to destroy Hearst because of his pro-German and pro-Italian leanings. When Hearst returned to America from his European tour with an exclusive news service with the National Socialist Reich and a weekly column penned by Göring, the Jews were furious. They began to boycott the Hearst newspapers, and finally Hearst was forced to completely dissociate himself from Germany. Organized Jewry wanted no exchange of ideas between Germany and America which might

[12]"The Fall of Ivan," *Time,* 65 (April 4, 1955), p. 50.

[13]John K. Winkler, *William Randolph Hearst: A New Appraisal* (New York, 1955), p. 298.

[14]Swanberg, *op. cit.,* p. 405.

[15]Seldes, *op. cit.,* pp. 67-68.

[16]Lundberg, *op. cit.,* p. 250.

[17]Seldes, *op. cit.,* p. 68.

create a rapport between the two countries. They succeeded in preventing such an exchange.

At the same time Hearst was reeling under the economic blows the Jews were leveling at him, he continued to finance the enterprises of his Jewish "friends." Hearst was not only being beaten to death by the Jews, but bled as well. He could not afford to finance the private newspaper chains of Jews like Paul Block and Moe Annenberg and also expect to maintain his own newspapers. Yet this is exactly what he did:

> ...Paul Block and Associates is a New York advertising firm with which Hearst has long done business. This firm nominally owns Consolidated Publications, Inc., which operates the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette,* the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* the Toledo *Blade,* the Newark *Star-Eagle*, ...and the Duluth *Herald*. ...
>
> According to *Poor's Register of Directors* for 1935 Paul Block is president and director of the Pittsburgh *Post-Dispatch* and the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* which *Fortune* asserted Hearst actually owned.[18]

The extent to which Hearst permitted the Jews to use him and his newspapers reveals a naive side of his character. For instance, when Paul Block's Consolidated Publications defaulted on notes amounting to $500,000 in 1932, it was Hearst who stepped in and pulled the Jewish chestnuts out of the fire. Another example was Hearst's relationship with Louis B. Mayer, the Jewish motion picture mogul of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mayer "went to great lengths to lure him [Hearst] into the fold. ... The main attraction was Hearst and his twenty-two newspapers."[19]

> ...The top man at the studio was pudgy Louis B. Mayer, a shrewd, ruthless egotist who was not above demanding intimate favors from actresses in return for contracts. Mayer regarded Hearst with sincere although not disinterested reverence. ...
>
> Mayer knew a good thing when he saw it. Maybe Fox and some of the other studios had stars he wanted, but only M.G.M. had William Randolph Hearst and Marion Davies.[20]

Mayer was not the only Jew in Hollywood who got Hearst to invest in his movie company. Warner Brothers (Harry, Sam, Al, and Jack Eichelbaum) also persuaded Hearst to buy blocks of their stock.[21] Hearst was fascinated by the pomp and semi-regal glamour of Hollywood. In this Jewish world of fantasy Hearst could find escape from the burdensome problems of administering a mammoth newspaper organization and all its attendant worries. After all, he could trust the reins of his fleet of publications to "Gorty" or Moses, couldn't he? And so the Jews enticed him further into their wonderland, and he followed them trustingly. In *Citizen Hearst,* W. A. Swanberg gives a revealing glimpse of the Jews' real attitude toward Hearst, and America in general:

> ...Of the films Miss Davies had made since coming to M.G.M. ...only the first had made money. It was growing hard to coax exhibitors to take her films. At a Culver City sales meeting, Mayer gave one of his fiery pep talks and asked if there were any questions.
>
> "Yes," said one of the salesmen. "I would like to ask why do we handle the pictures of Marion Davies?"
>
> To Mayer, this was near treason. ...he spoke of Miss Davies' artistry, of her friendship with Hearst, and of the valuable publicity the Hearst press was giving all M.G.M. pictures. ... He traced Hearst's own history, from his turbulent boyhood to his ownership of the nation's greatest chain of newspapers, and became carried away by his own enthusiasm.
>
> "This," he told the salesmen, "is what I want to impress upon you gentlemen. This is the spirit that has made America great. We live in a land of opportunity! God bless America!"[22]

Although an ardent anti-communist, Hearst failed to recognize the fact that the Jews were the brains behind Marxism. Even in the early days of his newspaper career, Hearst consorted with Jews who later proved themselves to be of invaluable assistance to communism.

Around the turn of the century, Hearst was involved with the Wall Street banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., in a fifty-million-dollar deal which resulted in the wrecking of the New York Third Avenue Railroad, to the benefit of the Metropolitan Street Railway.[23] Kuhn, Loeb & Co., under the manage-

[18]Lundberg, *op. cit.,* p. 330.
[19]Swanberg, *op. cit.,* p. 377.
[20]*Ibid.,* p. 387.
[21]Lundberg, *op. cit.,* p. 199.
[22]Swanberg, *op. cit.,* pp. 410-11.
[23]Lundberg, *op. cit.,* p. 117.

ment of Jacob Schiff, was the Jewish banking firm which contributed over twenty million dollars to the Jewish-inspired and -run Bolshevik Revolution in Russia. But Hearst refused to believe that capitalists, albeit Jewish ones, could possibly have any sympathies for communism, much less support it.

Another American who had at his command an impressive newspaper organization was "Colonel" Robert McCormick, late owner of the Chicago *Tribune*. McCormick was an ultra-conservative and an individualist in every sense of the word. His anti-communism was matched only by his pro-Americanism in intensity. Like Hearst, he strongly believed Roosevelt's policies would lead America into a war. In late 1941, McCormick published the contents of some government documents which dealt with U.S. war preparations.[24] The tone of the documents clearly indicated that they were designed with aggression in mind, and not defense. Revelation of the war plans in McCormick's newspapers aroused the wrath of not only the Roosevelt administration, but American Jewry as well. When Roosevelt failed in his attempt to have McCormick tried for treason, the Jews sought to destroy McCormick's newspapers and wire services, and they almost succeeded. Only McCormick's long-established reputation and his ability to attack his assailants when attack looked impossible saved him from ruin. As for the war plans, any revelation at that late a date (December 4, 1941) was destined to failure. Roosevelt's quarantine of Japan and his unreasonable demands upon her sovereignty had already determined Amerca's entry into the war.

McCormick's dealings with the Annenbergs have already been discussed. Whether or not McCormick was aware of the Jewish nature of communism is not known. That McCormick held a rather low opinion of the Jews is illustrated in Frank C. Waldrop's biography of the Colonel, *McCormick of Chicago:*

> This ungenerous language has been taken by some as settled evidence that McCormick was at heart fearful of Jews, repelled by their company and sneering in spirit as to their aspirations. Certainly it cannot be denied that on occasion in the presence of Americans of Jewish extraction he lacked his usual manners. In one instance he went so far as to mock the accent and forms of speech of an earlier speaker at the same luncheon table.[25]

This apparent anti-Semitism did not prevent the Colonel from selling the Washington (D.C.) *Times-Herald* to the Washington *Post,* which was owned by the Jew, Eugene Meyer. McCormick explained that he sold the paper to Meyer because Meyer was a "professional," and he didn't want to sell it to "amateurs."[26] What most accounts of the 1954 transaction failed to mention was that the *Times-Herald* was under Jewish boycott because of its editorial support of Senator Joseph McCarthy and his investigations of communist infiltration of the U.S. government. Unable to sell local retail advertising space, the paper had shrunk to a fraction of its previous size and was losing nearly a million dollars a year at the time of its forced sale to Meyer.

Evidently McCormick thought he could handle the Jews and "keep them in their place." The *Tribune's* staff, with its large "minority" contingent, reflects this attitude. For example, Ivan Annenberg, the son of Max Annenberg, owns "'substantial' stock in the Chicago *Tribune*-New York *News* company (valued at $42,000 a share)."[27] Louis Rose, another Jew, became quite prominent in the *Tribune* hierarchy. Rose, brother-in-law of the late Max Annenberg, received $110,000 a year as director of circulation. "He is the only executive that can stop the presses (with a buzzer that blows a siren in the press room),"[28] Jews like Annenberg, Rose, and Guggenheim (who married the Colonel's niece, Alicia Patterson, and now runs the New York newspaper, *Newsday*), found themselves in positions of power whereby they could censor and edit anti-communist news-reporting which emanated from the McCormick newspapers. Such news would report the various communist "fires" which broke out,

[24] Frank C. Waldrop, *McCormick of Chicago* (New York, 1966), p. 256.

[25] *Ibid.*, p. 42.

[26] "Two Newspaper Giants," *Time,* 65 (April 11, 1955), p. 59.

[27] "The Fall of Ivan," p. 50.

[28] Edwin H. Ford & Edwin Emery, *Highlights in the History of the American Press* (Minneapolis, 1954), p. 386.

but failed to identify the Jewish arsonists behind them. Since the Colonel's death, even the reporting of the communist fires has become increasingly poor.

One more important Gentile newspaper chain which should be mentioned here is that of John Knight, which owns seven newspapers in Ohio, Michigan, Florida, and North Carolina. Ben Maidenburg, a Jew, is executive editor and publisher of Knight's anchor paper, the Akron *Beacon Journal*. Maidenburg is also director of Knight Newspapers, Inc., and second only to Knight in the organization.[29]

Time magazine stated in 1962 that Samuel Newhouse "now owns, in whole or part, more newspapers than anyone else in the U.S. ...."[30] Newhouse, the son of Jewish immigrants from Russia, has twenty-two newspapers in his syndicate and is constantly on the prowl for any newspapers, large or small, which he can buy up.

> ...Nor does Newhouse's ascendency end there. Scripps-Howard, Hearst, and the whole U.S. newspaper field are contracting. Newhouse is still growing.... Sam Newhouse seems to know best how to make daily newspapering pay.[31]

Newhouse's knowledge of how to make newspapers pay involves such techniques as requiring advertisers to buy space in both the morning and evening editions. This works especially well when there are no other competing newspapers, as in Syracuse and New Orleans. Another method is buying up the weaker newspapers in cities where Newhouse papers are already established. This is easy to do, since the weaker papers can't hold out against a cut in the advertising rates. All the Newhouse paper has to do is wait.[32] Also, when it comes to choosing whether they want to advertise in a Gentile-owned or a Jewish-owned one, Jewish merchants and department-store executives usually support the latter.

Every possible method is employed by Newhouse in his tireless search for more newspaper properties. He bought part ownership in the well-run and prosperous newspapers in Springfield, Massachusetts, and Denver, Colorado, by acquiring interests in estates. When Newhouse bought the family-run Portland *Oregonian* he was not content to own one of the city's only two newspapers; he wanted the Portland *Journal* as well. He then set about creating hostile feelings between the management and employees of the *Journal*. A strike was called, and the ensuing financial losses were more than the Gentile owners could bear. They were forced to sell to Newhouse. The employees were indignant. They realized that Newhouse had used them to gain control of the *Journal* and issued a statement to that effect.[33] But it was a little late for protests; Newhouse and organized Jewry had what they went after.

Newhouse's other properties "include not only his newspapers but three radio stations, six TV stations and two publishing firms, a 66% interest in Conde Nast and Street & Smith. By conservative estimate, these possessions are worth $250 million today. They produce a handsome annual gross in excess of $125 million."[34]

The skyrocketing growth of the Newhouse newspaper monolith has alarmed many citizens and public officials. United States Senator Wayne Morse stood up on the floor of the Senate in 1960 and cried, "The American people need to be warned before it is too late about the threat which is arising as a result of the monopolistic practices of the Newhouse interests."[35] The Newhouse threat is very real, and it is growing rapidly. Newhouse is constantly breaking his own records as to the amount of cash he spends purchasing newspapers. He paid forty-two million dollars for the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* and *States-Item* in 1962, and fifty million in 1967 for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*—"the highest price ever recorded for a U.S. newspaper."[36]

Whereas Newhouse has concentrated on acquiring as many newspapers as possible, other Jewish publishers have concentrated

[29] *Who's Who in the Midwest* (Chicago, 1965-66), p. 602.

[30] "The Newspaper Collector," p. 54.

[31] *Ibid.*

[32] *Ibid.*

[33] He's a New Kind of Press Lord," *Business Week*, 1712 (June 23, 1962), p. 78.

[34] "The Newspaper Collector," p. 54.

[35] *Ibid.*, p. 55.

[36] "A Cordial Welcome for Newhouse," *Time*, 89 (March 10, 1967), p. 47.

on making their newspapers centers of news dissemination for other newspapers across the country. Two examples are the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times*. A sophisticated demeanor lends respectability to these newspapers, but fails to eradicate the ever-present news control and censorship.

Before Eugene Meyer bought the Washington *Post,* back in 1933, he held varied and influential positions in the government. Meyer, the son of a Jewish family from Germany, had gone to Yale and then to Europe to study in the counting houses of his father's associates in Hamburg, Berlin, Paris, and London. In 1917, Bernard Baruch—a prominent Jew in governmental circles—brought Meyer to Washington to head a division of the War Industries Board. In 1918, Woodrow Wilson named Meyer director of the War Finance Corporation. Meyer became an important figure in the Harding and Coolidge administrations and was responsible for reorganizing the Federal Farm Loan Board.[37] Meyer was the author of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act, and was made chairman of the RFC when the act was passed. Upon his purchase of the Washington *Post,* Meyer resigned as governor of the Federal Reserve Board, to which he had been appointed by Hoover in 1930.[38] Through the years, Meyer acquired other properties, among which was the news magazine, *Newsweek.*

New York City is the journalistic and publishing capital of the nation. In this city are centered most of the major publishing houses in America. The majority of the news which American newspapers print, other than local news, emanates either from Washington, D.C., or New York. Among the few surviving newspapers in New York is the New York *Post,* which is owned by Dorothy Schiff. Dorothy's grandfather was the infamous Jacob Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

Of all the newspapers in the country, the Jewish-owned New York *Times* is regarded by most liberals as the *ne plus ultra* of complete and accurate news reporting. The Sulzbergers are the Jewish owners of the *Times* and are descended from the Jew who acquired the paper in the last century: Adolph Ochs. The *Times* is the unofficial social, fashion, entertainment, political, and cultural guide of the nation. Its Jewish influence and ideas reach into every stratum of American life. The Jewish New York *Times* has become "the closest thing there is to an American national newspaper. It sells in 11,464 U.S. cities and towns and in 2,578 (or 84 percent of all) U.S. counties."[39] More than half of the American college presidents read the *Times*. In a recent survey it was found that the *Times* was selling 2,150 copies daily at Harvard; 1,225 at Yale; 700 at the University of Chicago; and 375 at the University of California. "The *Times* is equally The Newspaper of Wall Street and . . . Madison Avenue." In Washington, D.C., fifty copies of the *Times* are sent to the White House daily. Seventy-one embassies subscribe to the *Times* as well, including the Soviet Embassy; some copies even reach Peking.[40] "The *Times* is the Fifth Estate, the standard against which others are judged, the chosen paper."[41]

The result of this reliance on the Jewish-owned and -controlled newspapers as to what is "newsworthy" is the replacement of Aryan values and thoughts by Jewish ones. The Jewish perspective on politics, culture, and society—on all those aspects of human endeavor which contribute to civilization—is impressed upon the American intellectual community. "The superficialities of Jewishness, in short, are getting to be more and more a part of the American culture. . . . the U.S. is growing more Jewish . . . ."[42]

One can make a numerical estimate of the degree of Jewish control over the American press by referring to published circulation figures of newspapers and to trade publications which name newspaper owners and principal executives. In order to keep the work involved within reasonable bounds, and because of the relative paucity of information on very small newspapers, the survey was limited to newspapers with circulations above 150,000. There were seventy-

[37]John E. Drewry (ed.), *More Post Biographies* (Athens, Georgia, 1948), p. 204.

[38]*Ibid.,* pp. 194-95.

[39]Roger Kahn, "The House of Adolph Ochs," *Saturday Evening Post,* 238 (October 9, 1965), p. 34.

[40]*Ibid.,* p. 33.

[41]*Ibid.,* p. 36.

[42]"The New American Jew," *Time,* 85 (June 25, 1965), p. 34.

eight of these in 1966. This is a large enough sampling to yield statistically meaningful results and should be approximately representative of American newspapers as a whole. These newspapers are listed alphabetically below, with their circulations:[43]

Akron Beacon Journal (E)	171,952
Atlanta Constitution (M)	199,703
Atlanta Journal (E)	239,008
Baltimore News American (E)	220,487
Baltimore Sun (M)	186,914
Baltimore Sun (E)	214,784
Birmingham News (E)	178,060
Boston Globe (M)	226,044
Boston Globe (E)	151,538
Boston Herald (M)	165,485
Boston Traveler (E)	150,517
Boston Record-American (M)	411,789
Buffalo Courier-Express (M)	155,877
Buffalo News (E)	282,046
Charlotte Observer (M)	171,835
Chicago's American (E)	434,156
Chicago News (E)	480,632
Chicago Sun-Times (M)	534,579
Chicago Tribune (M)	844,934
Cincinnati Enquirer (M)	190,306
Cincinnati Post & Times-Star (E)	247,868
Cleveland Plain Dealer (M)	364,290
Cleveland Press (E)	368,412
Columbus Dispatch (E)	219,011
Dallas News (M)	240,633
Dallas Times Herald (E)	211,150
Dayton News (E)	153,357
Denver Post (E)	252,343
Denver Rocky Mountain News (M)	195,077
Des Moines Register (M)	230,891
Detroit Free Press (M)	521,257
Detroit News (E)	668,876
Houston Chronicle (E)	274,512
Houston Post (M)	254,246
Indianapolis News (E)	173,170
Indianapolis Star (M)	221,489
Kansas City Times (M)	339,853
Kansas City Star (E)	338,804
Los Angeles Herald-Examiner (E)	718,345
Los Angeles Times (M)	830,118
Louisville Courier-Journal (M)	230,248
Louisville Times (E)	174,929
Memphis Commercial Appeal (M)	221,706
Miami-Herald (M)	369,982
Milwaukee Journal (E)	362,013
Milwaukee Sentinel (M)	163,783
Minneapolis Star (E)	287,193
Minneapolis Tribune (M)	226,663
Newark News (E)	280,420
Newark Star-Ledger (M)	235,509
New Orleans Times-Picayune (M)	194,650
New York Daily News (M)	2,170,373
New York: Long Island Press (E)	329,167
New York: Newsday (E)	400,070
New York Post (E)	337,556
New York Times (M)	652,135
Oakland Tribune (E)	208,274
Oklahoma City Oklahoman (M)	184,225
Philadelphia Bulletin (E)	681,078
Philadelphia Inquirer (M)	515,446
Philadelphia News (E)	246,236
Phoenix Republic (M)	156,770
Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (M)	251,676
Pittsburgh Press (E)	360,192
Portland Oregonian (M)	235,140
Sacramento Bee (E)	172,826
St. Louis Globe-Democrat (M)	304,091
St. Louis Post-Dispatch (E)	361,419
San Francisco Chronicle (M)	361,527
San Francisco Examiner (M)	301,356
San Francisco News-Call Bulletin (E)	183,176
Seattle Post-Intelligencer (M)	200,227
Seattle Times (E)	230,977
Tampa Tribune (M)	162,630
Toledo Blade (E)	181,932
Washington (D.C.) News (E)	216,317
Washington Post (M)	446,622
Washington Star (E)	306,167

These seventy-eight newspapers, with a total circulation of 25.3 million, account for nearly half (42 percent) of the newspapers sold each day in the United States. Of them, seventeen are owned outright by Jews. One Jew, Samuel I. Newhouse, owns eight of them, namely:

Birmingham News
Cleveland Plain Dealer
Denver Post
Newark Star-Ledger
New Orleans Times-Picayune
New York: Long Island Press
Portland Oregonian
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

These eight papers have a combined circulation of 2.1 million. If we add to them only the Annenberg, Block, Guggenheim, Meyer,[44] Pulitzer, Schiff, and Sulzberger newspapers with circulations above 150,000, namely:

New York Newsday (Guggenheim)
New York Post (Schiff)

[43]Data from *Reader's Digest 1966 Almanac* (Boston, 1966), pp. 350-51. Specialized financial or religious papers, such as the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Christian Science Monitor,* are not included. Also not included from the listing in *Reader's Digest 1966 Almanac* are three New York newspapers, the *Herald Tribune,* the *Journal-American,* and the *World-Telegram & Sun,* all of which ceased publication early in 1967. Morning (M) and evening (E) papers, even when published by the same company are considered as separate newspapers and are listed separately here.

[44]Katherine Meyer Graham, the present owner of the Washington *Post,* is Eugene Meyer's daughter.

New York Times (Sulzberger)
Philadelphia Inquirer (Annenberg)
Philadelphia News (Annenberg)
Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (Block)
St. Louis Post-Dispatch (Pulitzer)
Toledo Blade (Block)
Washington Post (Meyer-Graham)

we have a total daily circulation of 5.5 million. Finally, when we add the Jew-dominated Hearst, McCormick, and Knight newspaper groups discussed above, this total rises to 12.6 million, or one-half of the combined circulation of the nation's major newspapers.[45]

It should be noted that these figures can only be regarded as a lower limit, for it has not been feasible to establish definitely the Jewishness or non-Jewishness of all the principal figures associated with the seventy-eight newspapers listed above. Only those persons established beyond any doubt as Jews have been so labeled here, and only those papers where the Jews involved are clearly able to exercise their influence over the paper's editorial policy have been counted as Jew-controlled. Thus, for example, the Washington *Star,* under the control of Samuel H. Kauffmann, is not included among the Jewish papers, because Kauffmann is listed in *Who's Who in America* as an "Episcopalian." There are numerous other suspicious cases, but without more detailed digging one can only guess that the actual percentage of American newspaper circulation under direct Jewish control—either through outright ownership or through key executive and editorial positions—probably lies between fifty-five and sixty-five percent.

One very important aspect of effective control over newspapers which has not yet been dealt with is advertising. This area is where the real power lies for organized Jewry to make or break a newspaper:

> . . . On the average, anywhere from two-thirds to three-fourths of the revenue of a newspaper is derived from advertising. The advertising and circulation managers can, through the policies they fellow, do much to determine the paper's personality. . . . In the minds of some critics, financial pressures are frequently too great, and the non-advertising content is too often shaped by the demands of this pressure.[46]

The essential fact to remember here is that newspapers are not paid for by their subscribers, but by their advertisers. It is advertising revenue—not the nickels or dimes paid by a newspaper's readers—that largely pays the editor's salary and yields the owner's profit.

A recent example of how a courageous and uncompromising stand for ideals by a newspaper can invite the wrath of an angry Jewry upon it is the case of the Atlanta *Times*. The Atlanta *Times,* which began publishing in the summer of 1964, was instituted as a direct challenge to the highly liberal, pro-integration, and Jewish-favored Atlanta newspapers, the *Journal* and the *Constitution*. In the opinion of many Georgians, the *Journal* and the *Constitution* were a "disgrace to all red-blooded, white Southerners."[47] Thus, when the Atlanta *Times* appeared, the city's first new daily paper in sixty-one years, there was wide enthusiasm and support for it. The *Times* was a staunchly conservative paper and had as its publisher segregationist Judge James C. Davis.

Over 4,500 backers paid out more than two-and-a-half million dollars for the new paper, buying shares in the *Times* at $2.50 each. Essentially, the Atlanta *Times* was a grass-roots protest against managed and one-sided news. The Jews stifled this attempt to offer the news-starved public uncensored information by applying their time-tested technique of cutting off the financial lifeblood of a newspaper—its advertising. Despite the tremendous local support and small local advertising it attracted in its favor, the *Times* could not get any large advertisers. Atlanta's

[45]The fourteen newspapers with circulations above 150,000 in these last three groups are:
Baltimore News American (Hearst)
Boston Record-American (Hearst)
Los Angeles Herald-Examiner (Hearst)
San Francisco Chronicle (Hearst)
San Francisco Examiner (Hearst)
San Francisco News-Call Bulletin (Hearst)
Seattle Post-Intelligencer (Hearst)
Akron Beacon Journal (Knight)
Charlotte Observer (Knight)
Detroit Free Press (Knight)
Miami-Herald (Knight)
Chicago's American (McCormick)
Chicago Tribune (McCormick)
New York Daily News (McCormick)

[46]Harwood L. Childs, *Public Opinion: Nature, Formation, and Role* (Princeton, 1965), p. 175.

[47]"Another Voice in Atlanta," *Time,* 81 (June 19, 1964), p. 36-8.

three largest retail stores—Sears, Roebuck & Co., Davison-Paxson Co., and Rich's Department Store—refused to sign advertising contracts with the new and promising paper. The lack of major advertising spelled the *Times's* doom, and it was discontinued on August 31, 1965. Today, only the liberal morning *Constitution* and the evening *Journal,* both of which are owned by the Cox newspaper chain of Ohio, exist in Atlanta—quite to the satisfaction of the Jews.

In order to obtain a rough numerical estimate of the degree of indirect Jewish control over American newspapers through advertising, a sampling of the advertising content of one newspaper was made. In line with the above example of the boycott of the Atlanta *Times,* a typical edition[48] of the Atlanta Sunday *Journal Constitution* was chosen. Because of the many hundreds of smaller advertisements, only full-page ads were included in the sampling. There were fifty-five such ads in the paper chosen, paid for by twenty separate firms. Heading the list of advertisers were the three department stores mentioned above: Rich's Department Store, with twenty-two full-page ads; Davison-Paxson Co., with eight pages; and Sears, Roebuck & Co., with four pages.

Richard H. Rich (born Rosenheim), of Rich's Department Store, is a Jew.[49] Davison-Paxson Co. is a subsidiary of R. H. Macy & Co., of New York, and the chairman of the board of directors of R. H. Macy & Co. is J. Isidor Straus, a Jew.[50]

The seventeen other advertisers were: American Tire Co. (Uniroyal, Inc.), one page; Atlantic Thrift Stores, one page; Citizen's Jewelry, one page; Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., two pages; Ford Motor Co., two pages; General Foods Corporation, one page; Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., one page; Haverty's Furniture, one page; Henderson Furniture, one page; Hush Puppies, one page; K-Mart (S. S. Kresge Co.), one page; Kraft Foods (National Dairy Products Corporation), two pages; Ozite Corporation, one page; Plymouth (Chrysler Corporation), one page; Trust Co. of Georgia, one page; Western Auto, one page; and Zayre Corporation, two pages.

Of these seventeen, Citizen's Jewelry and the Zayre Corporation—at least—are Jewish. Mike and Harry Ellman are the chairman and president, respectively, of Citizen's Jewelry, and Marjorie Weinstein is the vice-president and secretary.[51] As for the Zayre Corporation, it is a department store chain distinguished by having as its chairman, vice-chairman, and president Morris, Max, and Stanley Feldberg, respectively. Its three senior vice-presidents are Milton Levy, Burton Stern, and Sumner Feldberg.[52]

Thus, three large Jewish department stores and one Jewish jewelry store paid for thirty-three out of the fifty-five pages of ads —sixty percent! Again, this is only a lower limit. Both the Trust Company of Georgia and Sears, Roebuck & Co. have several Jews among their chief executive officers, for example, but neither of these advertisers has been counted here as Jewish. It should be clear from this simple illustration that no newspaper can survive in Atlanta without the support of the Jewish community. And what is true in Atlanta is true in most of the large cities of America.

In every American city, the Jewish community is highly organized and coordinated through such organizations as the Hillel Foundation, the Anti-Defamation League, and the Jewish War Veterans. When these organizations, as representatives of Jewish businessmen, merchants, and the overall Jewish community, exert their influence you can be sure the local press heeds them. "In most areas of U.S. life, Jewish representation and influence are far higher than the proportion of Jews in the total population—only about 3%."[53] Just how this censorship and control is exerted upon what the American reads and knows is described by Harwood L. Childs in his book, *Public Opinion: Nature, Formation, and Role:*

> Finally, a word regarding the various ways in which the newspaper exerts its influence. It does this by screening and selecting the items to be presented, by the way these items are presented,

[48]The issue of May 28, 1967.

[49]*Who's Who in Commerce and Industry, 1966-67,* p. 1096.

[50]*Who's Who in World Jewry, 1965,* p. 964.

[51]*Dun & Bradstreet Million Dollar Directory, 1967,* p. 269.

[52]*Poor's Register of Corporations, Directors and Executives, 1967,* p. 1719.

[53]"The New American Jew," p. 34.

> the emphasis and treatment accorded them, the headlines and pictures used, the typography and format employed, the position in the paper, and the skill employed in the writing and pictorial representation. During World War II, the U.S. Office of War Information used these and many other devices for exploiting news for propaganda purposes. News was played up and played down, dramatized, repeated, juxtaposed, spelled out, underscored, all short of actual falsification, to enhance its influences in desired directions.
> ... The aims of editors and students of Journalism do not always jibe, however, with those of newspaper owners, and when profits and ideals conflict, it is usually the ideals which suffer.[54]

This disproportionately powerful political and economic control of the news media by the Jews has allowed them to choose presidential candidates, swing elections, control foreign and domestic policy, and determine generally what is to be considered as acceptable in every aspect of American culture. That this tiny but cohesive alien minority has so successfully implemented policies to its own advantage—and to the disadvantage of its gullible Gentile hosts—is an indication of the unwitting abdication of sovereignty on the part of Aryan America. "Readers may grumble about the quality of their papers, as they do for example on the West Coast and in many cities across the country, but there is little they can do. It is merely a question of taking what they get or leaving it."[55] Unfortunately, too many Americans take it.

The Jews, for all practical purposes, have become the aristocrats of America. National interests are subordinated to their own interests. And, as in a true aristocracy, the actions and words of these Jewish "aristocrats" are not to be questioned by the "masses" of Gentile America. The Jewish imperium is accepted as their "divine" right to rule:

> ... Sociologist Marshall Sklare notes that in the anti-Semitic past the intermarrying Jew was likely to be seeking status; today it is the Gentile who may be striving upward, as the "tastes, ideas, cultural preferences and life-styles preferred by many Jews are coming to be shared by non-Jews."[56]

A nation is only as strong as its institutions, and, as an institution, journalism in America has ceased to serve the vital interests of the American people. Indeed, all America has suffered the fate of the city of New Orleans, where, after Jewish newspaper czar Sam Newhouse bought the city's only two newspapers, he gloated, "I just bought New Orleans."[57]

[54]Childs, *op. cit.*, p. 184.

[55]*Ibid.*, p. 186.

[56]"The New American Jew," p. 35.

[57]"The Newspaper Collector," p. 54.

THE NATURE OF COMMUNISM: AN ESSAY IN PICTURES

from the photographic files of the World Union of National Socialists

What is communism?

The dictionary says that it is "a theory or system of social organization based on the holding of all property in common, actual ownership being ascribed to the community as a whole or to the state."[1]

To the conservative businessman, this definition probably hits the nail on the head. Perhaps, though, he would wish to put even more emphasis on the supposed communist rejection of the concept of private property. He might reword it, using phrases such as "legalized robbery," or "confiscation of the property and earnings of the industrious in order to support the shiftless." Maybe he would even throw in something about "tyranny," or "the destruction of the free-enterprise system."

The devout Christian, on the other hand, would probably insist on adding to the dictionary definition something about "atheistic materialism."

The Marxist-oriented liberal would certainly want "social justice" and "the control of wealth by the producing classes" to be mentioned.

And yet, no matter how we might modify what the dictionary says about communism, stressing one aspect of the doctrine over another, elaborating here or there, adding comments about tyranny or atheism, we would only be playing a meaningless game. As long as we think of communism as merely some sort of economic or social doctrine, as a political theory or system, we continue to miss the point. Likewise, all the discourses on communism in political-science textbooks serve only to delude the reader by failing to bring home to him the essence—the *reality*—of communism, as opposed to the empty screen of words surrounding it.

What is communism?

It is the skeletons of thirty million Ukrainians and Russians. It is the mutilated corpses of a million Spaniards. It is a dozen huge, stinking, flesh-filled pits behind the central NKVD headquarters in Riga.

What is communism, *really?*

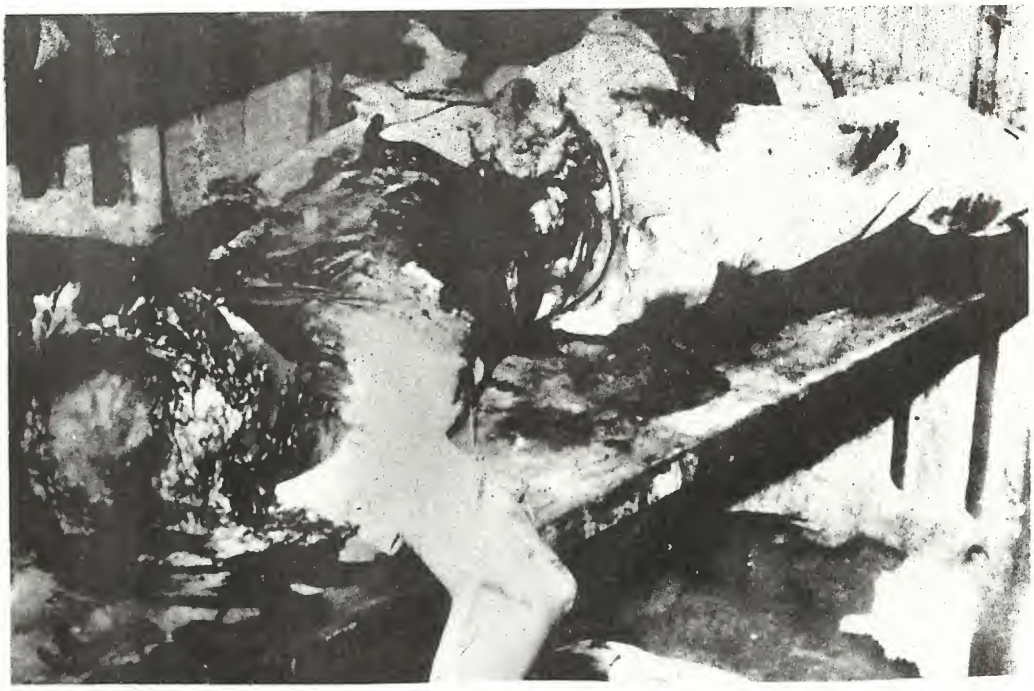
Its meaning lies in the smirking, Ashkenazic features of Lavrenti Beria—and the ten thousand Polish officers "liquidated" in the Katyn Forest at his order. Its true nature is revealed in the depraved, sadistic propaganda of Ilya Ehrenburg—and in the torn and terrified body of an eight-year-old German girl as she is savagely raped by the twentieth man in a block-long raping queue of Soviet soldiers incited by that propaganda. Its essence is a grinning Angolan Negro gouging the eyes from the head of a dying white settler with his *catana*.

Communism is all these things, and worse. The photographs on the next few pages tell what it is better than any words can. And yet even they fail to bring home its full horror. For while they show us mass graves and mutilated corpses, there is one other thing they cannot show, but which we must know: These tens of millions of butchered human beings were not struck down indiscriminately, as by flood or lightning. They were, by and large, *selectively* murdered, and the criterion for their selection was *excellence*. When the full meaning of *that* has sunk home, we understand what communism is.

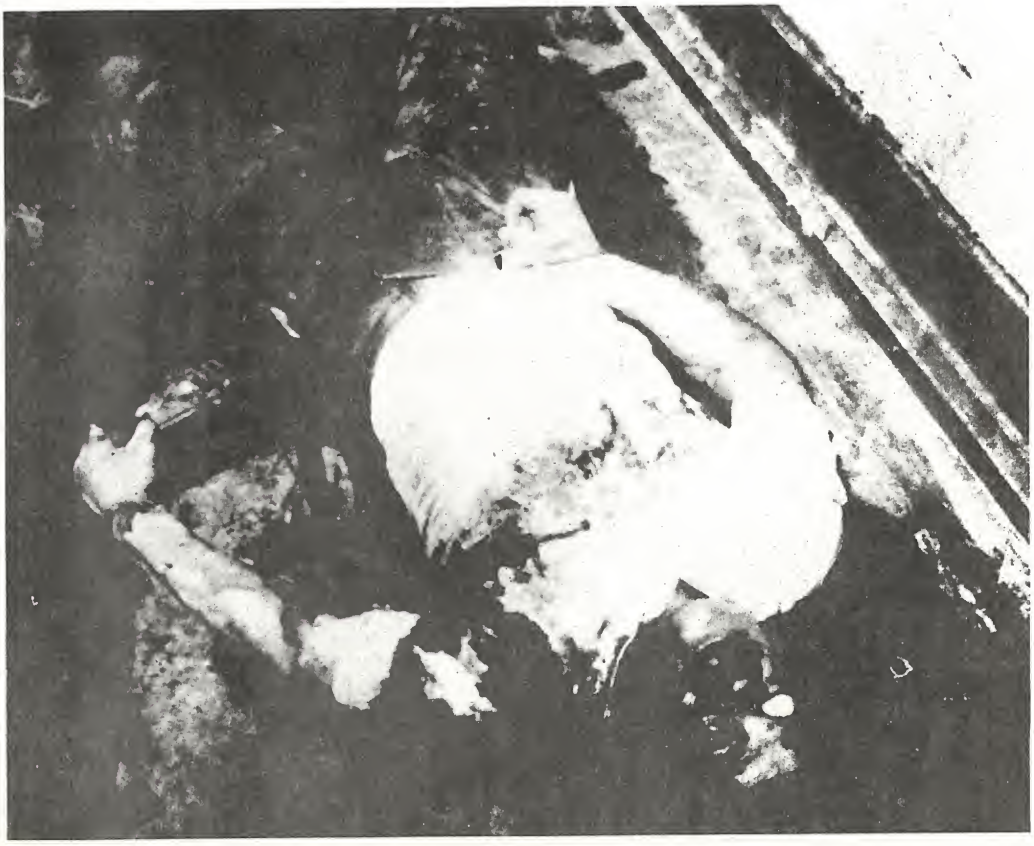
[1] *The American College Dictionary* (New York, 1948), p. 244.

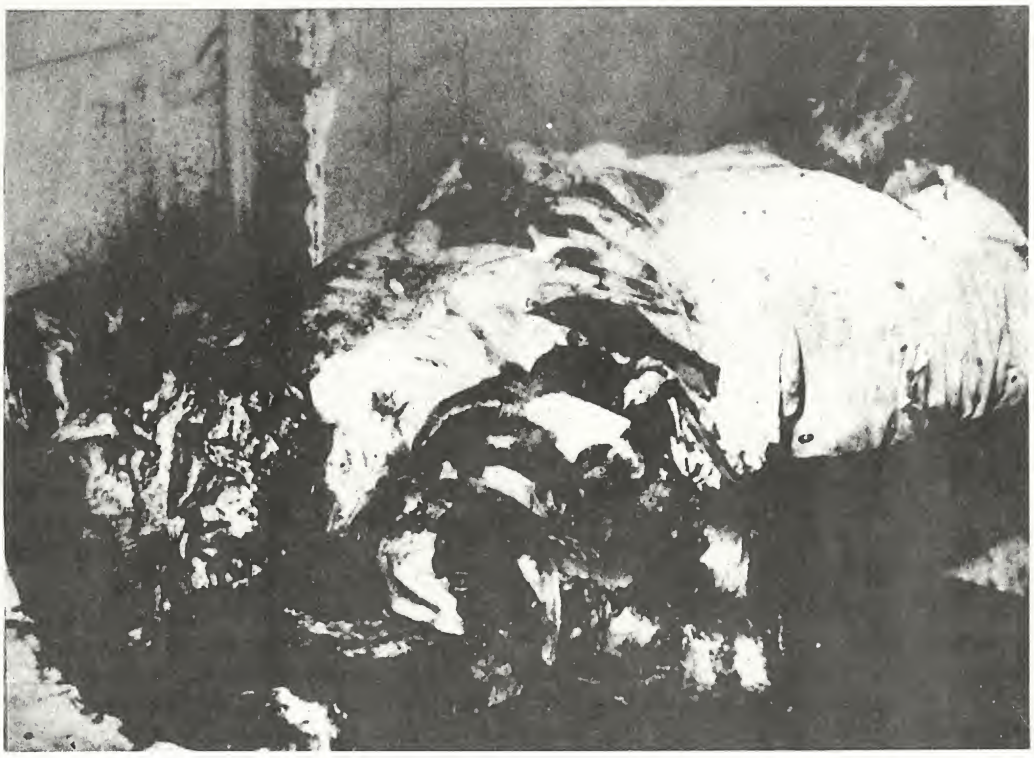
Communist–led "black–power" enthusiasts tortured, raped, murdered and mutilated hundreds of European settlers in Angola in 1961.

This unfortunate woman fell into the hands of Negro communists in Angola.



Black communists gouged the eyes from most of their victims in Portuguese Angola.





Other whites in Angola were tied to boards, tortured, then fed into buzz saws.

In the Katyn Forest, in the spring of 1940, a squad of Beria's NKVD men murdered some 10,000 captured Polish officers. Each *goy* had his hands tied behind his back, as at the top, and was shot in the back of the neck. Above, corpse of a Polish major exhumed from one of the Katyn mass–burial pits.

Lavrenti Pavlovich Beria

These horrible remnants give evidence of the savagery with which communists in Spain slaughtered their victims during the Red regime there.

Marxist terrorists in Spain preferred hatchet to gun in dispatching anti-communists.

Many women were among targets of Red assassins in Spain.

One of more than 800 corpses retreived from pond near Tabernas, Spain. Bolsheviks used the pond for several months as a depository for "reactionaries."

The Freedom of the World

Was First Defended on the Streets of Madrid

Join the Street Collection to FREE SPAIN NOW!

WEDNESDAY MAY 1
THURSDAY MAY 2
SATURDAY MAY 4

FIGHTING FUND TO:
1. Send material aid to Spanish anti-fascists inside and outside Spain.
2. Break relations with Franco Spain.

ACTION COMMITTEE TO FREE SPAIN NOW
55 West 42 Street Room 712 New York 18, N. Y.

I VOLUNTEER FOR FREE SPAIN STREET COLLECTION BRIGADE

Name .....
Address ..... Telephone.....
City ..... State .....
Please mail this coupon to STREET COLLECTION OFFICE—1674 Broadway, Room 316. Tel. CI. 5-8342.

American Labor Must Fight to Free Spain!

Join the Street Collection to FREE SPAIN NOW!

Wed., May 1st
Thurs., May 2nd
Sat., May 4th

A Union Card in Franco Spain Is a Death Warrant

FIGHTING FUND TO:
1. Send material aid to Spanish anti-fascists inside and outside Spain.
2. Break relations with Franco Spain.

ACTION COMMITTEE TO FREE SPAIN NOW
55 West 42 Street Room 712 New York 18, N. Y.

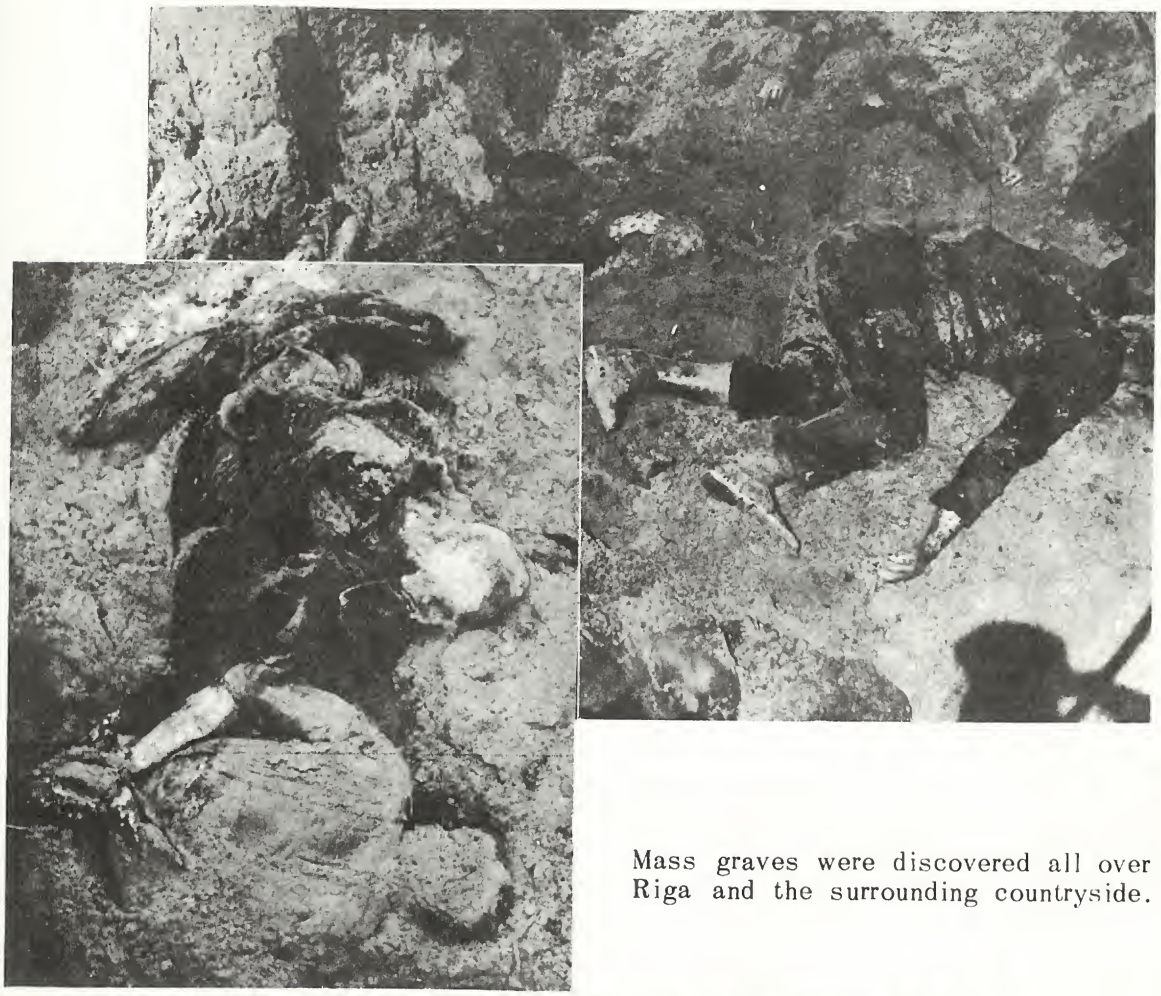
VOLUNTEER TODAY FOR THE FREE SPAIN COLLECTION BRIGADE.

DO NOT DELAY!

Pick up your collection can at 1674 Broadway, Room 316, Tel.: CI. 5-8342.
Office open from 9:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

Even after World War II, New York newspapers carried ads for bolshevik murderers in Spain.

Communists held Latvia from June, 1940, until Germans drove them out in July, 1941. That had been enough time for the NKVD to murder tens of thousands. This is what the Germans found in Riga.



Mass graves were discovered all over Riga and the surrounding countryside.

Latvians from every walk of life were murdered by communists, but intelligentsia, professionals, policemen, officers were hardest hit.

Many victims showed signs of NKVD tortures.

From the NKVD flesh–pits in Riga.

Relatives identify bodies of victims recovered from NKVD cellars.

Before

After

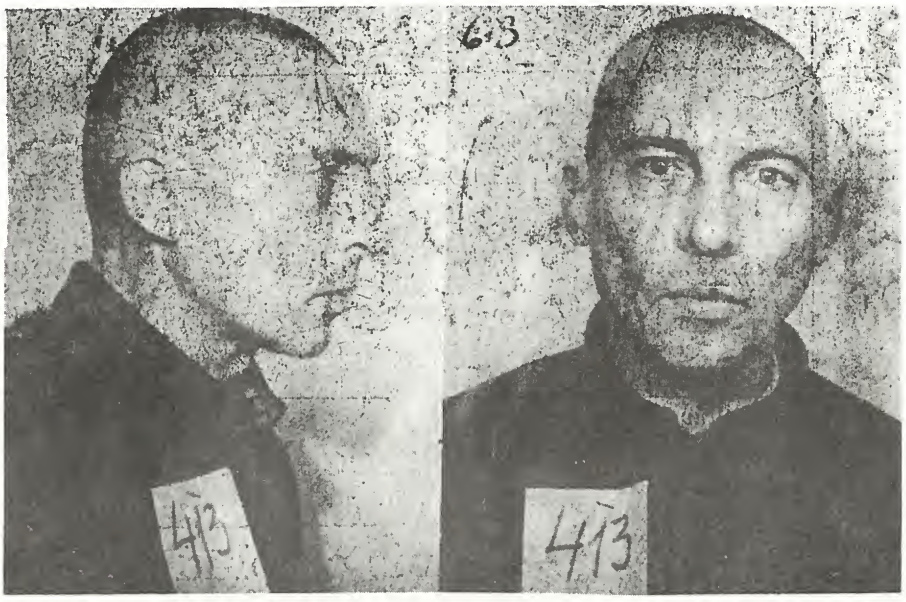
Tortures used by NKVD made many victims unrecognizable.

Before

After

Before

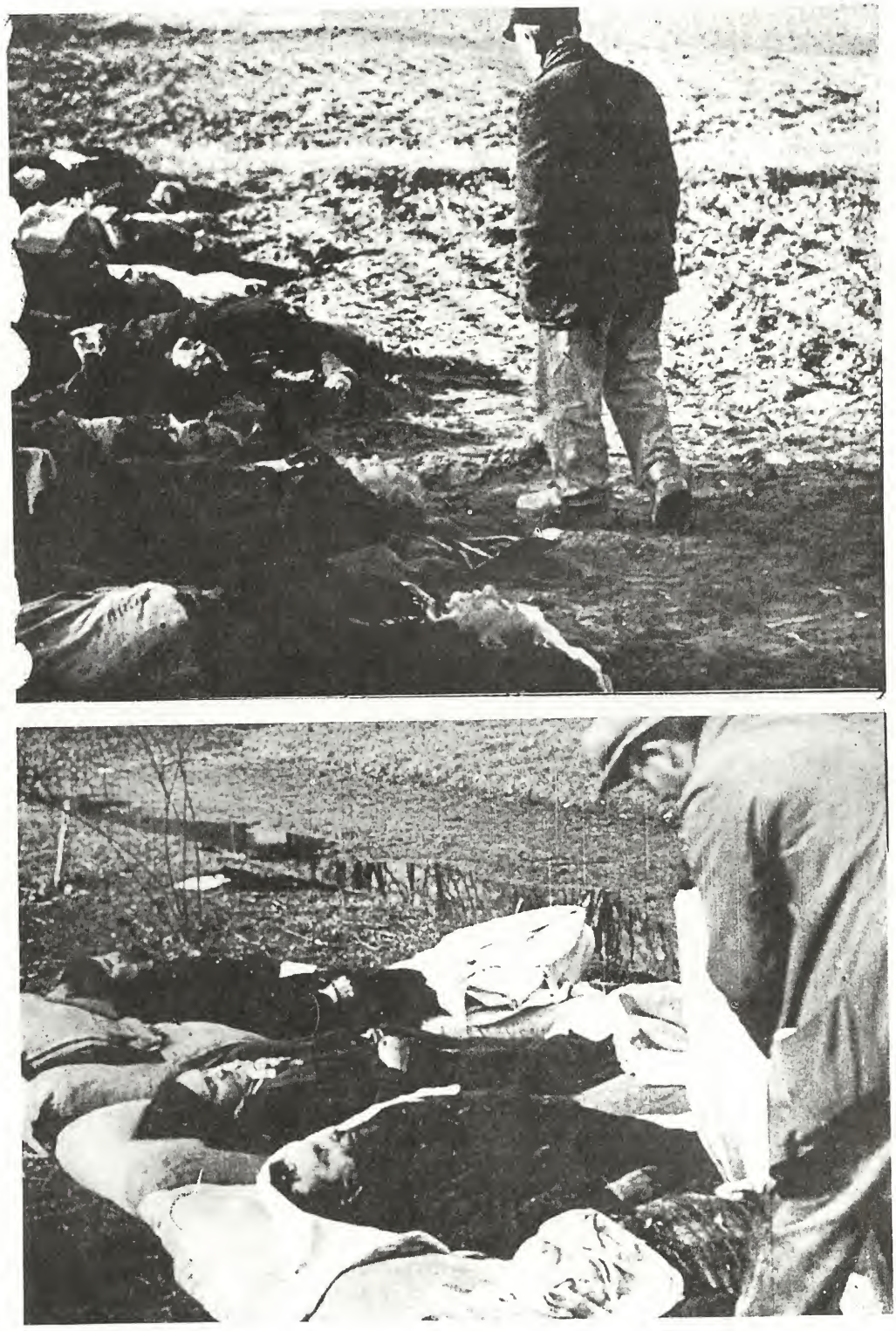
After



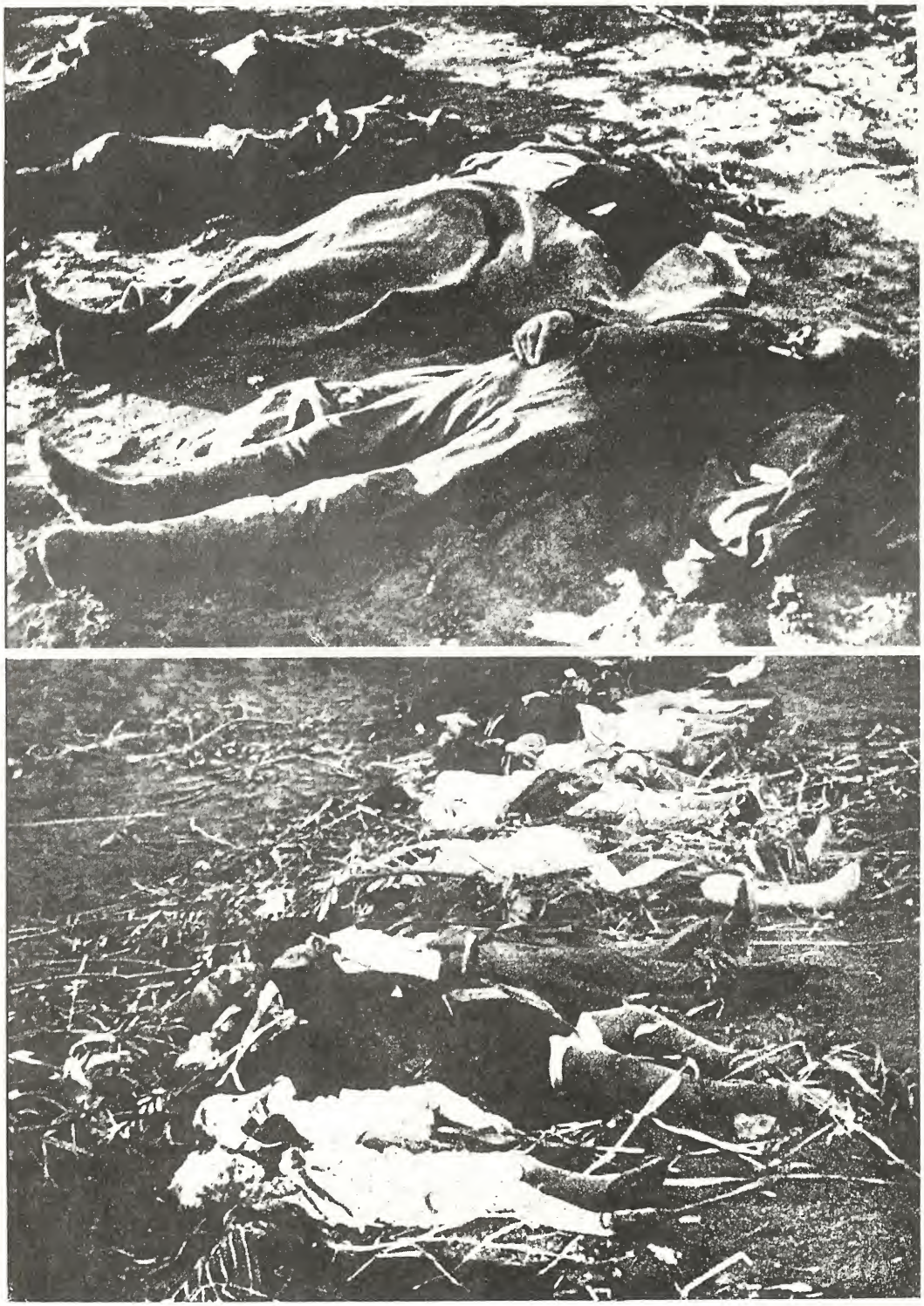
Before

After

The face of the enemy. Group photograph at a Communist Party meeting in Riga, 1941.



Germans suffered terribly at the end of World War II as communists exacted vengeance for opposition. Entire populations of many eastern German villages were murdered by invading Soviet soldiers. Here are victims from village of Nemmersdorf.



When Germans recaptured villages which had been occupied by communists for only a few hours, they found shocking evidence of communist bestiality. In some places, live women were found nailed to barn doors.

More German civilian victims of Soviet blood lust. Jewish Soviet Commissar for Propaganda, Ilya Ehrenburg, exhorted Soviet troops: "Kill! Kill! In the German race there is nothing but evil; not one among the living, not one among the yet unborn but is evil! Follow the precepts of Comrade Stalin. Stamp out the fascist beast once and for all in its lair! Use force and break the racial pride of these German women. Take them as your lawful booty. Kill! As you storm onward, kill, you gallant soldiers of the Red Army!"

This entire German family was butchered by Reds.

SOURCES

Angola: *On the Morning of March 15*, published by the Portuguese–American Committee on Foreign Affairs, 20 Pemberton Square, Boston.

Spain: *Notes for the Spanish History, 1936–1939*, Madrid, 1953.

Katyn: Boris Shub and Bernard Quint, *Since Stalin*, New York, 1951.

Germany: *Die Flucht und Vertreibung*, Bad Nauheim, 1966.

Latvia: *Baigais Gads*, Riga, 1942.

MEMORY HOLE

by the Research Staff of the World Union of National Socialists

"In the walls of the cubicle there were three orifices. To the right of the speakwrite, a small pneumatic tube for written messages; to the left, a larger one for newspapers; and in the side wall, within easy reach of Winston's arm, a large, oblong slit protected by a wire grating. ... Similar slits existed in thousands or tens of thousands throughout the building, not only in every room but at short intervals in every corridor. For some reason they were nicknamed 'memory holes.' When one knew that any document was due for destruction ... it was an automatic action to lift the flap of the nearest memory hole and drop it in, whereupon it would be whirled away on a current of warm air to the enormous furnaces which were hidden somewhere in the recesses of the building ....

"What happened in the unseen labyrinth to which the pneumatic tubes led, he did not know in detail, but he did know in general terms. As soon as all the corrections which happened to be necessary in any particular number of the *Times* had been assembled and collated, that number would be reprinted, the original copy destroyed, and the corrected copy placed on the files in its stead. This process of continuous alteration was applied not only to newspapers, but to books, periodicals, pamphlets, posters, leaflets, films, sound tracks, cartoons, photographs—to every kind of literature or documentation which might conceivably hold any political or ideological significance. Day by day and almost minute by minute the past was brought up to date. ... nor was any item of news or any expression of opinion which conflicted with the needs of the moment ever allowed to remain on record. All history was a palimpsest, scraped clean and reinscribed exactly as often as was necessary. In no case would it have been possible, once the deed was done, to prove that any falsification had taken place. The largest section of the Records Department, far larger than the one in which Winston worked, consisted simply of persons whose duty it was to track down and collect all copies of books, newspapers, and other documents which had been superseded and were due for destruction. A number of the *Times* which might, because of changes in political alignment, or mistaken prophecies uttered by Big Brother, have been rewritten a dozen times still stood on the files bearing its original date, and no other copy existed to contradict it. ... Even the written instructions which Winston received, and which he invariably got rid of as soon as he had dealt with them, never stated or implied that an act of forgery was to be committed; always the reference was to slips, errors, misprints, or misquotations which it was necessary to put right in the interests of accuracy."[1]

Millions have read these words since Orwell's book appeared in 1949. Probably *1984* owes its popularity to the same phenomenon which has given science fiction such a widespread postwar readership. For it is a sort of political science-fiction story, with that element of unreality so essential to escapist literature. The picture of a government with not only the will but also the means to suppress totally any evidence embarrassing to Big Brother—be it official records in the national archives, or what have you—seems so far from the realm of possibility, at least in the Western democracies, that the reader can enjoy such a description as a sheer piece of imaginative fantasy without any nagging reminders of the real world intruding themselves on his relaxation. The very idea of hordes of Thought Police scurrying about among the public, confiscating all documents and records which need "correcting," brings a smile to our lips. We all know nothing even remotely resembling that could happen among us.

But it has.

Not exactly as described in *1984*, to be sure, so far as the details are concerned.

[1]George Orwell (Eric Arthur Blair), *1984* (London, 1949), part I, chap. IV.

But, as for results, it is the same. We have, outside the Iron Curtain, no Ministries of Truth which, in one convenient, easily comprehended package, handle the job of molding public opinion as described by Orwell. Instead, to the eye of the naive observer is presented a bewildering array of diverse entities constituting the public news, entertainment, and educational media. The citizen sees hundreds of newspapers employing thousands of journalists, ranging in sympathy from the ultra-liberal to the conservative; he sees dozens of book and magazine publishers turning out publications which appear to represent every shade of political opinion; and the same holds for radio and television networks, newscasters, motion picture producers, and all the rest. How could any government, or any group, hope to impose its views and its censorship on so many different and independent sources unless it had all the enforcement powers of a police state at its command? The very number and diversity of these sources seem to preclude the possibility of any less drastic means of control. But even if the vast and complex public-opinion-forming mechanism of a modern, democratic state were largely under some sort of hidden control—even if the major propaganda organs generally cooperated in ignoring certain embarrassing facts or suppressing certain categories of incriminating evidence—dissenting voices could still be heard from time to time, and suppressed evidence or embarrassing but ignored facts could still be brought to the public view, as long as the control remained anything less than total.

Can the public not rest assured, then, that no such large-scale fraud can succeed as long as there remains even one fearless and honest man, aware of the truth, to expose the fraud to the public and call the deceivers to account? Has it not been said: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"? This is a very widely held fallacy, but a fallacy nevertheless. It is related to the cherished Aryan notion that the truth, armored in virtue, is somehow more potent than the most carefully prepared lie; that even an army of liars must tremble in the presence of one honest man. Unfortunately, it just isn't so. The truth may be a powerful weapon, but it is a passive weapon. To be effective, it must be wielded with skill and energy, and even then it is far from invincible.

Lincoln said: "You can't fool all the people all the time." Fair enough. But those who manage our news are not fools who are awed by folksy cliches. They realized long ago that it is not necessary to fool all the people all the time; in a democracy it is quite sufficient to fool most of the people most of the time.

Consider the documents published in the preceding two issues of this journal—an incriminating array of material indeed. But we had then fewer than three thousand subscribers. The magazine was read by perhaps six or seven thousand persons altogether, many of whom already knew, at least in a general way, what those documents revealed. Even in the United States, where the bulk of our subscribers live, to reveal the truth to, say, five thousand persons causes very little anxiety to those who can reach thirty or forty *million* persons with a single television broadcast.

Furthermore, in order to appreciate the relatively tiny effect on public opinion of even the most startling revelation, one must take into account the fundamentally stable nature—the enormous inertia—of that public opinion. Men's minds are swayed more by the *quantity* of the propaganda which impinges on them than by the informational content of that propaganda. The process of persuasion, for the great mass of people, takes place at a psychic level somewhat below that of the conscious reasoning processes. This is the reason for the pre-eminent importance of repetition in forming public opinion, and also for the relative invulnerability of a strong propaganda campaign to contradictory efforts. In other words, what really matters in forming public opinion is not so much *what* is said, but how *often* and how *loudly* it is said.

From Big Brother's viewpoint the real danger, of course, is that someone will awaken too many people at once, before they can be lulled back to sleep. Various academicians—primarily historians of the revisionist school—have, for example, caused a stir now and then by publishing quite embarrassing documentary evidence they have uncovered in their research. When such men are bold enough to use their academic positions and their professional statuses to call attention to their findings, drastic countermeasures are called for, generally in the form of

vicious smears on the personal integrity of the men involved.

A much simpler and less revealing tactic is simply to destroy the incriminating evidence before it can be used. It is neither necessary nor possible—yet—to track down and destroy every bit of evidence, as Orwell's Ministry of Truth does. Just to eliminate the majority of the most dangerous material is sufficient. And that is just what is happening.

As an illustration, consider a recent episode which occurred in the National Archives of the United States. These archives contain an enormous amount of information. The written records of virtually all the internal and the external transactions of the United States government are stored there. Among them are the records of the U.S. Department of State; letters, telegrams, reports, and memoranda by the ton are filed away there. Although current records, for obvious reasons, are generally considered confidential, after several decades have passed many records are usually declassified and made accessible to scholars and others who may wish to study them.

Now, the vast majority of these records are completely innocuous, but occasionally an industrious researcher will turn up one which is embarrassing to Big Brother. The Fall, 1966, issue of *National Socialist World* contained some forty pages of photo-reproductions of such material, for example. Sometimes when embarrassing documents of this sort come to Big Brother's attention they will simply be reclassified as "Confidential" and made unavailable to the public, and sometimes they will simply be ignored, at least until their existence becomes troublesome enough to demand action. Big Brother seems to have no rigid policy on such matters; he correctly realizes that an attempt at total suppression of *all* embarrassing material, under present conditions, not only would be extremely difficult to implement, but would have the undesired side-effect of calling attention to the very material being suppressed.

Upon rare occasions, however, a piece of evidence will come to light which is so incriminating that it *must* be destroyed, at any cost. In this category is any evidence which incriminates those in the uppermost ranks of Big Brother's hierarchy. About six years ago, a group of records of such devastating import was discovered in the National Archives that something close to panic was felt by a number of Big Brother's closest associates, until the damning documents could be safely flushed down the nearest memory hole.

Let us look closely at this particular case. To do so, we should first go back nearly half a century, to the year 1920. In the late fall of that year much of Europe was still enmeshed in the political turmoil which followed the First World War. In Russia mass graves were being filled as fast as they could be dug with the corpses of those Russians who were considered to represent even a *potential* threat to the new, alien masters of that nation; entire ethnic segments of the population were being "liquidated." Hungary was still sorrowfully counting its tens of thousands of cruelly butchered citizens after having successfully shaken off the bloodthirsty tyranny of Bela Kun and his crew of Semitic cohorts the year before. In other areas the issue had not been decided yet, and a bitter struggle was being waged between Bolshevik elements and patriots. The Baltic States were in this latter category. In particular, the Estonians were holding their own against the Chosen Ones who were active there. Among other defensive measures, the Estonian government was monitoring the flow of correspondence and propaganda materials between domestic subversives and their Bolshevik brethren abroad. On November 27, 1920, a certain Captain Palm, the Director of Intelligence for the Estonian General Staff, submitted to the British, French, and American representatives in Reval (the Estonian capital) a list of foreigners to whom Bolsheviks in Estonia were mailing bulk shipments of communist propaganda material for redistribution abroad. The American Consul in Reval immediately forwarded his copy of this list, together with its covering letter by Captain Palm, on to Washington with a request for verification of the names therein. In Washington the list was turned over to a Mr. W. L. Hurley, in the Office of the Undersecretary of State, who in turn called on the Department of Justice for assistance. At that time there was a bright young man named John Edgar Hoover, recently out of law school, who was working in the United States Department of Justice as a special assistant to the U.S. Attorney General. Hurley's request was referred to Mr. Hoover, and, after examining Captain Palm's list, he replied to

Hurley, in a letter dated February 23, 1921, as follows:

> Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of the 4th instant referring to copy of dispatch No. 62 from the American Consul at Reval, dated December 1, 1920, relative to the disseminators of Bolshevik propaganda, submitting a list of the same and requesting a reply, the substance of which will be communicated to the American Consul at Reval.
>
> From an examination of the list of names and addresses submitted, it is indicated that at least the major portion of the list of thirty-two names is authentic, particularly because of the notation, J. Ferguson (evidently Isaac Ferguson); Felix Frankfurter; Jacob Hartman and Fred Biedenkopp; – all known to be actors in this movement.
>
> (signed) J. E. Hoover
> Special Assistant to the
> Attorney General

Presumably Hoover's report was then passed along to the American Consul in Reval, who had originally requested the information. No further action was taken on the matter in the United States, however, and eventually the various items of correspondence, along with millions of others from the records of the U.S. Department of State, found their way into the National Archives in Washington, where they remained buried in obscurity for decades.

In 1961 a historical scholar, in sifting through old State Department records, came upon Hoover's forty-year-old letter. It was stored with a huge batch of irrelevant State Department correspondence and bore for identification only the file number 861.00/7885, but since one of the Bolshevik agents mentioned in Hoover's letter was none other than Felix Frankfurter, then Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the researcher immediately recognized the importance of his find. With the clues given in the letter, only a brief further search was required to turn up Captain Palm's list and the other correspondence associated with it. At about this time, archives officials picked up the scent, perhaps because the researcher failed to sufficiently conceal his excitement, and the documents soon thereafter disappeared from the files—but not before the researcher had had an opportunity to obtain hasty photocopies of them. On the next three pages are reproduced Captain Palm's list, his covering letter of November 27, 1920, and the request to Washington for verification from the American Consul in Reval.[2]

Fortunately, compared to Winston Smith and his coworkers in Orwell's Ministry of Truth, the officials and archivists in the United States National Archives are bungling amateurs. They not only failed to destroy the documents before they had been copied, but they carelessly left behind several clues which testify to the former existence of the documents. Each document in the State Department files was assigned a file number, which was recorded in a list along with a brief description of the document. These lists of documents are accessible to the public, along with the other unclassified State Department records, on microfilm spools, and the page which bears the entry for Hoover's letter of February 23, 1921, is still there, in the proper place on its spool. That page is reproduced here, together with the title page of the document list. When one goes to the indicated place in the microfilmed records to find the letter itself, however, one finds only the splice where it was snipped from the roll of film. That section of the microfilmed record is reproduced here, exactly as it appears today on the spool in the National Archives. Note the file numbers of the two documents on either side of the splice; they bracket the file number of the missing document.

[2]The rather poor quality of reproduction of these documents is due to the conditions under which they were photographed.

AMERICAN CONSULATE,

Reval, Esthonia, December 15, 1920

SUBJECT: Dessiminators of Bolshevik Propaganda.

UNDER SECRETARY, FEB 2 DEPARTMENT OF STATE

DEC 29 1920 DEPARTMENT OF STATE

THE HONORABLE

THE SECRETARY OF STATE,

WASHINGTON.

Copy to Smith

SIR:

With reference to my despatch No 47 of November 23, 1920 enclosing copies of letters from the Director of the Intelligence Division of the Esthonian General Staff, and enclosures thereto, giving lists of addresses to which Bolshevik publications are sent for propaganda purposes, I have the honor to enclose copies of a further letter from Captain Palm dated November 27, 1920, and of its enclosures. I am dessiminating the information now communicated to me in the same manner as that contained in Captain Palm's previous letters.

I should be glad if the Department after investigation of the names forwarded with this letter would communicate to me the result of the investigation so that I may be able to judge more accurately than I am able to at present as to the value and accuracy of these lists.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Charles H. Albrecht

American Consul in Charge.

800

Enclosures:

Copy of letter of Nov. 27,
and enclosure thereto.

Copy.

To

His Excellency

The American Consul

at Reval.

27th of November 1920.

Your Excellency,

I have the honor to submit to you a new list of names and addresses of the persons abroad to whom the bolsheviks are forwarding their propaganda literature for distributing and making the propaganda amongst the public abroad.

I have the honor to remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant

Palm (signed)

Captain,

Director of Intelligence Departm.,

Esthonian General Staff.

No. 2559.

P.S. Copies sent to:

BRITISH MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE
FRENCH MILITARY MISSION IN REVAL.

LIST OF PERSONS ABROAD TO WHOM BOLSHEVIK

LITERATURE IS ADDRESSED.

1. Charles Ed. Fitterson - II9 Dudley str. Room Nr.I,Roxbury,Mass.U.S.A.
2. A.C.E.Dozrubarz - I46 Cedar str. Roxbury, Mass, U.S.A.
3. A.Berg - I46 Cedar str. Roxbury, Mass. "
4. B.Rodgers - 45I. W. I66 str. New York City "
5. A.Sieberg - 45I. W. I66 str. " " " "
6. To Esthonian Society - Dudley str. Rozb. Boston "
7. J.Gregarson - I03 Highland str. Roxbury Mass. "
8. Jacob Karro - Dudley str. Opera House, Roxbury Boston Mass.U.S.A.
9. P.M.Rosenthal - 2I4,E. 38 str. New York, "
10. Printed Matter "Uus Ilm" - II56 Ist Ave. New York "
11. J.Ferguson - 4840-A Vincennes Ave. Chicago,Ill.
12. Professor Felix Frankfurter - Harvard University Cambridge Mass."
13. Jacob Hartman - II0 W.42nd str. Russian Bureau N.Y.City, "
14. C.E.Colleti - II3 Dudley str. Roxbury Mass. "
15. J.P.Dukat - 5I Dudley str. Roxbury Mass. "
16. Georg Galvin - Hundington Ave.Near Strande Theatre,Bost.Mass. "
17. Ozelis - I Bellwater Gate, Woolwich England.
18. V.C.van Oorat - Nukork Gld, Holland,
19. L.de Visser de la Reykade - den Haag "
20. W.Van Leuwen - Amsterdam, Jakob Marisstr. I30 "
21. Van Pordt - Nukork, Genderland "
22. W.Van Langeraadt - Rotterdam, Diergardesingel Rotterdam "
23. Lorlenghi dott. Aroldo - Torino, via Lamarmora 35 Italy,
24. Maladesta Enrico - Milano, via goldeni 2 "
25. Enrico Dingnami - Lugano, Villa Goenobium "
26. Monticelli V.V.Carlo - Torino, via Lagrange 2I "
27. Bressan rag.Edoardo - Roma, via Napoli 64 "
28. Ernst [illegible] - Sekretaire F.M.O. Montchoisy 36 France,
29. Despres - Paris XX-eme I7, rue Belgrad "
30. Z.Chasanovitsch - The Times, Jewish Daily,Französische Str.49, Berlin, Germany,
31. Fred Biedenkopp - 7 East I5 str. New York City, U.S.A.
32. An das Verbandsbureau Poola Zion - Kaiser Joseph I5/II Wien, Austria.

Enclosures:
See page 2.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES MICROFILM PUBLICATIONS

Microcopy No. 316

RECORDS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE RELATING TO INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF RUSSIA AND THE SOVIET UNION, 1910-29

Roll 2

LISTS OF DOCUMENTS

861.00/6939-861.002

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE
GENERAL SERVICES ADMINISTRATION

Washington: 1960

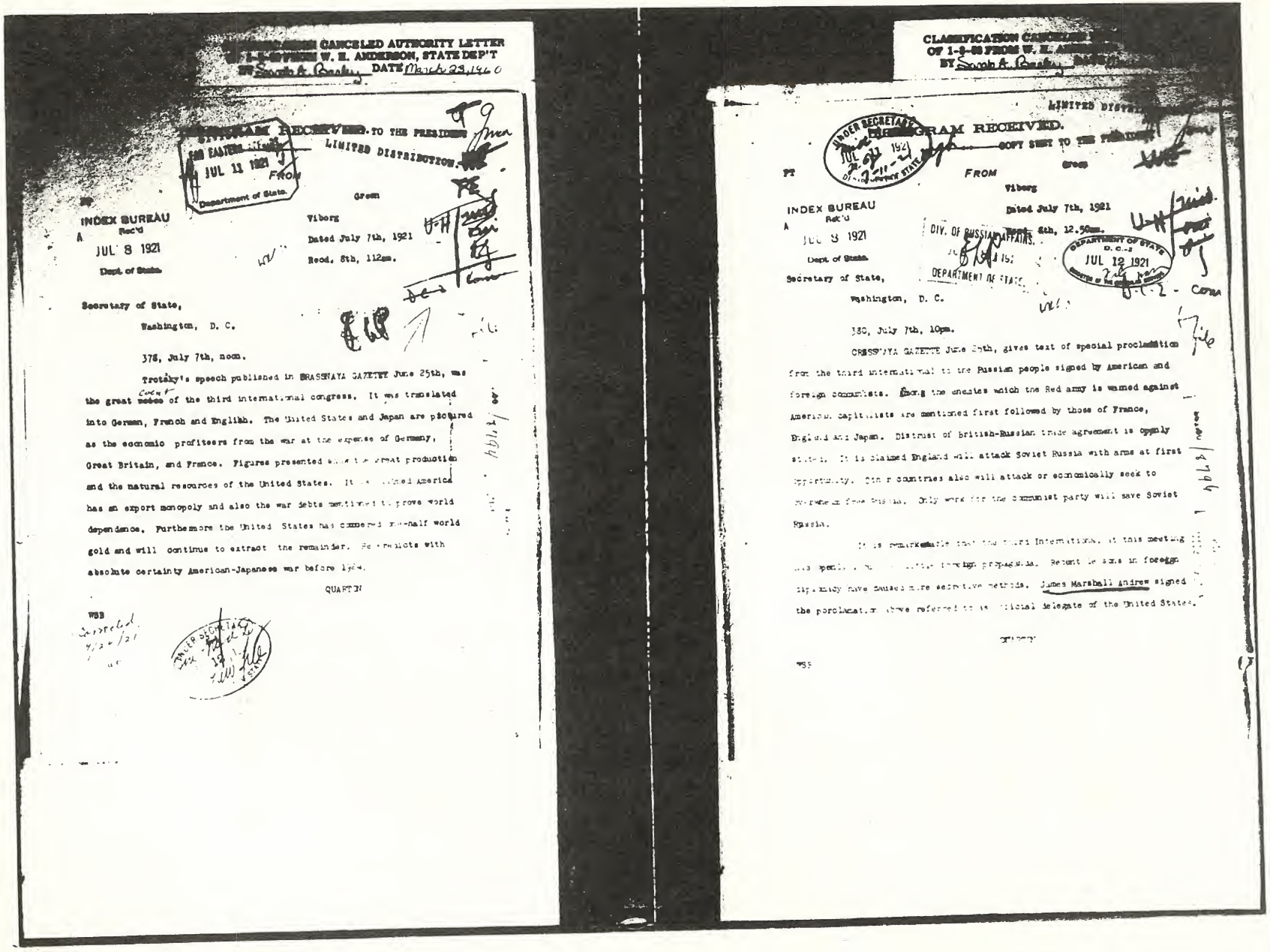
212 LIST OF PAPERS. Page 890

File No. 861.00

Subject: Political Affairs - Russia.

Doc No.	FROM—	DATE 1921	TO—	Sub No.	PURPORT.
8790	Turkey #296 (Bristol)	June 14	r pi		Conditions at the port of Odessa. Transmits copies of letter from Admiral in command of the Britis Squadron informing of -.
8791	Turkey #291 (Bristol)	June 15	r pi		Cipher telegrams exchanged between Moscow and Berlin, etc. for period June 9 to June 14 inclusive. Transmits -.
8792	Viborg Tel. 379 (Quarton) 5pm	Jul. 7	r		Trotsky refutes Hughes contention to effect that Soviet Russia is great economic desert. Reports that -by showing that proper allowances have not been made for the effects of the blockade and the civil war; Declares that Soviet Russia needs now were formerly imported from Germany and with these articles pre-war productio could soon be exceeded.
8793	Viborg Tel. 377 9pm (Quarton)	Jul. 7	r		Have secures complete Bolshevik pres statements on Third Congress. Third Int. meeting officially op ened Moscow June 22. Trotsky's and all other speeches have been translated and will be forwarded by post. All went peacefully at public sittings. Zinovieff was reelected chairman. Methods of world propaganda were decided upon in secret meetings.
8794	Viborg Tel. 378 noon (Quarton)	Jul. 7	r		Trotsky's speech published in GRASS NAYA GAZETTE June 25, was great voice of the Third Int. Congress U.S. and Japan are pictured as economic profiteers from the war at the expense of Germany, Great Britain, and France. Claims Am. has export monopoly. U.S. has cornered one-half world gold and will continue to extract the remainder.
8795	Justice Dept.	Feb. 23	r		Disseminators of Bolshevik propagan da. Informs Dept. that from ex amination of list of - it is indicated that at least the majo portion of list is authentic.
		June 30	Messrs/ S. Dennis Co. Inc.	8746	Informs that no formal statement ha been made public by Dept. re recognition of Latvia. Encloses c copy of letter from Sec. to Amb. of Italy, and letter from Sec. t Mr. Samuel Gompers Apr. 5.
8796	Viborg Tel. 380 10pm (Quarton)	Jul. 7	r		GRASSNAYA GAZETTE June 25, gives te xt of special proclamation from third int. to Russian people si;ned by -m. and foreign com munists. Among enemies which Red Army is warned against Im. capi talists are mentioned first followed by those of France, England and Japan. James [illegible] signed proclamation as officials [illegible] d.U.S.

See Page 899



CLASSIFICATION CANCELED AUTHORITY LETTER
OF 1-8-68 FROM W. H. ANDERSON, STATE DEP'T
BY Sarah A. Bailey DATE March 23, 1960

TELEGRAM RECEIVED. TO THE PRESIDENT
LIMITED DISTRIBUTION.

FAR EASTERN AFFAIRS
JUL 11 1921
Department of State.

FROM

Green

Viborg

Dated July 7th, 1921

Recd. 8th, 112am.

INDEX BUREAU
Rec'd
JUL 8 1921
Dept. of State.

Secretary of State,

Washington, D. C.

378, July 7th, noon.

Trotsky's speech published in BRASSNAYA GAZETTE June 25th, was the great ~~voice~~ event of the third international congress. It was translated into German, French and English. The United States and Japan are pictured as the economic profiteers from the war at the expense of Germany, Great Britain, and France. Figures presented show the great production and the natural resources of the United States. It is claimed America has an export monopoly and also the war debts mentioned to prove world dependence. Furthermore the United States has conserved one-half world gold and will continue to extract the remainder. He predicts with absolute certainty American-Japanese war before 1924.

QUARTON

WSB

Corrected 4/26/21

CLASSIFICATION CANCELED
OF 1-8-68 FROM W. H. ANDERSON
BY Sarah A. Bailey DATE

LIMITED DISTRIBUTION

TELEGRAM RECEIVED.
COPY SENT TO THE PRESIDENT

UNDER SECRETARY
JUL 11 1921
DEPARTMENT OF STATE

FROM

Green

Viborg

Dated July 7th, 1921

Recd. 8th, 12.50am.

INDEX BUREAU
Rec'd
JUL 8 1921
Dept. of State.

DIV. OF RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.
JUL 8 1921
DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
D. C.-2
JUL 12 1921
Secretary of State,

Washington, D. C.

380, July 7th, 10pm.

CRASSNAYA GAZETTE June 25th, gives text of special proclamation from the third international to the Russian people signed by American and foreign communists. Among the enemies which the Red army is warned against American capitalists are mentioned first followed by those of France, England and Japan. Distrust of British-Russian trade agreement is openly stated. It is claimed England will attack Soviet Russia with arms at first opportunity. Other countries also will attack or economically seek to overwhelm free Russia. Only work for the communist party will save Soviet Russia.

It is remarkable that the third International at this meeting has openly [illegible] foreign propaganda. Recent lessons in foreign diplomacy have caused more secretive methods. James Marshall Andrew signed the proclamation above referred to as official delegate of the United States.

QUARTON

WSB

In order that the reader may fully appreciate the significance of these documents, let us briefly review the career of the most important communist agent listed in them, namely, Felix Frankfurter. Born in Vienna in 1882, the son of Leopold and Emma Winter Frankfurter, he arrived in the United States in 1894, at approximately the peak of the flood of Jewish immigration into the country which occurred at the beginning of this century. After attending the City College of New York and Harvard University, he became a professor in the Harvard Law School, in 1914. He spent twenty-five years in this post, followed by twenty-three years on the United States Supreme Court. These forty-eight years were spent quite profitably, from the viewpoint of the Comintern.

It is not possible, with the records presently at our disposal, to establish definitely the time of Frankfurter's first engagement in communist activities. Perhaps it was as early as 1905, when the abortive Jewish attempt at a revolution in Russia took place; certainly other immigrant Jews in New York were playing an important role in the communist movement then.[3] Perhaps it was not until after 1917, when the second attempt at revolution in Russia had proved successful. In any case, by 1920 he was deeply enough involved in the Bolshevik conspiracy so that his name must have occupied a prominent place in U.S. Justice Department records of communist agents. From Captain Palm's list of seventeen Bolshevik contacts in the United States, Hoover selected Frankfurter and three others as particularly significant for establishing the validity of the list.

Far more important than Frankfurter's role as an intermediary for propaganda materials from Europe, however, was his role as a recruiter of espionage agents and other communist operatives. Under his tutelage at Harvard were turned out, almost on an assembly-line basis, a steady stream of hard-core Bolsheviks whose primary function was the infiltration of the U.S. government bureaucracy. Over the decades Frankfurter's proteges found their way into so many critical governmental posts that in themselves alone they constituted a sort of shadowy state-within-the-state. By the time Frankfurter left Harvard for the Supreme Court in 1939, he had managed to work so many of his agents into Roosevelt's New Deal government that from then on the arrangement was self-sustaining, with Frankfurter safely able to yield his teaching post and exercise his influence through his well-entrenched former pupils. Of these, the most notorious was Alger Hiss, but there were dozens of others. For example, practically the entire membership of the notorious Ware cell, the Soviet espionage group which operated in the U.S. Department of Agriculture during World War II, consisted of former Frankfurter students. Nathan Witt, Lee Pressman, John Abt, and Henry Collins were among these.[4]

The infamous Harry Dexter White and Lauchlin Currie were both faculty colleagues of Frankfurter's at Harvard, after being students there. And the list goes on and on. The story of the exposure of these espionage agents after World War II is one which has been told elsewhere, and we need not go into all those lurid details here. The interested reader is advised to consult James Burnham's excellent book for a detailed record.[5]

With the exception of that of Harry Dexter White,[6] however, the names mentioned by Burnham—the names which were revealed to the world in the shattering series of Congressional investigations of the late 1940's—are largely those of relative small-timers.

[3]"Documents on the First World War," *National Socialist World,* 3 (Spring, 1967), p. 32.

[4]James Burnham, *The Web of Subversion* (New York, 1954), p. 80.

[5]Burnham, *op. cit.*

[6]Harry Dexter White (born of "Russian" Jewish parents named Weiss) was by far the most important of the Soviet agents publicly exposed after the war. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under the diabolic Henry Morgenthau, Jr., his policy-making authority was very great indeed. He was solely responsible for all foreign operations of the United States Treasury, including those concerned with all overseas activities of the U.S. armed forces. He was not only a principal author of the monstrous Morgenthau Plan for the postwar extermination of the German population, but he was also primarily responsible for the November, 1941, ultimatum to Japan which provoked the Pearl Harbor attack. Three days after his initial interrogation by the Un-American Activities Committee, on August 13, 1948, as to his Soviet espionage activities during the war, he was found dead under very suspicious circumstances.

The public was left with the picture of a nest of spies, couriers, and other espionage operatives controlled from Moscow, where all the higher-ups made the plans and issued the orders. Morgenthau and the other important Washington officials in whose departments these spies had flourished had carefully avoided direct involvement themselves in these activities and were represented—along with Roosevelt—as dupes whose only fault was a too-naive attitude toward communism and the Soviet Union.

Frankfurter was left serenely unscathed in his position on the Supreme Court by the exposures of all his proteges. The only evidence tying him directly into the international communist apparatus was safely hidden in J. Edgar Hoover's secret files—until the embarrassing documents from 1920-1921 were discovered in the National Archives. It is no wonder that Hoover and others directly concerned were anxious to have these documents disappear, for they raised some profoundly disturbing questions. Why, for instance, did Hoover not reveal to the Congress of the United States in 1939, upon Roosevelt's nomination of Frankfurter to the Supreme Court, that which he had known since at least 1921, namely, that Frankfurter was a communist agent? That certainly would have resulted in the refusal of the Congress to approve Frankfurter's nomination. Why, with a knowledge of Frankfurter's Bolshevik activities, did Hoover's FBI fail throughout the course of World War II to halt the treasonous activities of Frankfurter's agents in Washington? Should not the FBI, knowing that such men as Hiss, Pressman, *et al.,* owed both their training and their government positions to Frankfurter, have had these men under particularly close scrutiny? Are we expected to believe that these people all managed to escape detection as they went about their business of stealing and photographing top-secret documents, passing rolls of microfilm to Soviet couriers, and so on, right under the nose of the FBI in security-conscious, wartime Washington?

The answer to these questions immediately suggests itself. Hoover did not tell the Congress about Frankfurter in 1939, nor did he blow the lid off the espionage of Frankfurter's proteges during the war, because he was ordered *not* to. And there is exactly one person who would have dared to give such an order. The conclusion is inescapable that Franklin Delano Roosevelt not only knew about the activities of Frankfurter and his agents but he also approved of them. He thus stands revealed as the greatest traitor America has ever had the misfortune to harbor, and, considering the disastrous consequences to our race as a whole of his treason, probably the most grossly evil man of modern times.

He is dead now, along with the sinister little Jew from Vienna, but his guilt has contaminated many others who still live. The chief of America's principal internal security organization—the Federal Bureau of Investigation—who in a time of critical danger for the nation meekly acquiesced to the criminal intrigues of his superior, still lives. And so do many others who fed at the same trough during the Roosevelt years. Roosevelt's treason is at least partly their treason. For even if they cannot be convicted of any sins of commission, they are certainly guilty of grievous sins of omission. To have known—or even to have suspected—what was going on around them and yet to have remained silent is a more shameful crime than most of those for which men are sent to the electric chair these days. Such men, to whom honor means nothing but public esteem everything, are understandably anxious that nothing shall arise to tarnish the shield of "public service" with which they conceal their true selves from a credulous world. It is not surprising then that State Department documents 861.00/7885 and 861.00/8795 should have quickly found their way down the memory hole.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE FABRIC OF TERROR, by Bernardo Teixeira. Devin-Adair, New York, 1965 ($4.95).
Reviewed by William L. Pierce.

Early on the morning of March 15, 1961, some five thousand members of the Negro Communist organization, UPA (People's Union of Angola), struck without warning in carefully synchronized attacks at a score of points in the northern portion of Portugal's African province of Angola. Armed principally with machete-like *catanas,* the blacks systematically butchered every white man, woman, and child who fell into their hands. With the motive of inspiring terror in the remaining white population, the blacks raped, tortured, and mutilated their victims in a ghastly manner.

Although some twenty thousand other Negroes from the general population joined the UPA members in their attacks on the whites, the Portuguese army was able to suppress the revolution in fairly short order. As Portuguese soldiers moved into the areas which had been under attack, they found the gruesome leavings of the Negro orgies. *The Fabric of Terror* is primarily a collection of eyewitness reports by these soldiers and by some of the white settlers who had managed to survive. The reports tell their own story.

What happened at Quitexe, a small village which serves as a commercial center for the coffee-rich Uige district of northern Angola is typical. The narrator is the village butcher, who, with his wife and daughter, survived the general massacre:

> ...We open our doors for business at eight o'clock sharp, but I get up at six every morning to feed the animals, cut the meat, and sort out the fish. I always eat a heavy breakfast at seven-thirty—at least a bowl of soup, eggs and sausage, bread and coffee. I always eat well in the morning. But that morning, when my wife Maria, my daughter Lourdes, and I sit down at the table for breakfast, I cannot even eat my soup! My stomach feels funny, nervous. ... I am not sick, but something is wrong.
>
> My daughter Lourdes says, "It is so quiet outside!" And that is indeed funny, because at seven-thirty the natives and farmers who come up from the *sanzalas* and farms to do their shopping or trade are usually talking loud and laughing in groups outside while waiting for the stores to open. I go to the window to see. There they are, as usual, the natives and a few white farmers in front of the doors of the stores. But the funny thing is that the natives are not talking loud or joking or laughing. ... Even funnier, most of them are wearing heavy coats, although the morning is warm.
>
> My daughter turns to me and says, "Do you think, Papa, that they are hiding something under their coats?" ...
>
> It is now less than a quarter to eight. There is a group of eight natives in front of my door, so I stick my head outside the window and greet them, "Good morning, boys!"
>
> Three of them raise their heads and greet me back, "Good morning, boss!" ... But the other five are like statues. I do not see their faces; I do not know who they are. But I feel something is wrong.
>
> "Papa, shall I go and warn the other stores that something may be wrong?" my daughter asks, and I whisper back to her, "You are crazy, girl. Bring the rifles and ammunition quickly." ...
>
> Now it is only a few minutes before eight o'clock. I am not going to open my door. Lourdes and I are kneeling with our loaded rifles by the open window, while my wife stands behind us to hold a third rifle and reload ours. I feel now that something terrible is about to happen and I am ready. The church tower strikes eight o'clock, the doors of the stores start to open, and all the natives and the few white farmers walk in. My head is still outside the window, but I do not show my rifle. One of the natives below raises his head, grins at me, and says, "Open the door, boss!" and I grin back and tell him, "In a minute, boy, in a minute."
>
> It is only a few minutes after eight o'clock, and all of a sudden it is like a hurricane in hell. The most awful screams from everywhere in the village! Horrible screams, mostly from women and children! I figure that the terrorists started the slaughter inside the stores and in the other houses exactly at the same time. The screams are so piercing that for a moment Lourdes' and my fingers are frozen on the triggers. The natives under my window draw their machetes and scatter-guns from under their coats and start yelling, "*Mata!*[1] UPA! *Mata!* UPA!" and begin chopping at my door.
>
> I say to Lourdes, "Keep cool, girl, and don't miss a shot." In thirty seconds we blow the heads off the eight terrorists under my window. The three of them I know from around here look up at me, kind of surprised and indignant, as I shoot them. They feel I have got no right to shoot

[1] "Kill!"

them, but they have got the right to murder me and my wife and rape my daughter. It is a funny world!

... A few of the victims, blood all over them, manage to run onto the street, but the bandits go after them, yelling like crazy, and finish them off, cutting off their arms or legs or heads. It is horrible to see this from my own window. Lourdes and I are finished with the eight bandits under my window, so now we shoot at the ones chasing our people on the street. ... Then I see this child, the little daughter of the clothing store [owner], running into the street with a big black after her. My wife cries, "Oh, Lord, have mercy!" And then I see the Land Rover of Dr. Sousa, from Carmona, wheeling down the road and almost hitting the child. The doctor steps on the brakes when he sees the child, but the terrorist pays no attention to the doctor and splits open the head of the child with his machete. ... The doctor gets his automatic from the glove compartment and shoots the bandit. Crazily, the doctor jumps out of the Land Rover to go toward a group of yelling terrorists coming out of the pharmacy.

I yell at him, "Doctor, get the hell out of here and give the warning at Carmona!" The doctor comes to his senses, jumps back into the Land Rover, turns around, and drives away before the terrorists can get him.

We have lots of ammunition, thank God. So Lourdes and I keep on firing. We kill a few more, and the others disappear behind the houses. Now everything is very quiet. ... There are only pieces of human bodies on the street and doorways of the stores, and pools of blood are everywhere. ... I fear the terrorists are about to storm my house, so we load our guns and prepare to make them pay heavily. I swear I'll kill my wife and daughter before the beasts get their hands on them. But everything stays very quiet. I wait. ...

Nine o'clock comes and the church bell does not toll. ... The terrorists do not come back to my house. Around noon a platoon of soldiers arrives from Carmona.

The butcher in Quitexe was an exceptional man. Not only was he blessed with an amazing sixth sense, which gave him a forewarning of danger, but he was endowed with sufficient common sense and foresight to have his home adequately stocked with firearms and to have trained his women in their proper use. How many families in America are as well prepared?

Evidently there were none in the little village of Mavoio, about a hundred miles north of Quitexe. A Portuguese army lieutenant is the next narrator:

... In the afternoon [of March 15] the captain called me into his office and said, "Lieutenant, you take a patrol and set out for Mavoio. We hear that a band of terrorists is headed for that village."

I asked him, "Where is Mavoio?"

He gave me a section of map he had on his desk, which showed a tiny speck about a dozen kilometers from Quibocolo on the road between Damba and Maquela do Zombo. ... "Travel by foot and avoid the road. You should make it by morning." ...

Off we went, mostly through the elephant grass and patches of jungle, never too far from the main path which the map said was a road. Practically nobody said a word until the early morning, when we reached a high ground overlooking a small valley where we saw a few farm houses. ...

There we stood on the crest of the little hill, our heads slightly above the *capim,* watching. It all looked very peaceful and tranquil. "It looks as though the terrorists missed this one," the patrol sergeant whispered in my ear. ... We walked about half a mile farther, still inside the *capim,* and then the sergeant pointed his finger at a small cluster of white houses down below. "That must be the village," he said.

We approached it cautiously. Nothing stirred. ... There was a slight wind, and the unlocked doors and windows were kind of dancing in the breeze, but otherwise the tranquility was complete. Even the gardens and orchards in front of the little white houses were spotless. I stood there in the middle of the road, staring at the swinging doors in the wind; Mavoio was deserted. ...

Then I saw the dead cat right in front of the doorway of the first house. A calico cat, black, white, and yellow, cut in half by the blow of a *catana.* We cocked our submachine guns and went into that first house. Everything was smashed inside. In the bedroom we found a broken alarm clock on the floor. It had stopped at six-forty, and from what we saw later we figured that the terrorists had come through Mavoio the previous morning. In that house there were no children. Just a couple, relatively young. They were both in bed. The man had his insides out on the sheet. They had cut him lengthwise, from the chin down. The body of the woman was a horror to look at. They had cut off her breasts and driven the blades of their *catanas* through her eyes, among other things. I took a strong gulp of brandy from my canteen and came out to look into the next house. ...

It was a small village, but not one single living thing, man, woman, child, dog, or cat, was left. And somehow the slaughter, the atrocities, and the blood were all indoors. Outdoors, the village was the neatest I have seen. That is, until we came to the last white house, which had a stone patio in the back. That particular family must have been out early in the morning. We found them all on the patio behind the house: the mother, the father, and three children, one of them still in the crib. They had even cut off the arms and legs of the little baby in the crib. That's when I rushed behind a tree in the backyard to vomit.

The leader of the UPA is an Angolan

Negro named Holden Roberto (*alias* Jose Gilmore, *alias* Roberto Holden, *alias* Ruy Ventura, etc.). He was educated in a Baptist mission school and is married to a renegade white woman. He founded the UPA in 1954 and then left Angola for a training period in Ghana, where he became a protege of Kwame Nkrumah. He attended the first Pan-African Congress, in 1958, where he met a number of Soviet, Chinese, and American agents who were also there. Shortly afterwards he was invited to the United States, where he was welcomed by several UN delegations and was wined and dined by the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, the AFL-CIO, and, of course, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. After this Roberto and the UPA received both financial and press support from United States sources.

When he returned to Africa, he went to Leopoldville, where Patrice Lumumba became his new tutor in African political techniques. The Belgian Congo was granted its independence in July, 1960, and Roberto was there to witness the shameful performance which followed. The atrocities committed on the Belgians there certainly must have contributed to his education, but even more enlightening and encouraging was the spectacle of other whites—in UN uniforms and in the foreign press corps—not only failing to come to the aid of the Belgians, but protecting, both with armed force and with a barrage of anti-white propaganda, the black savages who were committing the atrocities

Roberto continued to develop his UPA in Leopoldville, in preparation for similar activities across the border in Angola. One of the lieutenants he recruited there was given the responsibility of leading the terrorist group which was to attack the experimental agricultural station at M'Bridge on the morning of March 15. This lieutenant was determined to do an outstanding job, with the idea of enhancing his prestige in the UPA, as he explained to the Portuguese when he was captured after the raid on M'Bridge. He was quite concerned to know whether the leaders of any of the other raiding parties had outshone him. He need not have been so worried about his performance. Although what happened at M'Bridge resembles in many details the fate that had befallen German villages in East Prussia and the Sudetenland sixteen years earlier, it is probable that not even the Soviet soldiers or Czech partisans, inspired by the exhortations of wartime Soviet Propaganda Commissar Ilya Ehrenburg, outdid this particular Negro in gruesomeness:

At the very early hours of dawn on the fifteenth of March, he and his group began to converge cautiously upon the M'Bridge experimental farm. On the way they passed a small farm run by an elderly European couple. They knocked down the door, awakening the farmer and his wife, and the leader asked them for *aguardente,* the homemade brandy, all the *aguardente* they had. The frightened farmer showed him where all his *aguardente* was, and the leader and some of his aides drank it, after which the leader told the farmer that his *aguardente* was not very good. The trembling farmer apologized, but the leader would not accept his apologies. Thereupon, the leader borrowed a kitchen knife from the farmer and slit his throat with it.

He told his followers to cut off the old man's head and put it back in bed with his wife, but they must spare her, for she must be able to remember that the leader had been in her house once. . . .

At half past five they were lurking in the elephant grass in the vicinity of M'Bridge, which slept in deep silence. Daylight broke at six o'clock. The leader raised his machete and shouted, *"Mata! Mata! Mata!"* Within an hour his triumph was complete.

Days later, from a hospital bed, one of the very few survivors, a subforeman named Manuel Lourenco Neves Alves, related what he saw:

"... At six o'clock that morning I woke up with the noise, and when I came to the window of my room I saw the house of the manager of the Fazenda being attacked by hundreds of blacks, maybe four hundred of them. ... Almost at the same time the terrorists began to attack the other houses and installations. I grabbed my hunting rifle and started to shoot at them from my window, but I was running short of ammunition, and my African houseboy, Joao, made a dash for the house next door to collect more ammunition. He never made it. A band of terrorists caught him, killed him with *catana* blows, and then cut off his head and sexual organs. Then the crazy savages lifted those things in the air like trophies, and they began jumping about in a dance, yelling and whistling and laughing.

"They were bringing out the other captured men onto the ground in front of the installations, and they started slaughtering them in the most horrible ways. The screaming victims were still alive when the beasts cut their eyes out of their sockets, cut their hands off, castrated them, and cut their bellies open and pulled their insides out. I was trembling with horror and fear. . . .

"Oh, God, what they did to my old friend, Jose, truly the kindest man who ever lived. The terrorists skinned him alive! The piercing screams of my old friend...I can still hear them in my ears!

"Then the turn came for the women and the

children. ... They would throw the smaller children high into the air, let them drop on the soil to break their bones, and then the bastards would play a brutal game of football with the bodies of those dying children, while the poor mothers screamed like crazy in the hands of the beasts. I didn't believe that anything so evil could exist in the world!

"Afterwards, they started on the women—the married women and the young girls alike. They were disrobed and raped savagely by scores of those beasts. I refuse to describe some of the horribly obscene things they did to those poor women before they finally killed them. ... The savages cut the breasts off practically each one of them and pushed sticks of wood through their lower parts as they died. Almost like cannibals they abused the body of a pretty white girl of eighteen, and then they tied her to a tree, crucified her, cut off her breasts, and put one in each of her outstretched hands."

It is interesting to note that the same journalists, motion-picture producers, and other publicists who had spent the previous two decades beating their breasts and shouting from the rooftops about alleged "crimes against humanity" in German concentration camps during World War II not only found nothing worth lamenting about in these Angolan atrocities, but they *deliberately conspired to suppress the spread of information about them.* While they worked themselves into public paroxysms of rage about "police brutality" in Alabama, their comments about Angola and the Congo were restricted to pious platitudes about "the end of colonialism" and "one man, one vote." Perhaps these humanitarians were concerned that publicity about Negro realities in Angola might hamper the U.S. civil-rights movement.

How did these realities affect the Angolan civil-rights movement? The answer is startling and holds grim portents for the future of Western civilization. In the first place, Portuguese policy in Angola has had one very important feature in common with both Spanish and Portuguese colonial policy elsewhere. Namely, the Spaniards and Portuguese have attempted to *assimilate* the native populations of their colonies, even to the extent of encouraging intermarriage between the colonists and the natives. This unfortunate policy has resulted in the hopeless racial melange which characterizes Brazil, for example. Robert Ruark, in his introduction to *The Fabric of Terror,* says:

God knows the Portuguese were toughly dominant in their occupancy of the African territories they colonized. Perhaps they were not so cynical as the Americans in their treatment of the Indians or so stupidly arrogant as the British in their administration of the Raj. At least the Portuguese bedded with the natives and married with the natives and never really discriminated racially against the natives.

... There is no problem of "integration" in Portuguese Africa. Interracially, it has always been integrated, and the lowliest bush native is a prince compared to a typical example of Harlem's ghettos.

Ruark concludes his introduction by calling this "the most basically sound relationship between white and black in Africa."

And James Burnham, who has provided a sort of postscript to the book, says:

It is well known that the Portuguese have less color bias than, perhaps, any other people in the world. This is the case in Portugal itself—where one legacy of long Moorish occupation is a wide color spectrum—as in Brazil, and it is the case in Angola. There is no trace of the spirit of *apartheid* in Angola; no civil-rights act and no paratroops are needed to open up public accomodations to all races. White, black, and mulatto are found in the same occupation; three quarters of the jobs in the administration and bureaucracy are held by non-whites; it is not uncommon, or resented, for a non-white to be bossing a white. Racial intermarriage is fairly frequent and brings no difficulty to spouse or children.

Having followed this policy of self-mongrelization for the sake of assimilating the natives for many years, perhaps the Portuguese settlers expected the Negroes to be grateful to them. Apparently Mr. Burnham thinks they should have been. After the morning of March fifteenth, 1961, one might have hoped that the Portuguese would have learned better. Instead, their response to the bestial massacres of their countrymen described above was an attempt to placate the Negroes by granting full Portuguese citizenship to every black and mulatto in Angola—including, of course, the ones involved in the uprising. This failure of the Portuguese to learn any lesson from their experiences should in itself be a valuable lesson for us.

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS, Fifth Edition, by Abram Leon Sachar. Alfred A. Knopf. New York, 1965 ($7.95).
Reviewed by William L. Pierce.

When, in a court of law, a witness points his finger at the accused and charges, "That man committed such and such a crime," there may well be grounds for doubting the guilt of the defendant. Perhaps the witness is lying to gain some end of his own; perhaps prejudice against the defendant has blurred the witness's judgment and caused him to confuse his facts; or perhaps it is a case of mistaken identity. But when the accused himself freely admits, "Yes, I committed such and such a crime," then the jury can have little doubt as to his guilt; a confession carries vastly more weight than any accusation.

The Jews, as a people, stand accused of many things: generally, of constituting an alien, unassimilable, parasitic, and socially destructive minority among the other peoples of the world; and, more specifically, of fomenting wars and revolutions for their own ends; of being sly, mendacious, and treacherous in their dealings with other peoples; of being an avaricious and extortionate race whose venality and usuriousness exceed those of other peoples; of being arrogant and spiteful beyond ordinary limits. These accusations have been made down through the ages by every people with whom the Jews have come in contact. They are dismissed by the Jews themselves, and often by well-meaning non-Jews, as nothing but lies inspired by bigotry or religious hatred. Where the stature of the accuser demands more discretion from those who would impugn his charges—as in the case of Luther or Goethe, a pope or an emperor or a prime minister, Cicero or Voltaire or Gibbon, for example—it can be intimated that the worthy person has been misled or given faulty information by malicious anti-Semites. Or perhaps such charges may stem from a temporary derangement, or from senility, or even from some unfortunate personal encounter with a single reprehensible Jew, certainly not representative of the Jews as a whole.

Thus, the admissions of Jewry itself are far more convincing in this respect than any accusation by a non-Jew. If anyone is to reach a just verdict on the true historical role of the Jews, he must certainly consider not only the statements made by Gentile admirers or detractors of Jewry, but also the testimony given by the Jews themselves. If such testimony is self-incriminating, furthermore, the juror must inquire as to the competence and authority of the particular witness to speak for his fellow Jews.

Abram Sachar took bachelor's and master's degrees from Washington University, in St. Louis, Missouri, and then went to England, where he received a Ph.D. degree from Cambridge University in 1923. He has since received honorary doctorates from Wesleyan University, Hebrew Union College, Rhode Island College of Education, Boston University, the University of Rhode Island, Washington University, Tufts University, the University of Massachusetts, Northeastern University, Calvin Coolidge College, Notre Dame University, and Bowdoin College. He has been president of Brandeis University, a prominent Jewish school in Massachusetts, since its founding in 1948. For fifteen years he was national director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, and since 1948 he has been chairman of the National Hillel Foundation Committee. He has been a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences for the past fifteen years and is a governor of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. In addition, he is a trustee of Palestine Endowment Funds and the Kennedy Memorial Library; a member of the Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Foundation and the Massachusetts Committee on Fulbright Awards; a director of the Massachusetts Association for Mental Health and the Massachusetts Board of Education. He is either a member or an officer of numerous Jewish organizations and has written three books dealing with Jewish history.[1] Certainly, if anyone can be considered a spokesman for the Jewish community, Sachar can.

A History of the Jews first appeared in 1930, and it has since gone through four more editions and twenty more printings. It has been more widely read than any other Jewish history since Graetz.[2] According to the au-

[1] *Who's Who in World Jewry* (New York, 1965), p. 821.

[2] Heinrich Graetz, *Geschichte der Juden von den ältesten Zeiten,* in 11 volumes, the first of which appeared in 1853. An English translation entitled *A History of the Jews* appeared in New York in 1926.

thor, his aim in writing the book was "to set down... the salient events, ideas, and influences that have shaped the destiny of the Jews and their role on the world scene; and ... to pay... proper attention to economic, political, and diplomatic factors, as well as to the purely social and religious."

Well, he has discreetly ignored quite a few of the salient events that have shaped the recent history of the Jews—not a single hint of Jewish involvement in the "Russian" Revolution of 1917 appears in the book, for example—and he has shamelessly distorted other significant episodes. Nevertheless, the book remains a substantial storehouse of revelations. It is not to be implied here that Sachar "confesses" to Jewish misdeeds, and that one can "get the goods" on the Jews by reading this book. He admits nothing that has not already been well established by others. The real revelations here lie in the *manner* in which Sachar describes Jewish history, rather than in the actual events themselves. The value of the book lies in the understanding which it gives of the Jewish *attitude* toward their history, toward themselves, and toward other peoples.

In order to make this clear, let us consider a couple of typical examples. On page 88, in a section entitled "The Creation of the Torah," Sachar benignly describes the pronouncement of a ban on marriage of the Chosen Ones to *goyim,* by the Jewish religious reformer, Ezra:

> ... The book which bears his name relates how he led an expedition of colonists from Babylon to strengthen Jewish life in Palestine. He was armed with a pious proclamation of the Persian king, which ordered inhabitants of Jerusalem to obey the laws of Yahweh on pain of death, banishment, fine, or imprisonment. He insisted upon a strict observance of every law—the sacrifices, the sabbath, the prayers, the ceremonies. Above all he waged relentless war upon the practice of intermarriage. Those who had taken non-Jewish wives were to put them aside at once under peril of ostracism.

Then, on page 376, he foams with rage and hatred when he has occasion to mention the Nürnberg Laws of 1935, forbidding the marriage of German citizens to Jews.

Or again, on page 121 he describes one of the many Jew-instigated rebellions against the authority of the Roman Empire:

> ... The Jews of Egypt, taking advantage of Roman difficulties, began to riot against their Roman and Greek enemies, and their disturbances grew into a formidable rebellion. This had hardly been suppressed when even more serious disturbances occurred in Cyrene and in Cyprus. The Roman historian Dio Cassius paints a sensational picture of the uprisings. The Jews wiped out nearly half a million people in both places, eating their flesh, besmearing themselves with their blood, sawing them asunder, feeding them to wild beasts!

Sensational! That is the strongest adjective he can find to describe the Jewish bloodorgy. But when he comes to the anti-Jewish pogroms of the Middle Ages—Oi!—that's a different story. After tearfully reciting a long record of various mob actions against the Jews in Europe in a chapter entitled "Four Bloody Centuries," he concludes:

> So went the tale of woe decade after decade, endlessly. Four hundred years had now passed since the hideous nightmare had begun. Hounded by successions of crusaders, by the restrictions of the Church councils, the torments of Rindfleisch and the Armleder, the accusations of ritual murder and blasphemy, the hatred of Dominicans and Jew-baiters, the Black Death and the libels which it engendered, the Hussite wars and Capistrano, Jewish life at the opening of the fifteenth century was a poor, hopeless, broken thing. ...
>
> One wonders how flesh and blood could endure such trials: not years, nor decades, but centuries of unremitting woe, and more to follow. The Jews, however, seemed to have remarkable powers of adjustment. When they suffered an apparently crushing calamity, they turned submissively to God to thank Him for all they might have borne, but had mercifully escaped! (p. 203)

These two examples of Jewish ambivalence may call to the reader's mind more recent pairs of phenomena: Jewish strictures to their brethren against intermarriage with Gentiles,[3] and the recent success of the two Jewish lawyers, Bernie Cohen and Phil Hirschkop, in having American miscegnation laws declared unconstitutional[4]; or Jewish criticism of the United States action in Viet Nam, followed by Jewish demands for United States action in the Middle East when Egypt closed the Strait of Tiran to Jewish shipping.[5]

[3] "Jews Urge Curb on Intermarriage," New York *Times,* December 14, 1964, p. 43.

[4] "Anti-Miscegnation Statutes: Repugnant Indeed," *Time,* 89 (June 23, 1967), p. 45.

[5] *Time,* 89 (June 9, 1967), p. 30.

As one reads Sachar's history, one gradually begins to see a pattern, a similarity in the Jewish attitude toward various events, which leads one toward certain fundamental conclusions as to the Jewish inner nature and the Jewish world view. Two salient features of this pattern are:

1) An arrogance, deeply ingrained in the Jewish nature, of such colossal proportions that the average Aryan utterly fails to comprehend its significance in his attempts to understand the Jew;

2) An omnipresent duplicity which occurs so infallibly in the Jewish nature and which so permeates every Jewish utterance—which, often, so far exceeds in subtlety any deviousness or guile of which the Aryan is capable—that it must be regarded as one of the very determinants of Jewishness. Many of us may be more aware of other characteristics which we like to think of as typically Jewish than we are of these two, but, at least for the purposes of analyzing Sachar's book, the two pre-eminent traits to be kept in mind are a towering arrogance and an ever-present mendacity. Only when these two characteristics are kept foremost in our minds does everything else fall into place and begin to become understandable.

Actually, the words we have chosen to name these traits are themselves misleading, for they are commonly used as the names of qualities with which we are familiar. Here, however, we are using the words in an attempt to describe qualities which are fundamentally alien to us, and we can only hope to approximate with them the real meaning which should be conveyed. For what do we really understand of an arrogance which more often than not manifests itself as an apparent self-effacing humility, which delights in grovelling in self-pity and in an endless recounting of past misfortunes? And how can we hope to express in familiar terms a duplicity which is exercised with such masterly skill that it often takes the disarming guise of an apparent frankness, the better to deceive in the long run? Probably the most effective illustration of these ideas can be made by the use of examples from the book, and the extracts from the book which follow are chosen with this in mind.

The first few chapters deal with Jewish racial origins and Old Testament mythology. Here Sachar is almost frank in his treatment. He recounts the familiar Bible record of pettiness, greed, mass homicide, and debauchery which so thoroughly characterized the early Jews after their invasion of Palestine.

The career of King David is perhaps typical. After a happy campaign of genocide against the Jews' neighbors, during which he laid low the Ammonites, the Edomites, the Aramaeans, and the Amalekites and boasted that he had liquidated two out of every three Moabites, he settled down to more serious business:

> If David had died now, at the height of his fame, he might have a more honorable place in the history of his people. But he lived on to dissipate the glories that he had wrought with brain and sword. He lived on to become a typical despot, with all the vices that sadden the history of a medieval Oriental court. The chroniclers detail, with remarkable objectivity, the story of his moral decay.
>
> The harem, we are told, grew until it swarmed with women, some of them the pompous daughters of neighboring kings. David found himself under the obligation of maintaining a court in keeping with their dignity. His own unruly passions, stimulated by the enervating life of the harem, eventually conquered his earlier military austerity. He stole Bath-sheba, the attractive wife of one of his faithful soldiers, and sent the poor man off to die for the glory of the king. He compounded adultery with murder, and soon his children began to profit by his example. Many concubines meant many royal princes, with palace plots and intrigues. ... When rebellions broke out, David was not his old self. He showed only maudlin weakness in the crises and drew further and further into the luxurious repose of the harem. His prestige sank so low that when his handsome, temperamental son Absalom led a hare-brained revolt to drive his father from the throne, David was compelled to flee the capital amid the curses and insults of all who bore him ill will. ...
>
> The last few years of David's reign were filled with plots and counterplots, engineered by the rivals for the throne. ... Solomon was ultimately proclaimed king in the last days of his father's lifetime, but only after some very slippery diplomacy. (pp. 36-7)

Things didn't improve much under Solomon. In describing the building of Solomon's temple in Jerusalem, Sachar reveals the true relationship between the native inhabitants of Palestine and their Jewish overlords:

> All elements of the population contributed in the work, especially the non-Hebrew peoples, Gibeonites, Jebusites, and other wretched, Canaanite groups, who were pressed into a serfdom as odious as the Israelites had borne in Egypt. (p. 39)

For this exploitation of non-Jewish peoples by the Jews in order to avoid manual labor, Sachar has a rationale, however, which he offers later in the book:

> All Orientals regarded labor as a curse and the early Hebrews were no exception to the general rule. It is significant that in the Hebrew traditions about Eden an ideal scene was built about the time when Adam and Eve frolicked in a lovely garden with little to do; God's punishment for their disobedience was the awful curse which compelled them and their descendants to toil for their food by the sweat of their brow. (p. 92).

Sachar does not linger on the apalling lack of moral, social, and political virtues displayed by the early Jews any longer than absolutely necessary. He does wind up this section of the book in a remarkably candid fashion, though:

> What had the little kingdom [Israel] to show after two centuries of independent existence? Little apparently but the melancholy bickering of petty tyrants and the characteristic civil wars of any Oriental people. (p. 55).

Having gotten this off his chest, in the next chapter he redeems Jewry by finding an excuse for their existence after all: their talents, we are informed, lay in the spiritual realm rather than the material world. Beginning in the middle of the eighth century B.C., there arose among the Jews a series of "moral giants," "great religious geniuses" who "crystallized the progressive thought which had been developing for three centuries and gave it an expression which influenced the subsequent history of three religions":

> Out of the mire of Hebrew political life the prophets rose like strange exotic blossoms. Their work is as surely the contribution to civilization of ancient Israel as Hellenic art is the Greek contribution, and imperial law and government the Roman. ... They were the stern guardians of individual and national conduct, the living Hebrew conscience, the poets of statesmanship. ...
>
> This middle-eighth-century period, a golden age for Israel, was also a bright interlude in the history of Judah. ... But material prosperity was accompanied, as in Israel, by the usual social evils, the craze for foreign fashions, the oppression of the poor, the subversion of justice, the subordination of morality to comfort. Society was not so decadent as in Israel, but to sensitive souls with high ethical standards life was unbearable.
>
> The outstanding figure in the period was Isaiah, the most eloquent and one of the profoundest of all the prophets. (pp. 61, 68-9)

Here, for perhaps the first time in the book, Sachar's Jewish arrogance and deceit begin to show. What contempt he must have for his Gentile readers! He assumes that not only are they unfamiliar with the Book of Isaiah, but that they are too lazy to pick up a copy of the Old Testament to see just what that "moral giant," that "sensitive soul with high ethical standards," actually contributed to civilization. The "progressive thoughts" of Isaiah fill some sixty-six chapters of the Old Testament with a partially incoherent fit of bloodthirsty rage against all *goyim*—interspersed with exhortations to his fellow Jews in the most crassly materialistic terms imaginable. For example, after boasting of the heaps of stinking carcasses and rivers of blood that Yahweh will create in all the Gentile lands, Isaiah raves on, in his thirty-fourth chapter:

> And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up forever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever.

Again and again this "profoundest of all the prophets" spelled out in gory terms his spite for Israel's enemies:

> And I will feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh, and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine ....[6]

Temporarily recovering from his tantrum of hate, in chapters sixty and sixty-one "the living Hebrew conscience" gives the Jews a few "crystallized" thoughts which could hardly be more blatantly expressed:

> Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. ...
>
> And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and vinedressers. But ye shall be named the

[6]Isaiah, 49:26.

Priests of the Lord: men shall call you the Ministers of our God: ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

This "great religious genius" is probably best known, however, for his clear enunciation, in his nineteenth chapter, of the age-old Jewish political formula:

And I will set the Egyptians against the Egyptians: and they shall fight every one against his brother, and every one against his neighbor; city against city, and kingdom against kingdom. And the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the counsel thereof: and they shall seek to the idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to the wizards.

But Sachar cannot praise this paragon of Jewish virtue highly enough:

... His diction was magnificent—beautiful, lilting poetry that preserves its charm and vigor even in translation. Like his predecessors, he was affected by social abuses and religious hypocrisy as by physical pain .... (p. 69)

It all sounds very pious, unless the reader bothers to look into some of the "beautiful, lilting poetry" for himself.

In his other references to Jewish religious writings Sachar exhibits a peculiar mixture of frankness and deceptiveness. In discussing the translation of the Old Testament from Hebrew into Greek, for example, he confesses that the Jews hired for the job deliberately falsified their translation in order to make Judaism seem respectable to the Greeks:

... They consciously substituted expressions for the frequent anthropomorphisms of the Bible and they excluded altogether stories which were likely to discredit Judaism in the Greek world. (p. 110)

He also admits the existence in the Jewish religious literature of scurrilous material dealing with Christ and Christianity but excuses it on the grounds that the Jews were persecuted by Christians and thus had good reason to preach hatred in return:

... Hounded from one land to another, burnt, hanged, spat upon, compelled to live in filthy ghettos and to wear degrading badges, denied the right to exist as human beings, to work as others worked, to play as others played, in no country, in no age, at peace, all because of Christian bigotry, it was impossible for Jews to regard the Prophet of Nazareth as other than the scourge of God, a fiend unmentionable. It was natural for legends to grow up about him, libelling his name and perverting his messages. In the *Toldos Yeshu*, a collection of hideous tales purporting to be his life story, read eagerly during the Middle Ages by an embittered people, one finds the response to centuries of persecution in the name of Jesus. (p. 125)

What Sachar "forgets" to mention here are that such stories were *not* left behind with the Middle Ages, and that the Talmud itself contains many references to Jesus which are both defamatory and grossly obscene.[7]

When he discusses the Talmud, he is slyness itself:

It was natural that enemies should look for the soul of Jewish persistence in the mysterious pages of the Talmud. Surely there was some elixir there which nourished an indomitable spirit. In every generation the Talmud was treated as if it were endowed with life, excommunicated and burnt, torn and banned. Emperors and their subordinates vied with popes and churchmen in condemning the cursed volumes, the contents of which few of them knew. As late as the middle of the nineteenth century Emperor Nicholas I of Russia declared ceaseless war on the Talmud in the attempt to disintegrate the unassimilable Jewish masses.

The instinct was sound. For preserved in those musty old pages was an unquenchable flame of life. The words of the Jewish sages were there, wise and reverent words explaining the Holy Writ. The injunction was there, oft repeated, that the words must be carefully guarded, patiently fulfilled, at any cost. Had not the sages themselves suffered for them to the extent of sacrificing life and honor and security? Their example could only stir similar devotion and heroism. (p. 152)

The Gentile instinct regarding the Talmud was sound indeed, but hardly for the spurious reasons suggested by Sachar. He has painted the picture of bigoted and insensitive Gentile hooligans persecuting pious and sensitive Jews by attempting to destroy their beloved sacred literature, a precious storehouse of wisdom and idealism too lofty for the benighted *goyim* to comprehend or appreciate. Such an illusion can be maintained only as long as the gullible reader fails to investigate the Talmud in order to decide its merits for him-

[7]For a brief description of some of the anti-Christian material taught to young Jews in modern times, see Samuel Roth, *Jews Must Live* (New York, 1934), Chapt. III.

self. This is not as easily done as was the case with Isaiah's "progressive thoughts," because, for some strange reason, the Jews seem to be less than anxious for the contents of the Talmud to be exposed to the revealing glare of public scrutiny. Even the bowdlerized English translations which have been made in recent years are cautiously kept back from general circulation. The fact is that the Talmud, far from being filled with "wise and reverent words explaining the Holy Writ," is a veritable literary sewer, a garbage heap containing the vile, perverted, and spite-filled outpourings of a spiritually bankrupt people.

Almost nervously, Sachar tries to sweep under the rug all the annoyingly persistent rumors about the true nature of the Talmud with the admission that, to be sure, not even *it* is perfect:

> The Talmud faithfully reflected the beliefs and notions of its people. In close proximity were the crassest superstitions and the most commendable ethical ideals. (p. 153)

Without a doubt, the Talmud contains hundreds of pages of the crassest superstitions—laughed off by Sachar as harmless folk-beliefs—but these things are of interest only to the student of Oriental folklore and primitive magic. The *essence* of the Talmud lies in what Sachar has called its "most commendable ethical ideals." The Great Reformer, Martin Luther, was a starry-eyed admirer of the Jews, whom he considered to be "Christ's people"—until he looked into the Talmud and acquainted himself with its ethical ideals. He was so shocked by what he read that he completely reversed his attitude toward the Jews and Judaism. According to Sachar:

> ... It seemed impossible that the same man was speaking when, in 1543, appeared the stinging pamphlet *Concerning the Jews and their Lies.* Here the monk who had defied all the power of organized Christendom in his search for truth, joined with the worst bigots in accusing the Jews of poisoning wells, murdering Christian children, and remaining impossibly stubborn in the face of Christian revelation. He urged the princes to destroy the Jewish synagogues and to confiscate their wealth and to devote it to maintain those who accepted Christianity. One of his last sermons denounced Jewish physicians for "understanding the art" of poisoning their patients, and concluded with the ominous admonition: "I say to you lastly, as a countryman, if the Jews refuse to be converted, we ought not to suffer them or bear with them any longer." (p. 229)

This last extract offers an excellent example of Sachar's chicanery. He not only deliberately misrepresents the reasons for Luther's reorientation toward the Jewish question, but he also gives us a false picture of Luther's new stance. The above discussion of Luther is separated by five chapters from Sachar's discussion of the Talmud, and he attempts to lead us to believe that Luther's condemnation of the Jews resulted from his growing impatience with their refusal to be converted to Christianity, compounded with his own advancing senility. But, in the very work cited above, *Von den Juden und ihren Lügen (Concerning the Jews and their Lies),* Luther states his reason clearly: "Some may feel that my judgment is too harsh. It is, if anything, too lenient, *for I have seen their writings.*" Luther indeed accused Jewry of a number of pernicious activities, although he was more charitable than Sachar has indicated. In *Concerning the Jews and their Lies* he said:

> ... In history, therefore, they are often accused of poisoning wells, and stealing and mutilating children, as in Trent, Weissensee, and other places. Of course, they deny this. Be it so or not, however, I know well that the will is not lacking among them, and if they could they would transform that will into deeds, either secretly or openly.

The *substance* of Luther's charges lay in his condemnation of the Jewish attitude toward their non-Jewish neighbors, as expressed in the Talmud:

> Is it not written in their Talmud and by their rabbis that it is no sin to kill if a Jew kills a Gentile, but it is a sin to kill an Israelite? Likewise, it is no sin if he does not keep his oath to a Gentile. Therefore, to steal from a Gentile (as they do with their usury) is a divine service. For they hold that they cannot be too hard on us nor sin against us, because they are of noble blood and circumcized; we, however, are cursed *goyim.* And they are the masters of the world, and we are their servants, yea, their cattle!

Sachar, by selecting only Luther's most dramatic accusations and carefully omitting his rationale and any reference to the Talmud, has attempted to discredit him and represent him as just another anti-Semitic religious

bigot.[8]

The thing to remember here is that Sachar, as a distinguished Jewish scholar, is beyond any doubt completely familiar with the contents of the Talmud. Considering this in conjunction with his comments on the Talmud in *A History of the Jews,* we are forced to the conclusion that he is a liar of astounding effrontery. His entire structure of lies is based upon his assumption that his readers have looked at neither the Talmud nor Luther's book and will not take the trouble to do so, simply because of the inconvenience involved.

While we are on Jewish spiritual matters, we may as well look at Christianity; Sachar matter-of-factly includes it among the Jewish spiritual contributions to mankind! First we are told that not only did a rabbi beat Jesus to the draw with the Christian moral doctrines by about twenty years, but it is suggested that, in fact, Jesus may have based his own teachings on those of the Jew, Hillel:

> ... At the age of twelve he [Jesus] was taken by his parents to Jerusalem, and to the Temple, and thenceforth there may have been many similar trips. Perhaps he listened to the utterances of the benignant Hillel, whose teachings were very much like those which Jesus preached many years later. ... When Jesus taught his followers to love their fellow men as they loved God, to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, to value humility as the highest virtue, he was repeating the teachings of the master who had preceded him by a generation. (pp. 127, 144)

He then singles out another Jew, Saul of Tarsus, as "the real founder of Christianity." Some readers may find themselves suspecting that Hillel and Saul are given all the credit simply because there is no solid evidence of Jesus' supposed Jewish ancestry!

After this it will probably come as no surprise that Sachar is able to trace a substantial portion of Christian theological development to one or another gifted Jew. For example, we are told that Thomas Aquinas inherited his theology directly from the Jew, Maimonides, and that Aquinas' teacher, Albertus Magnus, "drank deeply from the well of Maimonides' wisdom." Likewise, Solomon ibn Gabirol, an eleventh-century Jew, is given credit for "the first genuine philosophical speculation in Europe" since the closing of the University of Athens, five hundred years earlier. His writings are said to have laid the foundations for Duns Scotus and the other Scholastic theologians.

Christians may take heart, however, when they find out that they are not alone in their indebtedness to Jewry. Sachar modestly reveals that the Moslems also owe everything to the Jews.

The most consistent theme in the book is that of the never-ending friction between the Jews and the Aryan peoples of the world, or, as the Jews put it, of the "persecution" of the Jews. There can be no argument with Sachar on one point which he establishes, namely, that throughout their long history the Jews have been uniformly detested by everyone. The point of contention is *why?* Let us first look carefully at Sachar's presentation. There are several interesting conclusions which may be drawn from it.

First we note, with some surprise, that he apparently takes pride in reciting the denunciations of Jewry by a long series of outstanding Gentiles who attempted to warn their people of the insidious danger the Jews have always represented. He begins two thousand years ago, with the ancient Greeks and Romans, who had a substantial Jewish problem of their own, as indicated by Dio Cassius' record of Jewish genocide and atrocities in Cyrene and Cyprus, cited earlier in this review:

> ...just before the Christian era, the Greek geographer Strabo wrote of the Jews: "They have penetrated into every state, so that it is difficult to find a single place in the world in which their tribe has not been received and become dominant." ...
>
> Seneca remarked that Jewish customs were everywhere predominant and bitterly lamented that the virile Roman conquerors were being vanquished by the humble conquered! In 59 B.C., when Cicero defended the proconsul Flaccus, who had, among other things, embezzled money intended for the Temple in Jerusalem, the great orator pretended that he feared to speak above a whisper lest he arouse the enmity of the numerous Jews who were present. (pp. 78, 111)

Down through the centuries and into the Middle Ages he continues his recitation:

[8]For a more detailed discussion of both the Talmud and Luther's charges against the Jews, see, for example, Dietrich Eckart's excellent treatment, "Bolshevism from Moses to Lenin," *National Socialist World*, 2 (Fall, 1966), pp. 13-33.

All through the eleventh century the tide of hatred rose and the leaders in Church and State helped rather than thwarted its ravages. When the autocratic Hildebrand became Pope Gregory VII, nearly all of Europe knelt at his feet and followed his commands, which included severe restrictions against the Jews. In 1078 he issued a law forbidding Christian kingdoms to employ Jews in any public capacity. (pp. 186-7)

The list goes on through popes and kings, philosophers and poets, into modern times:

... Even the sunny Goethe, the literary colossus of the eighteenth century, a philosopher who took all humanity for his theme, thought of Jews as vile, unclean beings, deservedly hidden in the fusty places of the earth.
... There was no more enlightened ruler in the eighteenth century than the versatile Frederick the Great of Prussia, who prided himself on his popular title, the "Philosopher King." Assuredly he had no religious convictions, and his cynicism was notorious. Yet he despised Jews, and his *General Privilege,* written in 1750, was filled with the medieval spirit of intolerance. ...

An even more astonishing instance of prejudice was furnished by the brilliant iconoclast Voltaire. His was a colossal mind, a mind which never ceased, throughout a long life, to make war on existing abuses and superstitions. He defended the weak and the downtrodden; in the famous Calas case he made Europe ring with the iniquities of the bigots who hounded the unfortunate family to death. Yet this enemy of injustice used his biting pen and tongue to attack the Jews as a greedy and selfish race, whose only ideals were more money and more children.
... The brilliant Fichte opposed Jewish political emancipation strenuously. Jews, he argued, were incapable of performing civic duties, for they had no civic patriotism. "The only way I see by which civil rights can be conceded to them is to cut off all their heads in one night and to set new ones on their shoulders, which should contain not a single Jewish idea. The only means of protecting ourselves against them is to conquer their promised land [for them] and send them thither." Herder reacted instinctively in like manner and could never meet even [Moses] Mendelssohn without feeling some repugnance.
... Pope Pius IX celebrated Christmas of 1872 by issuing a diatribe denouncing the Jews as enemies of Christ and a pernicious influence in civilized society.
... [Bismarck] joined with the court chaplain, Adolf Stöcker, the founder of the Christian Socialist party, in drawing a distinction between decent Socialism, which was moderate and Christian, and Jewish socialism, which was subversive. (pp. 253, 276-7, 340-1)

When he gets to the twentieth century, his list becomes far too long to repeat here.

Despite the dislike and distrust which the leaders and thinkers held for the Jews, it was as nothing compared to the hatred borne them by the masses of ordinary men and women of every nation and era. And Sachar seems to relish endlessly recounting instances of this popular hatred even more than quoting the denunciations cited above! In boasting of Jewish power in Alexandria in pre-Christian times, he says:

... In Alexandria, which had become the leading city of the world and boasted a population of more than a million, two of its five sections were almost exclusively Jewish. Although they were heartily detested by their Greek fellow-citizens, who often assailed them, the Jews had leading positions in the community and were well treated by their imperial masters. (p. 108)

And in medieval Spain:

... The kings were usually men of tolerance and were statesmanlike enough to appreciate the stupidity of driving an important commercial element into the arms of the still powerful Moorish enemies. ... Jews rose to high state positions, often serving with conspicuous ability as linguists, diplomats, and financiers. ... The benevolent Alfonso XI employed several Jewish financiers who became influential enough to affect the politics of the country.

Unfortunately these halcyon days were soon interrupted and then ended. ... Navarre fell to France in 1285 and its Jews were soon subjected to the restrictions and degradations endured by their co-religionists on the other side of the Pyrenees. ... Clerical agitators helped to bring Aragon into line with Navarre, and soon the statute-books reflected the general animosity of the masses. (p. 204)

In the rest of Europe the same general animosity existed, and Sachar devotes many pages to listing outbursts of violence against the Jews of England, Germany, Poland, Russia, and a dozen other countries. Nor does he fail to tell us of the general expulsions of the Jews from virtually every country in Europe. They were ordered out of England—lock, stock, and barrel—in the year 1290 and were not allowed to begin reinfesting that country until 1657, after Cromwell's revolution had overthrown the English monarchy. In 1298 the first general massacre and expulsion of the Jews from Germany took place. Eight years later they were driven from France, and in 1421 from Austria. In 1492, a general expulsion from Spain was ordered, after enraged mobs had begun solving the Jewish problem

there in their own fashion, and this was followed in four years by expulsion from Portugal. The same thing occurred several times in succession in some countries, such as France, with the surviving Jews always sneaking back in again as soon as it seemed safe. Likewise, Jews were forbidden in districts of Poland and in vast stretches of Russian territory.

Over and over again Sachar names religious bigotry as the principal reason for these pogroms and expulsions, sometimes adding greed and the desire for booty as an ancillary motive. And yet, does he really expect the reader to believe that religious bigotry was the source of the dislike which Greek and Roman pagans held for the Jews? Apparently Sachar is a little embarrassed at his use of such a transparent "explanation" of anti-Semitism, for he several times abandons this pretense altogether. For example, he reminds us that Frederick II of Sicily, just as later with Frederick the Great of Prussia, held no Christian religious convictions, yet he felt the same toward the Jews as did his most superstitious subjects:

> Even the enlightened emperor, Frederick II, the most attractive figure of the century, followed the fashion. He was assuredly no religious bigot; he laughed at the pious and declared publicly that the world had been deluded by three great impostors, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. From his Sicilian court, up to the middle of the [thirteenth] century, he took pleasure in defying the popes and befriending persecuted scholars and intellectuals. Yet he enforced the restrictions against the Jews and compelled them to wear the hideous badge. He excluded them from all public office, and in his capital at Palermo he shut them up in a ghetto. (p. 197)

More significant is the story of the Jews in medieval Spain. As the Christian reconquest of Spain and the expulsion of the Moors proceeded, many Jews began to find it expedient to accept baptism. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, at first tens and then hundreds of thousands of Jews became nominal Christians. As these squealing and grunting hordes of *marranos*—as the converted Jews were called by the Spaniards—elbowed their way into every walk of Spanish life, the Spanish people found themselves reaching the limits of their tolerance for the obnoxious aliens:

> ... The majority of the converts eagerly took advantage of their new position. They flocked in their hundreds and thousands to the places from which they had formerly been excluded by their faith. They entered forbidden professions and the quiet cloisters of the universities. They won important State positions and penetrated even into the sanctum sanctorum of the church. Their power increased with their wealth, and many became eligible for admission into the oldest and most aristocratic families in Spain. Intermarriages were frequent, and within half a century virtually every noble house had infiltrations of Jewish blood. ... An almost contemporary Italian remarked that the Jewish converts were practically ruling Spain while their covert adherence to Judaism was ruining the Christian faith.
>
> Inevitably a wedge of hate cut through the relations of the old Christians and the new. The converts ... were despised for their success, for their pride, for their cynical adherence to Catholic practices. It rankled in the hearts of old Christians to see the *marranos* in positions of trust and honor, in court, in camp, in Church, lording it over ancient families. They looked upon the converts as a mean and cunning people, amassing riches at the expense of true believers, mocking them as they exploited them. ...
>
> How deep the hatred against the new Christians had become was demonstrated in 1449 when Toledo was called upon to contribute a million *maravedis* for the defense of the frontier. The community refused and tax-gatherers—most of them *marranos*—were sent into the city to enforce the collection. Not only were they assaulted, but the houses of all the new Christians were destroyed and those who attempted to defend them or their property were brutally beaten or killed. All of the king's attempts to restore order failed, and he was compelled to watch feebly as the council passed an edict forbidding new Christians to hold any public office. The envenomed wording of the edict, the *Sentencia Estatuto,* demonstrated clearly that the animosity sprang from more than a religious difference. It had become a genuine race-hatred. (pp. 208-9)

Then, after this amazing confession, he reverts in the very next paragraph to the old complaint of religious persecution. Of a certain Franciscan monk who participated in the attacks on the *marranos,* he says: "He was a man of brilliant parts, well educated, honestly pious, *yet so blinded by religious hatred* [Editor's italics] that he believed whatever childish tittle-tattle he heard of Jews and *marranos.*"

This schizoid tendency is apparent throughout the book and can, perhaps, best be explained as due to a conflict between the two fundamental Jewish character traits mentioned earlier. Sachar is torn between his inclination to deceive—i.e., to portray the Jews as innocent, inoffensive victims of re-

ligious bigotry—and his need to arrogantly flaunt the millennia of successful Jewish exploitation of the despised *goyim*. Sometimes the one trait prevails and sometimes the other. Jews can, in general, credit their successes to the first and their recurrent reverses to the second. Most Jewish leaders and spokesmen are able to keep their arrogance under control, or at least disguised, and can then exercise their acquisitive talents with little fear of opposition from the duped Gentiles. Only when a surfeit of success at their age-old game leads them to carelessly give a looser rein to their galloping egos do they stand in danger of revealing their true natures to their hosts and being called to account as a result.

Sachar's book is outstanding just because of his inability to hold a tight rein. Specifically, he is not able to restrain himself from explicitly describing the historical role of the Jew as an *insatiable parasite* feeding on the substance of other peoples. After each relapse, to be sure, he makes an effort to scrape a little sand over his disclosure by reminding us of the great spiritual qualities of the Jews, of their creativity and genius, of their loyalty and love for their neighbors of the moment—but especially of their persecutions and misfortunes, of their unwillingness to play the loathsome role thrust on them by the wicked and oppressive Gentiles.

Particularly interesting is Sachar's description of the Jew in medieval society as a sort of "money sponge" for sopping up the wealth of a nation:

> By a queer twist of fate many Jews also became money-lenders, existing precariously on the interest of the loans. . . . They interpreted literally the Deuteronomic command which forbade taking interest from a brother. But why not from a stranger [i.e., Gentile]? . . .
>
> Often they were usurious in their dealings, and their harshness undoubtedly contributed in good measure to the hatred of the masses for them. But it is fair to point out that usury was not limited to the Jews. . . .
>
> Indeed, it was not the Jews who profited most from the practice of money-lending. The kings and nobles were the chief beneficiaries and, in the long run, the real usurers. For a generous consideration they permitted the Jews to continue their traffic until the popular protest became formidable. Then they suddenly mulcted their erstwhile proteges of their wealth and expelled them or punished them heavily, thereby enriching their treasuries and earning an easy popularity. As Abrahams well puts it, the Jews all through the Middle Ages served as "unwilling sponges," sucking in the wealth of the land and then being squeezed dry again by their unscrupulous rulers. (pp. 256-7)

Unwilling, certainly, when it came time to be squeezed, but most willing indeed to suck in! In fact, the Jews, far from being reluctant in the role, found it absolutely irresistible. They were expelled from France a number of times during the fourteenth century, for example, but after each expulsion they eagerly sought readmission to their previous, spongelike roles, milking the people until they were again expelled in a burst of popular fury. They looked upon France without Jews as upon a herd of unshorn sheep waiting to be fleeced, and they paid dearly each time for a renewal of their fleecing franchise:

> . . . In 1306 the property and the holdings of the Jews were confiscated and they were ordered out of France. . . .
>
> After 1306, the Jews were several times readmitted, always on payment of liberal sums. But expulsion invariably followed soon after. (p. 200)

Likewise, the Jews found the highly lucrative profession of tax-collecting an irresistible lure, although their extortionate practices brought down the wrath of the people upon their heads time after time. Writing of the fourteenth-century Spanish king, Pedro the Cruel, Sachar says, "Pedro used none but Jews as his tax-gatherers . . .". And they followed the same pattern elsewhere, from England (before 1290) to Russia. Of seventeenth-century Poland and the Ukraine, he writes:

> . . . Jews continued to serve the nobles as tax-collectors, tax-farmers, financiers, and particularly stewards and overseers of their estates. But these positions, while adding to their power, increased popular animosity. The peasants, who were being exploited by the nobles, hated the tools of tyranny more than tyranny itself. (p. 240)

The Jewish affinity for money is indeed amazing and probably can be explained only in terms of a special evolutionary development such as that which led to the bloodhound's extraordinarily keen sense of smell or the chameleon's color adaptability. Sachar gives many illustrations of this affinity. Consider, for instance, the case of Isaac Abrabanel. Born to a wealthy *marrano* family in Portugal, his natural talents soon won for

him the job of royal treasurer to King Alphonso V. But then:

> ... A new king "who knew not Joseph" came to the throne, and Abrabanel found that he was no longer in royal favor. He was soon implicated in a conspiracy, led by the Duke of Braganza, to upset the government. The king acted quickly. Braganza was seized before his plan matured, his fellow conspirators were stabbed in their beds, and a messenger was sent to Isaac summoning him immediately to court. He did not wait. Putting together whatever of his possessions could be moved, he flew towards the Spanish border. He barely had time to elude the clattering cavalry that followed closely on his heels, determined to cut him down and end his traitorous life. ...
>
> Isaac was now a very humble person in Toledo. ... Evidently, however, he let no opportunity slip to improve his fortunes. Within a year he was associated with a friend in collecting the royal taxes, supplying provisions for the army, and performing other responsible duties. Soon after, the Portuguese exile had become treasurer to the mighty Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella! (p. 219)

But, when the general expulsion of the Jews from Spain came in 1492, Isaac headed for Naples, where "he gained the complete confidence of the king, Ferdinand I, and within the year the twice-exiled treasurer was in control of the royal finances of a third state." Driven from Naples in 1494, he made his way to Venice and "within a year he had entered the inner councils of the Venetian government..."![9]

Jews played similar roles in Rome, where they financed popes and cardinals with money bled from the people, and in Poland, where their financial control was absolute:

> ... All through the twelfth century Jews prospered as merchants, traders, and tax-farmers. Many of of them were in charge of the mints, and the Polish coins sometimes bore the names of the princes in Hebrew characters! After the Tartar invasions of the middle of the thirteenth century foreigners were doubly welcomed, and the Jews, who migrated in thousands, became the only commercial class in a country of landlords and peasants. (pp. 223-4)

Sachar further reveals that in England, just before their expulsion, the 16,000 Jews there were providing in taxes one twelfth of the total national income. And during the reign of Emperor Sigismund (1410-1437) nine immensely wealthy Jewish families in Frankfurt provided five-thirteenths of the annual revenue of the entire Holy Roman Empire!

It is this astounding acquisitive ability which has tempted non-Jewish leaders and nobility throughout the ages to extend special privileges to the Jews and to protect them from the rage of the common people whom they exploit. This was especially true in Spain under the Moors and in southeastern Europe under Turkish rule. The Jews got along famously with both the Moors and the Turks, who cared little for the welfare of the Aryan populations under their control and were happy to let the Jews ply their extortion on the people in return for a portion of the "take." And yet Sachar habitually denounces the popular resentment of the Jews under such circumstances as "bigotry"! Consider the case of Rumania:

> Anti-Semitism needed no external stimulus in bigoted little Rumania. The country was among the most backward in Europe. Nearly ninety percent of its population of five and a half million were ignorant peasants. During the eighteenth century a large Jewish population filtered in, constantly augmented by refugees from Austria, Poland, and Russia. The Jews formed the only middle class, practically the only intelligent class, and the commerce of the country usually passed into their hands. They were bitterly hated by the Rumanian peasantry, but so long as the Turks were in control of the territory, the Jews suffered no hardships. (p. 344)

One can easily sense in the above passage Sachar's contempt and hatred for the Rumanians. How dared the "ignorant peasants" resent the fact that the commerce of their country was in the hands of the Jews! Didn't "bigoted little Rumania" realize that the Jews were God's Chosen Ones and that they therefore had a perfect right to "eat the riches of the Gentiles"? Such backwardness!

One of Sachar's excuses for the eternal preoccupation of Jews with money is that Jews were excluded from occupations other than money-lending, tax-collecting, and jobbing by bigoted medieval Christians, and that they turned to these mercenary occupations only in a desperate effort to ward off

[9]Of the Abrabanel family in general, Sachar writes: "No family in Jewish history had so consistently lived up to the highest standards of the teachers whom they followed. They were worthy to symbolize the best in the Jewish life of Spain." (p. 220)

starvation. The truth of the matter is that, whereas Jews were indeed often excluded from membership in medieval craft guilds, they have always abhorred the idea of physical labor and have shunned any activity which did not seem to offer immediate monetary returns. When they *were* given opportunities to employ themselves usefully they contemptuously refused. Surprisingly, Sachar himself admits this in a roundabout way in discussing the Jews in thirteenth-century England. There the usual relationship existed between the natives and the Jews, and tension was building toward a climax:

> At last, with the accession of Edward I, came the end. Edward was one of the most popular figures in English history. Tall, fair, amiable, an able soldier, a good administrator, he was the idol of his people. But he was filled with prejudices, and hated foreigners and foreign ways. His Statute of Judaism, in 1275, might have been modelled on the restrictive legislation of his contemporary, St. Louis of France. He forbade all usury and closed the most important means of livelihood that remained to Jews. *Farming, commerce, and handicrafts were specifically allowed* [Editor's italics], but it was exceedingly difficult to pursue those occupations. (p. 199)

Difficult, indeed, compared to effortlessly raking in capital gains. Did Edward really expect the Jews in England to abandon their gilded counting-houses and grub about in the soil for potatoes or engage in some other backbreaking livelihood like mere *goyim*? He should have known better. Fifteen years later, having reached the conclusion that the Jews were incorrigible, he condemned them as parasites and mischief-makers and ordered them all out of the country.

Episode after episode and chapter after chapter of Sachar's *History* bear the same peculiar stamp: the most outrageous admissions, coupled with a sly but transparent effort to "explain" these Jewish foibles and transgressions in such a way that the blame is transferred to non-Jews. It gradually begins to dawn on the reader that Sachar actually and literally believes the Old Testament claims that the earth and all therein exist only for the enrichment of the Chosen Ones, and that the sole proper function of non-Jews is to allow themselves uncomplainingly to be "milked and fleshed," as the Talmud so quaintly puts it, by their divinely ordained keepers, the Jews.

Thus, to Sachar a confession is not really a confession, for the Jews have no sins on their collective conscience to confess. There is nothing wrong in stirring up a revolution or in perpetrating a massacre if only Gentiles are killed thereby. And the accumulation in Jewish hands of the entire wealth of a nation through usury and other sharp practices is perfectly justified, for has not their tribal god, Yahweh, promised to give them "great and goodly cities, which thou buildedst not, and houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not," and has he not further promised them that "ye shall possess greater nations and mightier than yourselves. Every place whereon the soles of your feet shall tread shall be yours . . ."?[10]

The Aryan mind boggles at the idea of such a stupendous self-esteem. As was pointed out earlier in this review, such arrogance is simply inconceivable to the average Aryan, and he, therefore, often fails to recognize it. Nevertheless, it exists, and Sachar's failure to keep it completely disguised provides an excellent opportunity for the public to begin to see through the screen of lies and hypocrisy with which all things Jewish are generally surrounded. To be sure, the same hypocrisy is thickly larded into *A History of the Jews,* but with less of the consummate skill we have come to expect of Jewish writers. The arrogance simply shows through in too many places. The examples already given here are but a small sampling of this.

At various places in the book Sachar blatantly declares the Jews to be "a noble people," "the sanest of peoples" (when making excuses for Jewish belief in the Cabalistic hocus-pocus which led them into so much

[10]Deuteronomy, 6:10-11; 11:23-24. These two passages are of special significance to Jews. In order to remind themselves of what they regard as theirs by right (provided they remain faithful to Yahweh), the verses immediately preceding those quoted, inscribed in Hebrew on parchment, are traditionally tacked on Jewish doorposts. Such an inscription is known as a *mezuzah* and is also contained in the phylacteries worn by Orthodox Jews.

The idea expressed by these passages—material reward without creative labor—so alien to the Aryan mind, recurs throughout Jewish religious writings.

grief in the late Middle Ages), and "the soberest of peoples" (when explaining how Jews moved into control of the liquor business in eastern Europe).

The chapter entitled "Hellenism and Hebraism" unabashedly interprets the impact between the Hellenic and Jewish *Weltanschauungen* in the second and third centuries B.C. as a Greek effort to undermine and corrupt Jewish culture with alien ideas:

> Unfortunately, the best in the Greek spirit did not meet the best in the Hebrew spirit. The splendid achievements of the philosophers and the artists, their search for truth and beauty, their mellowed humanistic approach, did not come to the East in the wagons of the Greek conquerors. There came instead a degraded imitation of Hellenism, externals with the glowing heart burnt out, a crude paganism, a callousness for the common weal, a cheap sophistry, a cynicism easily undermining old conceptions and older loyalties, but substituting nothing constructive in their place. Too often the gymnasium and the amphitheatre meant lewdness and licentiousness; the search for intellectual clarity meant dishonest banter and trickiness; the pursuit of the beautiful meant moral irresponsibility. And these empty trappings of a wondrous culture enslaved the East. . . .
>
> In Judah, coming after a long period of priestly sternness and puritanic piety, the Greek ideals wrought havoc. . . . By the beginning of the second century the old Judaism was in serious danger of dissolution, threatened with death, not by the mellowed wisdom of ancient Hellas, but by the bastard culture which called itself an offspring. (pp. 100-1)

What a switch! The ubiquitous purveyors of filth accusing the Greeks of lewdness and licentiousness; the slyest and slipperiest race complaining of dishonest banter and trickiness by Aryans; the most corrupt of peoples worrying about moral irresponsibility in others; the ferment of decomposition among peoples and races everywhere, the dissolvers of human culture, in serious danger of dissolution themselves by the bastard offspring of Hellas!

Even this staggering effrontery is left in the shade later in the book, when, in his euphemistic treatment of the Jewish takeover of Palestine and the dispossession of the Arabs after World War I, Sachar *accuses the native Arabs of being parasitic!*

As Sachar's narrative moves closer to the present, his treatment becomes more subjective and emotional. The material dealing with World War II and the period immediately preceding it bristles with an almost insane hatred of everything German. The arrogance is still there, however. In discussing the newly established Hebrew University of Jerusalem (of which he is a governor), he writes: "It had a brilliant faculty, drawn from the great universities of Europe that were emptied of Jewish genius by the stupidity of Hitler and his Aryan ignoramuses." (pp. 410-11)

When he gets around to the inevitable gas-chamber tales, he says:

> These were stories usually told dully, sullenly, at the war trials, by the guards in charge of the camps and the ovens. Some of them were pathological creatures, congenitally unable to understand the enormity of their crimes. But the evidence made it plain that the German people were also deeply implicated. They may not have condoned the sadism but they could not have been unaware of the mass murders. Perhaps they were helpless to protest in a tightly controlled Fascist police state. But how could they have rationalized that the Jews deserved their fate? By what psychological perversity could they have carried over their hatred beyond the fall of Hitler? The names of the great horror camps—Treblinka, Buchenwald, Oswiecim, Maidanek, and others—remain not only as enduring symbols of the Jewish tragedy; they remain as irrefutable witnesses of deeply rooted German folk guilt. (pp. 420-21)

This comment about "folk guilt" is somewhat curious in the light of perennial Jewish protests about the injustice of being condemned as a race for what their forefathers did to Christ.

With the same degree of objectivity displayed above, Sachar describes the illegal Jewish infiltration of Palestine after the war, while it was still a British mandate territory. The British felt obliged to put up some pretense of protecting Arab rights there and attempted to hold Jewish immigration down to the legal quota. To Sachar, this was "persecution":

> In 1947 came a climactic act of stupid callousness which turned many Jewish moderates into extremists. Several thousand refugees who attempted to get into Palestine were herded back on their ship, appropriately enough named the *Exodus,* and the crowded boat was sent on to Germany. When the Jews refused to disembark for German concentration camps [*sic*], they were beaten by the British in the presence of Nazi [*sic*] civilians, who stood by exultantly as their fondest hopes came true within two years after Hitler's suicide. (p. 431)

Several pages are devoted to a description

of this smuggling of Jews into Palestine:

> ... There were agents in every part of Europe and in the United States who purchased or leased the ships, selected the fortunate immigrants, shepherded them across frontiers, and then tried to run them past the rigid British blockade. ...
>
> The ships hardly deserved their name. They were usually leaking little tubs whose captain and crew exacted heavy recompense for the extraordinary risks that had to be run. They were always loaded to three and four times their proper capacity. They stole out at night or in fog from Constantsa or Athens or Bari, or from other obscurer ports. If they were not intercepted en route, they transferred their human cargo to little fishing boats close to unpatrolled Palestine shores. Those who finally landed, after all these hazards, were then whisked by truck to the villages to be quickly swallowed into the general population so that their whereabouts could not be ferreted out. (pp. 429-30)

This is particularly interesting, because all these Jews who sneaked out of Europe and faded into the local Palestinian scenery were included among the six million unaccounted-for European Jews estimated by postwar census-takers to have gone up the chimneys of concentration-camp crematoria. It would be interesting to be able to compare the true Jewish population of Israel today with the "official" figure.

One subject of pre-eminent interest to every student of Jewish history is the Jewish involvement in the rise of world communism.[11] With disappointment we must note that Sachar studiously avoids this subject, although his lengthy treatment of the "persecution" of the Jews in czarist Russia gives him an excellent excuse to broach it. Perhaps discretion has finally gained the upper hand.

He does, however, discuss at length the Jewish involvement in the revolutionary and anarchic movements of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Although this millennium's Jewish revolutionary activity first reached full bloom with the French Revolution, its origins lay much further back than the eighteenth century. In fact, all through the portion of the book dealing with the Middle Ages the reader can sense the instinctive Jewish hatred of medieval institutions and society, which at root is a hatred of any *ordered society*. Medieval society may have suffered from many flaws—and the same thing can be said of any other period of history—but it had one outstanding feature: every man, whether peasant or craftsman or merchant or priest or baron, had a definite and necessary position and function in society, and every man knew what that position and function were; knew just where he fitted into the scheme of things and just what his responsibilities were. In such a society there was simply no place for the Jew. His peculiar talents were both unnecessary and unwanted.

Thus, the natural impulse of the Jew to attack and destroy it; to seek out any weakness or vulnerability of the medieval order and to apply his disintegrative energies there. In Sachar's words, the instinctive effort was to "crush the infamous thing." And this Jewry worked at tirelessly, although Sachar's description of the Jewish role in the French Revolution and the succeeding disorders which racked Europe is discreetly limited to generalities.

The most specific commitment that Sachar makes in this regard is the weak statement:

> In the revolutionary movements the Jews played no unimportant role. ... They were therefore prominent in every movement which led to the revolutions of 1830 and 1848. (p. 288)

It is made plain, however, that the Jews were the principal beneficiaries of the turmoil:

> For the Jews the [French] Revolution was perhaps the most important influence in modern history. It filled an almost impossible dream by bringing them emancipation. For the first time in a thousand years they became citizens of the states in which they lived. Even more important, it completely changed their economic status and opened new worlds of opportunity to them. (p. 278)

The degree of extension of Jewish political and economic power which came about as a result of the French Revolution, the ensuing Napoleonic Wars, and the further revolutions which followed may be judged from the fact that in 1830 all rabbis in France went on the government payroll. Rabbinical institutions were also supported by the French government from that date. While other peoples counted their dead, the Jews counted their money.

Once the disorder so essential to the Jews

[11]For a thorough documentation of this topic see "Documents on the 'Russian' Revolution," *National Socialist World*, 2 (Fall, 1966), pp. 37-81.

had been unleashed, any efforts to restore order were vigorously resisted and denounced as "reaction." For Metternich's attempt to dispel some of the political chaos after Napoleon's downfall at Waterloo, for example, Sachar has only venom:

> ... Metternich, the new dictator of Europe, and its vigilant policeman, denounced all change as revolution, "a hydra with open jaws to swallow the social order." Europe needed, he said, quiet and peace, not liberty.
>
> In such an atmosphere it was impossible for a free Jewish life to thrive. (p. 285)

In 1848, a Jewish-led mob in Vienna forced the elderly Metternich to flee for his life, and the Jews were able to further enhance the conditions under which it was possible for "a free Jewish life to thrive"—conditions which led to a score of wars and revolutions during the next few decades.

The year before this (1847), was a very prominent one indeed in Jewish history, for it was then that the Jew, Karl Marx, first entered history, with the publication of his *Communist Manifesto*. Of this momentous event, however, Sachar has made no mention at all!

This same cautious approach characterizes Sachar's treatment of nearly everything else which happened after 1789. His discussion of events leading up to the Balfour Declaration of 1917 is typical:

> All through 1916, however, the war went steadily against the Allies and it became necessary to redistribute the spoils in the East to bring in Arab support. Already the remarkable young Oxford don, Colonel T. E. Lawrence, had gained the confidence and friendship of the powerful Sherif Husain of Arabia, and a new treaty was now worked out which won the Arabs to the Allied side. ...
>
> This agreement, too, was soon superseded. Indeed, the Allied plans changed with bewildering frequency. Every military event compelled revisions. Pledges were nothing but moves in the diplomatic game. Each country engaged in complicated maneuvers and backdoor intrigues in the attempt to guarantee and advance its own political and economic interests. And then, in the midst of all the conferences and negotiations, Britain officially endorsed the Zionist program, and the Zionist dream suddenly and dramatically became a reality.
>
> *It is not yet possible to determine fully the British motives for this astounding move.* [Editor's italics] (pp. 365-66)

To those readers familiar with the actual events, however, the motives for Sachar's astounding lie are quite clear.[12] Such dishonesty as that displayed above makes *A History of the Jews* completely undependable as a historical record. The same characteristic, on the other hand, should make the book even more valuable as an eye-opener for those who find it hard to believe that Jews are brazen enough to regularly employ what we call the "big-lie" tactic.

At this point it may be worthwhile to recall the words of Adolf Hitler on the subject. In speaking of Jewish political propaganda in Germany in the early 1920's, he said:

> It required the whole bottomless mendacity of the Jews and the Marxist fighting organization to heap the blame for the collapse [of the German war effort] on the very man who alone, through superhuman will and action, attempted to avert the catastrophe he foresaw and spare the nation its time of deepest humiliation and disgrace. By branding Ludendorff as guilty for the loss of the World War, they took the weapon of moral right from the one dangerous accuser who could have risen against the traitors to the fatherland. In this they proceeded on the sound principle that a certain factor of credibility is always contained in the enormity of a lie, since the broad masses of a people tend, at the bottom of their hearts, more readily to be corrupted than to be consciously and deliberately evil, and that, therefore, in view of the primitive guilelessness of their natures, they more easily fall victim to a big lie than to a little one, since they themselves lie in little things but would be ashamed of lies that were too big. Such a falsehood will never enter their heads, and they will not be able to believe in the possibility of such monstrous effrontery and infamous misrepresentation in others; indeed, even after being enlightened on the subject, they will still doubt and waver for a long time, accepting at least part of the original story as true. Thus, something of even the most impudent lie will remain and stick—a fact which all the great lie-artists and lying-clubs in the world know only too well and also make the most treacherous use of.[13]

This warning could well be kept in mind by all of us; it not only helps us to interpret history *a la* Sachar, but it can also keep us properly oriented for understanding the drama

[12]The complete, scandalous record of the negotiations leading to Britain's endorsement of Jewish claims to Palestine, as enunciated in the Balfour Declaration, is presented in "Documents on the First World War," *National Socialist World*, 3 (Spring, 1967), pp. 27-52.

[13]*Mein Kampf*, vol. I, chap. 10.

of the present—the drama which will be the source material for the *next* edition of Sachar's book. It is being enacted now in the halls of the United Nations, both in the polished phrases of the self-righteous, quivering-jowled Abba Eban and in the rambling non sequiturs of the very distinguished Arthur Goldberg.

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Cattle die, and kinsmen die,
And so one dies one self;
One thing I know that never dies:
The fame of a dead man's deeds.

Saga of Grettir

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

A few days ago I sent you a money order for DM 40 to renew my subscription to *National Socialist World.* I hope that your journal will furnish me regularly with information which I can publish in the European area.

Great Britain is giving up its role as a world power these days. Above all it is the business of continental Europeans to understand this drama which is unfolding before their eyes and to remember the service which England has rendered to the white man's cause throughout the world.

European nationalists believe that it apparently will be the Americans who will take Great Britain's place in the world. I have heard NPD[1] officials argue that it will be the task of Americans to keep the countries east of Suez aligned with the West and to shoulder the burden of defense there which the English have abandoned. . . .

The NPD, as well as the AUD[2] and other extra-parliamentary opposition parties in Germany, has raised the question of the position which WUNS intends to take in the area of international politics. . . .

Perhaps you will be able to give weight to the voice of American National Socialists in the European political arena—perhaps even in those areas which the NPD dominates in Germany today. There are, as a matter of fact, many Germans who say that the NPD is in reality nothing other than a National Socialist party, ideologically bound to Adolf Hitler and WUNS.

According to the NPD, it is in the interest of the white man for nationalists throughout the world to confirm old alliances or make new alliances with Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia, and other countries settled by Europeans. Everywhere that white men live should be thought of as Europe, or at least as belonging to the Western cultural domain.

WUNS should frankly ponder and discuss these and other European problems if it wants to actually remain a vital political movement.

Yours,
Erich Nietsch
Press Correspondent
Nürnberg, Germany

Mr. Nietsch's letter has zeroed in on one of National Socialist World*'s most significant weaknesses: our failure to treat topics of current interest in international politics. We have three excuses and a promise to make in this regard.*

First, National Socialist World *is primarily an ideological journal rather than a political journal; for example, in its pages we are more concerned with the underlying cultural, psychological, and historical reasons for the collapse of the British Empire than we are with the current shifts in the game of world power politics which this collapse is bringing about. In this respect, the cartoon on page 7 of this issue is perhaps more pertinent than the most penetrating political analysis of the world situation would be.*

Second, although National Socialist World *is supposed to appear every three months, these first few issues have been more nearly five months apart than three. Current events tend to lose a lot of their currency in five months.*

[1] *Nationaldemokratische Partei Deutschlands.* [Ed.]

[2] *Aktionsgemeinschaft Unabhängiger Deutscher.* [Ed.]

Third, it is much more difficult to treat current developments in international politics than it is to treat most of the topics which have been appearing in National Socialist World. *With a very limited staff of writers and researchers, one is obliged to concentrate on areas which have had the benefit of a sort of historical consolidation, areas in which competent books have already been written, areas in which the facts are readily available.*

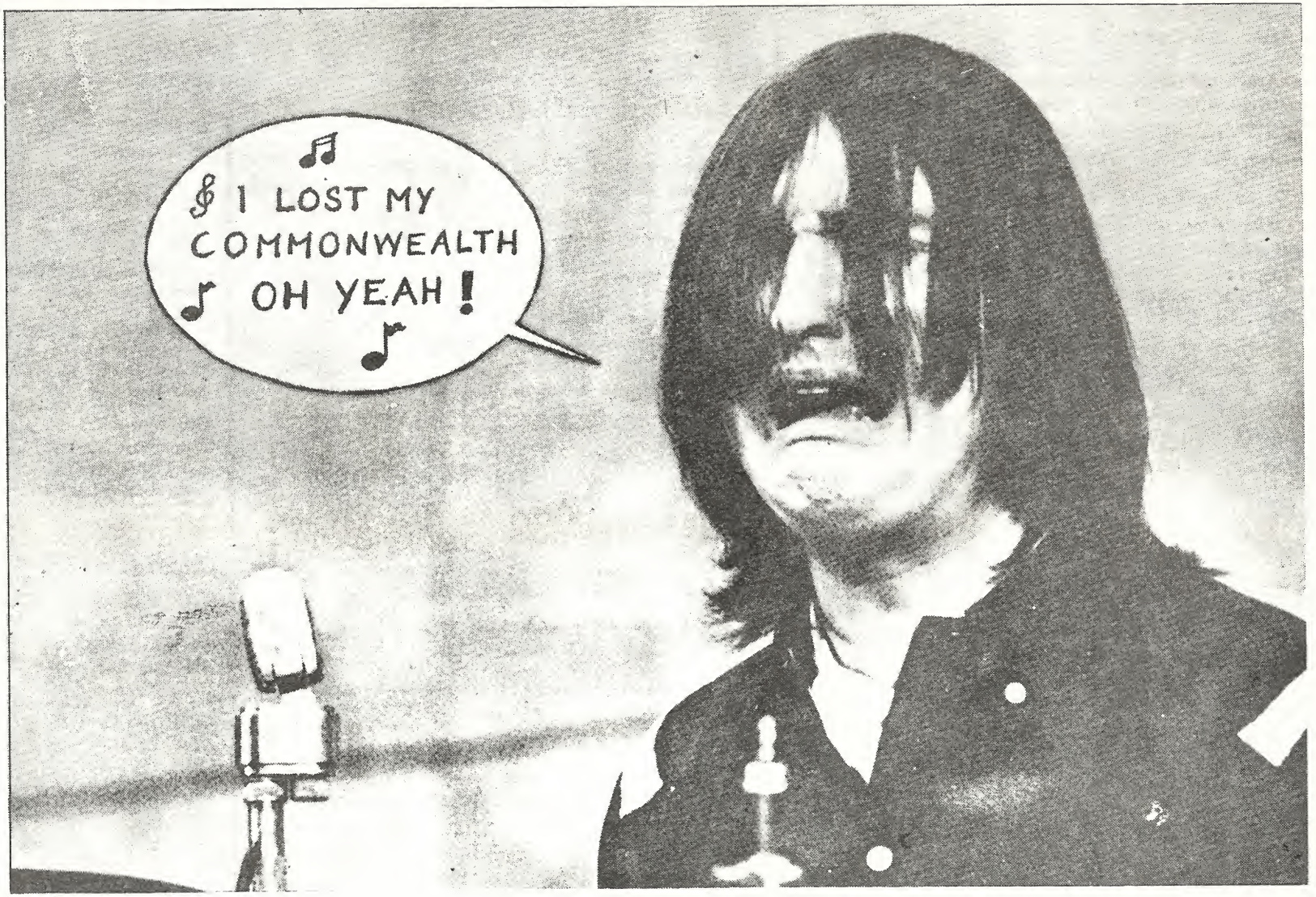
But, really, there is no adequate excuse for the ideological organ of the World Union of National Socialists to almost completely ignore current political developments and to concentrate almost exclusively on American affairs when, by chance, current events are treated. The cure for this situation lies in a larger writing and editorial staff, but this in turn depends upon the subscription income expanding enough to pay a larger staff. If the present trend continues, we can anticipate being able to add another two men to the staff within the next six months. Then we will not only bring you your issues of National Socialist World *on time, but we will treat a wider and more current range of topics in them.*

Editor

ERRATA:

On page 92 of the previous issue the date of publication of the Communist Manifesto is given erroneously as 1847. Actually, it was not published until February, 1848.

The document file number on page 65 (column 1, line 38) of the previous issue should read 861.00/8795, instead of 861.00/7885.



This poignant cartoon appeared originally in the French periodical, *La Nation Europeenne,* under the caption, "**The Bankruptcy of the British Empire.**"

EDITORIAL

The development of the National Socialist movement during the past eight years has been intimately tied to the name of one man. Now that tie has been cut. The question that naturally arises in many minds is: Where does the Movement go from here? In what way will policies be changed? What now?

Before considering answers, let us note that in two ways Providence has tempered the blow that has been dealt us. First, Lincoln Rockwell had chosen as his deputy in the National Socialist White People's Party and as Secretary of the World Union of National Socialists a man superbly qualified to succeed to the leadership of the Movement. In Matt Koehl we have that rare combination of tactician and strategist, a fighter and man of action who is at the same time an efficient organizer and, above all, a totally committed National Socialist with the deepest understanding of our mission. We may indeed be thankful that the man best suited for leadership was the man who occupied the natural post of succession both in the NSWPP and, with Colin Jordan still in prison, WUNS. Thus, we have avoided the leadership crisis which might have been expected to develop after Commander Rockwell's death.

Second, it is extremely fortuitous that in the months preceding his death Commander Rockwell had already outlined most of the major reorganizational plans for carrying the Movement from its initial phase into its current phase, and, in fact, he had already begun the execution of some of these plans. Thus, instead of being obliged to make radical changes in the complexion of the Movement immediately after his death, we are faced with the much more agreeable task of carrying on along lines he had already determined.

The groundwork has been laid, and it is now our job to build, reinforce, expand, and refine the structure which has just begun to rise on that groundwork. So that we may see more clearly the directions to be taken in our efforts of the immediate future, let us carefully consider what it is that we are trying to accomplish and also what we are not trying to accomplish. Our ultimate political goal, in the United States and elsewhere, is nothing less than total control of the State. Eventually, then, we must build a *mass* movement. Two things must happen before a National Socialist mass movement can be built, however:

First, the general social-political-economic situation must ripen (or overripen) a bit more in some area—and we particularly have the United States in mind here. At present, despite the rapid moral, spiritual, social, and racial degeneration, a fairly high level of material prosperity is being maintained. This material prosperity has induced a state of general euphoria—a state which is strongly reinforced by the Jew-controlled mass media. The public restlessness must simply reach a higher level of intensity before we can hope to burst this euphoric bubble which is shielding most of our fellow men from the harsh reality of their situation.

Second, we must have ready at hand all the intricate machinery needed to spark a mass mobilization when the time is ripe, and then to guide and utilize those masses. (More on the importance of *guidance* later.) If ten million Americans were emotionally and psychologically ready to join our Movement tomorrow, we would not know what to do with them; our whole apparatus is geared for handling a few thousand persons, not millions. And we cannot sit back now and wait, or just maintain a sort of holding action. We cannot wait until America, or

any other nation, is ready to accept a National Socialist solution to its problems and *then* begin building the Movement. For when a country has reached that state, the enemy will also be ready to move, quickly and violently. We must build the organization needed to mobilize a mass movement and become experienced in every detail of its operation during the next few relatively quiet years. It must be poised, prepared for instant action when the time comes.

This means, then, that today we are not trying to win elections but to build an organization.

On an individual basis, we are not trying to sway voters but to win recruits.

Instead of moving millions of people a little, we must move a few people—*the* few—radically and permanently. A general public understanding of, and sympathy with, our goals is of little use to us until we first have the strength to effectively exploit such sympathy and understanding.

When some of our activities seem to belie this, it must always be remembered that sometimes it is simply expedient to say or do that which is *newsworthy*. For, although our own channels of propaganda are beginning to develop, we are still largely dependent on the mass media for maintaining a public awareness of our existence. We must keep in mind that this business of maintaining public awareness is just one of the many continuing functions we must fulfill, and that it is not an end in itself but only a means to an end.

For the sake of illustration, consider the National Socialist counterdemonstration against the so-called "peace march" in Washington on October 21 of this year.[1] By overturning a speaker's platform (and the speaker) and by pitting two dozen of our men with armbands and placards against seventy thousand leftist demonstrators, we hoped neither to put any substantial crimp in their demonstration nor even to make the slightest change in the general attitude of the public toward such demonstrations. But our one aim was accomplished quite effectively, even if it did cost us a few gashed and bruised heads and put us to the inconvenience of raising a few bail bonds: Approximately thirty-five million television viewers that evening saw our handful of National Socialists, displaying the swastika, put up the *only* physical opposition that was offered to that huge, degenerate, treasonous demonstration. To nearly all those viewers, our performance was only an interesting or amusing sidelight to the main show. But a few of those viewers—probably fewer than one in a thousand—were given one more nudge in our direction. That tiny minority with both healthy convictions *and* the courage to back up those convictions are the *only* ones, at this time, that we even care to reach. But in order to reach them, no effort is too great. For the great, inert, selfish, sheep-like masses may decide the outcome of elections today, but in the long run it is that tiny minority which will determine the outcome of the cataclysmic events now in the making. As the Leader said: *"World history is made by minorities when such a minority of number embodies the majority of will and determination."*[2]

To reiterate: Today we are interested in influencing people with only one end in mind, namely, winning active, useful recruits into our Movement; furthermore, at this stage, the people we are trying to reach with our message constitute a very small minority of the population.

So, one of our principal tasks today is recruiting. Better said, recruiting is one aspect of the single task we have to perform, namely, building the organizational strength of our Movement. Two other aspects of this task are the further development of a *broad base* of financial support

[1]Incidentally, the operation of October 21 can be considered the first public demonstration by WUNS, since Australian and Canadian National Socialists joined those from the United States on this occasion.

[2]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, II, chap. 2.

and the effective professional utilization of new personnel.

At times in the past, it has been necessary to devote a substantial portion of the overall effort at International Headquarters to raising the money needed to maintain the bare existence of the headquarters operation. Emergency appeals for funds to meet recurrent financial crises have given way in recent months to a more orderly budgeting of expenses from funds derived from a newly inaugurated Official Supporter program. Each Supporter, who need not be a "card-carrying member" of any WUNS affiliate, pledges a *regular* weekly or monthly contribution of an amount that he can afford to give on a continuing basis. Such an income has the great advantage of being quite dependable, because it is spread over a large number of individuals and because these individuals make a *habit* of sending their pledged donations at an appointed time, generally immediately upon receipt of their own pay checks. While this program has been well accepted, at present it supplies only about two-thirds of the International Headquarters operating budget—a budget that must continue to grow rapidly in the future as the Movement itself grows. Thus, the further solicitation of National Socialist Supporters in order to continually broaden the base of support for our operations remains one of our most urgent programs.

New personnel can be utilized in many categories. At present the most pressing needs are in the area of production of printed propaganda materials. There are openings for writers, editors, research aides, typists, and lithographers. In addition, the Stormtroop section can use qualified leadership trainees. Indeed, the need continues for competent personnel in nearly every category—an attorney, a bookkeeper, a translator, a cartoonist....

The period immediately before us must be one of intensive development—*urgent* development. The pace is set by the ripening of the situation around us. As it approaches its evil fruition the process goes faster and faster; first it crept, decade by decade; now it advances summer by summer; soon it will be racing along month by month. There is simply no longer any time for dawdling. But we remain constrained by one iron necessity: Before we may strike we must finish the forging of our weapon. How much longer we have for this task is difficult to foresee with any precision: a few years—perhaps as few as two, perhaps as many as five. But we cannot wait to see. We must work as desperately as if it were next week, yet build strongly enough to endure for decades.

There is one more very important consideration to be kept in mind in planning the development of any revolutionary movement: the role of the nihilist, the constitutional bolshevik, the man—subconsciously, at least—out to avenge himself on society for the "rotten deal" he has gotten. It is unfortunately true, as Eric Hoffer points out in his book, *The True Believer,*[3] that the man whose life is largely a failure does not in general blame this failure on his own shortcomings but on the rest of society—often on those who have been more successful than he, but not always. The Marxist philosophy has been designed from the outset to appeal to such elements, but, since their motivation is not fundamentally ideological, they may attach themselves to any revolutionary movement that seems to hold the hope of an outlet for their destructive urges. The man with a need to hate and the urge to destroy is, unfortunately, not a rare phenomenon, even in predominantly Aryan lands. In normal times and in an orderly society he will generally pass unnoticed in the scheme of things. But when times become turbulent and society's power to repress and punish anti-social behavior crumbles, the constitutional bolsheviks come flooding up from the sewers in a great, bloody wave to wreak their grisly revenge on a world from which they are fundamentally alienated. This is the element which finds the

[3]See the Book Review section of this issue of *National Socialist World.*

true expression of its inner nature in burning, raping, butchering: the element which the Roman city government placated with circuses and bread, and which, according to tradition, originated the game of football by playfully kicking along the Roman streets the severed heads of hapless bystanders they seized when the circuses were not plentiful or bloody enough; the element in the population of Paris which has turned every major lapse of public order in that city between 1789 and 1945 into an orgy of torture and murder; the element in Russia from which the Cheka murder squads were recruited and which eagerly carried out the orders of the Jewish commissars against their fellow Russians—and, indeed, often did not even wait for orders to carry out their gruesome work; the element in Germany which, despite precautions and repeated membership purges, crept into the SA in not-inconsiderable numbers, attracted by the prospect of violent revolution rather than by any idealistic considerations.

This last case may serve as a particularly instructive example for us. Although the great majority of the SA were decent, disciplined fighters for the National Socialist cause and remained loyal to Hitler, the constitutional-bolshevik element in the SA posed a very severe danger to the Movement in Germany, especially because some members of this element—or, rather, some men who appealed to this element for their support—found themselves in leading positions in the SA. When a man showed up at an SA recruiting center and said he wanted to fight the Reds and the Jews, he was welcomed with open arms. The Party could hardly afford to look askance at each new volunteer, subjecting him to a battery of psychological tests to uncover his basic motivations and tendencies before accepting him into the ranks. And even if the Party could have recognized the shortcomings of its recruits, it would have been obliged to accept most of them anyway, for the raw material from which mass movements are built does not consist primarily of idealists. Furthermore, the constitutional-bolshevik element is always overrepresented among those attracted to any activist movement.

So the bad apples came in with the good, and it was not long before the effects of this mixture began to tell. Minor mutinies and breaches of discipline culminated in the summer of 1930 in the mutiny of the Berlin SA. Although this episode is deliberately played down in the official chronicle given elsewhere in this issue of *National Socialist World,* it was a very serious one indeed, in which disgruntled SA men actually smashed up the furniture and equipment in the Berlin Party Headquarters, and only the most vigorous personal action by Hitler himself was able to redeem the situation after Goebbels had been unable to do so.

For the next four years the SA remained a worry to the responsible Party leaders, because of the manifest impatience of certain portions of it with the strictly legal course of action upon which Hitler insisted. It was, in fact, *after* the Movement had won the political battle in Germany that the SA became most restless. Those who had joined with the idea of being in the winning "gang" and engaging in massive plunder and destruction felt cheated when they were told that the revolution was now to be transformed into a peaceful and constructive evolution of the National Socialist program. Finally, events came to a head in the summer of 1934 as this element clamored for a "second revolution," and it was only through the most skillful maneuvering that Hitler was able to gain the upper hand and permanently stamp out this faction. On June 30, 1934, the fate of the Movement hung in the balance, and, had it not been for Hitler's decisive action then, all his work might have been ruined.

Hitler himself stated the essence of the matter masterfully in his speech of July 6, 1933, at Leipzig: *"Many more revolutions have been successful at the outset than have, when once successful, been arrested and brought to a standstill at the right*

moment.''

It is a far easier thing to stir a mass of people into violent action than it is to maintain control over the actions of that mass, once aroused. In many of the revolutions of history, notably those of Jewish origin, this has not been a major consideration, for the idea from the start was a total destruction of the existing order of things, the ''liquidation'' of the representatives of that order, and the inducement of a state of terror and hopelessness in the remaining population. Then, when the constitutional-bolshevik element had worn itself out and was more-or-less satiated, it was simply a matter of picking up the pieces that were left. This destructive attitude was reflected in the official pronouncements of the Communist leaders in Russia—particularly the non-Aryan ones, like the Kalmuck, Lenin (Ulyanov), or the Jews, Trotsky (Bronstein) and Latsis (Sudrabs).[4] And that, clearly, is the course in the minds of the ''civil-rights'' and ''black-power'' leaders in America. But it is not our course.

The NSDAP had one supremely important factor in its favor which enabled it to survive even serious mutinies. That factor was the existence of a tried and true cadre of absolutely dependable professionals who formed the skeleton of the Party organizational structure: men totally devoted to the Cause and unquestionably loyal to the Leader—experienced, courageous, instantly obedient idealists. This cadre was slowly and carefully forged during the difficult years of struggle, tempered by persecution and hardship. It was the infallible instrument which Hitler used to guide the course of the revolution, the instrument without which the Movement would have fallen apart on any of a hundred different occasions, the instrument which could absorb the shock of the treachery of a Strasser or a Röhm without being deflected from its goal. This cadre of lieutenants and technicians gave to Hitler a thousand pairs of hands and a thousand pairs of eyes and allowed him to give form and direction to a formless mass, to steer its aroused energies into creative rather than destructive channels, and to bring it safely to rest when its work was done.

The two needs, then, which the organizational development of this second phase of our work must meet are:

1. A Party structure capable of generating a genuine *mass* movement within the next few years.

2. A National Socialist cadre sufficiently strong to insure that the mass phase of our Movement will remain at all times under absolute control.

The Editor

[4]In his instructions to Cheka leaders, Latsis wrote: ''Do not ask for incriminating evidence to prove that the prisoner opposed the Soviets either by deed or by word. Your first question is to ask him what class he belongs to, what are his origin, education, and profession. These questions must decide the fate of the prisoner.'' *Facts on Communism,* vol. II (U.S. Government Printing Office, 1961), p. 108.

GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL: A NATIONAL SOCIALIST LIFE

by William L. Pierce

On the eighteenth of June, 1945, a little over six weeks after the death of Adolf Hitler, Rudolf Hess wrote the following words in a letter to his wife, from his prison cell:

> You will readily imagine how often during the last few weeks my thoughts have turned to the years gone by: to this quarter of a century of history, concentrated for us in one name and full of the most wonderful human experiences. History is not ended. It will sooner or later take up the threads apparently broken off forever and knit them together in a new pattern. The human element is no more and lives only in memory.
>
> Very few people have been privileged, as we were, to participate from the very beginning in the growth of a unique personality, through joy and sorrow, hope and trouble, love and hate, and all the manifestations of greatness—and, further, in all the little indications of human weakness, without which a man is not truly worthy of love. . . .[1]

Even when one has been privileged to witness the manifestations of greatness, it may be exceedingly difficult to describe adequately in words those manifestations and thereby to paint a true picture of a unique and great personality. When one has not the basis of a quarter-century of participation in the growth of such a personality, but less than two years, the task is especially difficult. It would be a vain hope, then, to expect the pages which follow to reflect the true greatness of the man. That greatness will be best reflected in the fruition of his life's work in years to come. Here, however, we can at least hope to evoke an image of the man, imperfect and incomplete though it may be, which will serve to inspire those National Socialists who did not have the privilege of knowing him personally.

George Lincoln Rockwell was born on March 9, 1918, in Bloomington, a small coal-mining and farming town in central Illinois. Both his parents were theatrical performers. His father, George Lovejoy Rockwell, was a twenty-eight-year-old vaudeville comedian of English and Scotch ancestry. His mother, born Claire Schade, was a young German-French toe-dancer, part of a family dance team. His parents were divorced when he was six years old, and he and a younger brother and sister lived alternately with their mother and their father during the next few years.

The young Rockwell passed the greater part of his boyhood days in Maine, Rhode Island, and New Jersey. His father settled in a small coastal town in Maine, and Rockwell spent his summers there, attending school in Atlantic City and, later, in Providence during the winters. Some of his fondest memories in later years were of summer days spent on the Maine beaches, or hiking in the Maine woods, or exploring the coves and inlets of the Maine coast in his sailboat, which he built himself, starting from an old skiff. Rockwell acquired what was to be a lifelong love of sailing and the sea during those early years spent with his father in Maine.

Aside from a bit more traveling about than the average child, it is difficult to find anything extraordinary in his childhood environment. He lived in the midst of neither great poverty nor great wealth; he had an affectionate relationship with both his parents, despite their divorce; he was

[1] Ilse Hess, *Prisoner of Peace* (in the German original: *England-Nürnberg-Spandau*), transl. by Meyrick Booth (London, 1954), pp. 48-9.

a sound and healthy child, and there seems to be no evidence of prolonged unhappiness or turmoil in his childhood. If he later recalled with greater pleasure the times spent with his father than those spent with his mother, this can be attributed either to the greater opportunities to satisfy his youthful longing for adventure that life on the Maine coast offered, relative to that in the city, or to the fact that his mother lived with a domineering sister of whom young Rockwell was not fond.

And yet, even as a boy he displayed those qualities of character which were later to set him off from the common run of men. His most remarkable quality was his responsiveness to challenge. To tell the boy Rockwell that a thing was impossible, that it simply could not be done, was to awaken in him the irresistible determination to do it. He has described an experience he had at the age of ten which illustrates this aspect of his character. A juvenile gang of some of the tougher elements at the grammar school he was attending in an Atlantic City coastal suburb had singled him out for hazing. He was informed that he was to be given a cold dunking in the ocean, and that he should relax and submit gracefully, as resistance would be futile. Instead of submitting, he ferociously fought off the entire gang of his attackers on the beach, wildly striking out with his fists and feet, clawing, biting, and gouging until the other boys finally abandoned their aim of throwing him in the water and retired to nurse their wounds.

Later, as a teenager, he found that the challenge of a stormy sea affected him in much the same way as had the challenge of the juvenile gang. When other boys brought their boats into dock because the water was too rough, young Rockwell found his greatest pleasure in sailing. He loved nothing better than to pit his strength and his skill against the wild elements. As the wind and the waves rose, so did his spirits. Wrestling with tiller and rigging in a tossing boat, drenched with spray and blasted by fierce gusts, he would howl back at the wind in sheer animal joy.[2]

This peculiar stubbornness of his nature—call it a combative spirit, if you will—coupled with an absolute physical fearlessness, which led him into many a dangerous and harebrained escapade as a boy, gave him the willpower as a man to undertake without hesitation ventures at which ordinary men quailed; throughout his life it led him to choose the course of action which his reason and his sensibility told him to be the *right* course, regardless of the course those about him were taking; ultimately it provided the driving force which led him to issue a challenge and stand alone against a whole world, when it became apparent to him that that world was on the wrong course. This trait provides the key to the man.

Two other characteristics he displayed as a boy were an omnivorous curiosity and a stark objectivity. He attributed his curiosity, as well as the artistic talents which he early displayed, to his father, who also exhibited these traits, but the source of his rebellious spirit and his indomitable will is harder to assign. They seem to have been the product of a rare and fortuitous combination of genes, giving rise to a nature markedly different from that of his immediate forebears.

He entered Brown University in the fall of 1938, as a freshman. His major course of study was philosophy, but he was also very interested in the sciences. He used the opportunity of staff work on student periodicals to exercise his talents in drawing and creative writing. In addition to his curricular, journalistic, and artistic activities, he also found time for a substantial amount of skirt chasing and other collegiate sports, including skiing and fencing; he became a member of the Brown University fencing team.

While at Brown he had his first head-on encounter with modern liberalism. He enrolled in a sociology course with the

[2]Both these boyhood experiences are described in his autobiography, *This Time the World* (privately published), chap. 1.

naive expectation that, just as in his geology and psychology courses he would learn the scientific principles underlying those two areas of human knowledge, so in sociology would he learn some of the basic principles underlying human social behavior. He was disappointed and confused, however, when it gradually became apparent to him that there was a profound difference in the attitudes of sociologists and, say, geologists toward their subjects. Whereas the authors of his geology textbooks were careful to point out that there were many things about the history and structure of the earth which were as yet unknown, or only imperfectly known, it was clear that there were indeed fundamental ideas and well-established facts upon which the science was based and that both his geology professor and the authors of his geology textbooks were sincerely interested in presenting these ideas and facts to the student in an orderly manner, with the hope that he would thereby gain a better understanding of the nature of the planet on which he lived. In sociology, he found the basic principles far more elusive. What was particularly disturbing to him, though, was not so much the complexity of the concepts as the gnawing suspicion that the waters had been deliberately muddied. He redoubled his efforts to get to the roots of the subject or, at least, to understand where the hints, innuendoes, and roundabout promptings led: "I buried myself in my sociology books, absolutely determined to find why I was missing the kernel of the thing."[3]

The equalitarian idea that the manifest differences between the capabilities of individuals and between the evolutionary development of various races can be accounted for almost wholly by contemporary environmental effects—that there really are no inborn differences in quality worth mentioning among human beings—was certainly one of the places his sociology textbooks were leading:

> I was bold enough to ask Professor Bucklin if this were the idea, and he turned red in anger. I was told it was impossible to make any generalizations, although all I was asking for was the fundamental idea, if any, of sociology.
>
> I began to see that sociology was different from any other course I had ever taken. Certain ideas produced apoplexy in the teacher, particularly the suggestion that perhaps some people were no-good biological slobs from the day they were born. Certain other ideas, although they were never formulated and stated frankly, were fostered and encouraged—and these were always ideas revolving around the total power of environment.[4]

Although he did not clearly recognize it for what it was at that time, young Rockwell had partially uncovered one of the most widely used tactics of the modern liberals. When the clever liberal has as his goal miscegnation, say, he certainly does not just blurt this right out. Instead he will write novels, produce television shows, and film motion pictures which, subtly at first and then more and more boldly, *suggest* that those who engage in sexual affairs with Negroes are braver, better, more attractive people than those who don't; and that opposition to miscegnation is a vulgar and loutish perversion, certain evidence of being a ridiculous square at best and a drooling, violent redneck at worst. But if one tries to pin him down and asks him *why* he is in favor of miscegnation, he will reply in a huff that that is not what he is aiming at at all, but only "justice," or "fairness," or "better understanding between the races."

And so when Rockwell naively went right to the heart of the matter in Professor Bucklin's sociology class, he got an angry reprimand. The racial equalitarians have gotten much bolder in the last thirty years, but at that time Rockwell was merely aware that they wanted him to accept certain ideas without actually bringing those ideas out into the open arena of free discussion where they would be subject

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 65.

[4] *Ibid.*

to attack:

> I still knew little or nothing about communism or its pimping little sister, liberalism, but I could not avoid the steady pressure, everywhere in the University, to accept the ideas of massive human equality and the supremacy of environment.[5]

Typically, this pressure resulted not in acquiescence but in his determination to stand up for what seemed to him to be reasonable and natural. He satirized the equalitarian point of view, not only in his column in the student newspaper, but also in one of his sociology examination papers! The nearly catastrophic consequences of this bit of insolence taught him the prudence of holding his tongue under certain circumstances.

As he began his junior year at Brown, the alien conspiracy to use America as a tool to make the world safe for Jewry was shifting its propaganda machine into high gear. National Socialist Germany was portrayed as a nation of depraved criminals whose goal was the enslavement of the world—including America. Hollywood, the big newspapers, and his liberal professors—always the most noisily vocal faction at any university—all pushed the same line, unabashedly appealing to the naive idealism of their audience: "Hitler must be stopped!" And, like millions of other American patriots, Lincoln Rockwell fell for the smooth lies and the clever swindle, backed as they were by the authority of the head of the American government. Neither he nor his millions of compatriots realized that the conspiracy had reached into the White House, and that its occupant had sold his services to the conspirators:

> It is typical of my political naivete of that time that when the propaganda about Hitler began to be pushed upon us in large doses, I swallowed it all, unable even to suspect that somebody might have an interest in all this, and that it might not be the interest of the United States or our people. . . . It became obvious that we would have to get into the war to stop this "horrible ogre" who planned to conquer America, so we were told, and so I believed.[6]

Thus, in March, 1941, convinced that America was in mortal danger from "the Nazi aggressors," Rockwell left his comfortable life at the university and offered his services to his country's armed forces.

Shortly after enlisting in the United States Navy, he received an appointment as an Aviation Cadet and began flight training at Squantum, Massachusetts. He received his first naval commission, as an ensign, on December 9, 1941—two days after the Pearl Harbor attack. He served as a naval aviator throughout World War II, advancing from the rank of ensign to lieutenant and winning several decorations. He commanded the naval air support during the American invasion of Guam, in July and August, 1944. He was promoted to lieutenant commander in October, 1945, and shortly thereafter returned to civilian life, where he hoped to make a career for himself as an artist.

While still in the navy, he had married a girl he had known as a student at Brown University. The marriage was not a particularly happy one, although it was destined to last more than ten years.

The first five years after leaving the navy were spent as an art student, a commercial photographer, a painter, an advertising executive, and a publisher, in Maine and in New York.

Then in 1950, with the outbreak of war in Korea, Lieutenant Commander Rockwell returned to active duty with the United States Navy and was assigned to train fighter pilots in southern California. There, almost by chance, the political education of thirty-two-year-old Lincoln Rockwell began.

It was in 1950 that Senator Joseph McCarthy's investigations into subversive activities and treasonous behavior on the part of a number of United States govern-

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 66.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 71.

ment employees and officials began to receive wide public notice. Rockwell, like every honest citizen, was horrified and angered by these disclosures of treachery. But he was puzzled as much as he was shocked by the violent, hysterical, and vicious reaction to these disclosures which came from a certain segment of the population. Why were so many persons—and, especially, so many in the public-opinion-forming media—frantically determined to silence McCarthy and, failing that, to smear and discredit him? McCarthy was an American with a distinguished record. A war hero, like Rockwell he had entered his country's armed forces as an enlisted man and emerged as a much-decorated officer. He had won the Distinguished Flying Cross for his combat performance in World War II. Now that he was flushing from cover the rats who had sold out the vital interests of the country for which he had fought, Rockwell could not understand why any responsible and loyal citizen should seek to defame the man or block his courageous efforts:

> I began to pay attention, in my spare time, to what it was all about. I read McCarthy speeches and pamphlets and found them factual, instead of the wild nonsense which the papers charged was his stock-in-trade. I became aware of a terrific slant in all the papers against Joe McCarthy, although I still couldn't imagine why.[7]

At this time an acquaintance gave Rockwell some anti-communist tracts to read. One of the things he immediately noticed about them was their strongly anti-Semitic tone. Although manifest public evidence obliged him to agree with some of the charges made by the authors of these tracts—for example, that there were extraordinarily disproportionate numbers of Jews both among McCarthy's attackers and among the subversives his investigations were unearthing—he found many of their claims too far-fetched to be credible. In particular, the charge that communism was a Jewish, not a Russian, movement seemed ridiculous when Rockwell considered the fact that Jews were so firmly entrenched in capitalistic enterprises and always had been; capitalism, supposedly the deadly enemy of communism, was the traditional Jewish sphere of influence.

One anti-communist tabloid went so far as to cite various items of documentary evidence in support of its seemingly wild claims, and Rockwell decided to call its bluff by looking into this "evidence" for himself. On his next off-duty day he went to the public library in San Diego, and what he found there changed the course of his life—and will yet change the course of world history. In his own words: "Down there in the dark stacks of the San Diego Public Library, I got my awakening from thirty years of stupid political sleep...."[8]

Rockwell was staggered by the evidence he uncovered in the library; it left no doubt, for instance, that what had been described in his school textbooks as the "Russian" Revolution was instead a Jewish orgy of genocide against the Russian people. He even found that in their own books and periodicals the Jews boasted more-or-less openly of the fact! In a Jewish biographical reference work entitled *Who's Who in American Jewry*[9] he found a number of prominent Bolsheviks proudly listed, although by no stretch of the imagination could they be considered Americans. Among them were Lazar Kaganovitch, the Butcher of the Ukraine, and Leon Trotsky (Lev Bronstein), the bloodthirsty Commissar of the Red Army, who was given credit in the book for liquidating "counter-revolutionary forces" in Russia.

Another book, written by a prominent "English" Jew, boasted that the Jews "to a greater degree than ... any other ethnic group ... have been the artisans of the

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 135.

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 141.

[9] Edition of 1938-39, ed. by John Simons (New York, 1938).

Revolution of 1917."[10] An estimate was given in the book that "80% of the revolutionaries in Russia were Jews."[11]

Musty back issues of Jewish newspapers told the same story, and they were backed up by official U.S. government records. One volume of such records, which had been published twenty years previously, contained ministerial reports from Russia of brutal frankness. Typical of the material in these records was the following sentence written by the Dutch diplomatic official, Oudendyk, in a 1918 report to his government from Russia:

> I consider that the immediate suppression of Bolshevism is the greatest issue now before the world, not even excluding the war which is still raging, and unless as above stated Bolshevism is nipped in the bud immediately it is bound to spread in one form or another over Europe and the whole world as it is organized and worked by Jews who have no nationality, and whose one object is to destroy for their own ends the existing order of things.[12]

Shocking as were these revelations, Rockwell was even more disturbed by the fact that the general public was oblivious to them. Why were these things not in school history texts? Why was he told over and over again by the radio and newspapers and magazines of Adolf Hitler's "awful crime" in killing so many Jews, but never told that the Jews in Russia were responsible for the murder of a vastly larger number of Gentiles? Other questions presented themselves. He had been told that England's attack on Germany was justified by Hitler's attack on Poland. But what of the Soviet Union, which had invaded Poland at the same time? Why no English declaration of war against the Soviet Union? Could it be because the government there was in Jewish hands? Who was responsible for the conspiracy of silence on these and other questions? He grimly resolved to find out. And, later, as the facts gradually fitted into place and the whole, sordid picture began to emerge, he saw before him an inescapable obligation.

An honest man, when he becomes aware that some dirty work is afoot in his community, will speak out against it and attempt to rouse his neighbors into doing the same. What if he finds, though, that *most* of his neighbors do not want to be bothered; that *many* of his neighbors are already aware of what is afoot but prefer to ignore it because to oppose it might jeopardize their private affairs; that *some* of his neighbors—some of his wealthiest and most influential neighbors, the leaders of the community—are themselves engaged in the dirty work? If he is an ordinary man, he may grumble for a while about such a sorry state of affairs, but he will adapt himself as best he can to it. He will soon see there is nothing to be gained by sticking *his* neck out, and he will go on about his business. Human nature being what it is, he will very likely ease his conscience by trying to forget as rapidly as possible what he has learned; perhaps he will even convince himself eventually that there is really nothing wrong after all—that his initial judgement was in error, and that the dirty work was really not dirty work but merely "progress." If, on the other hand, he is an extraordinary man with a particularly strong sense of duty, he will continue to oppose what he knows to be wrong and bound to work evil for the community in the long run. He may continue to point out to his neighbors, even after they have made it clear that they are not interested, that the dirty work should be stopped; he may write pamphlets and deliver speeches; he may even run for

[10] Angelo S. Rappoport, *Pioneers of the Russian Revolution* (London, 1918), p. 228.

[11] *Ibid.*, p. 252.

[12] *Papers Relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, 1918, Russia* (United States Government Printing Office, Washington, 1931), Vol. 1, pp. 678-9. See also "Documents on the 'Russian' Revolution," *National Socialist World*, 2 (Fall, 1966), pp. 37-81, for a selection of photocopies of documents dealing with the same topic.

public office on a "reform" ticket. But even so, being a reasonable man and no "extremist," he will feel himself obliged to give the malefactors the benefit of the doubt which must surely exist as to their motives. And perhaps their position is, indeed, not wholly wrong? Surely, some sort of reasonable compromise which will be fair to all concerned is the best solution. If the evildoer had been working alone when discovered, hanging would, of course, be the only admissible solution to the problem: a fitting and total repudiation by the community of his evil deeds. But when so many criminals, with so many accomplices, have been engaged for so long in such an extensive criminal undertaking and have already done such profound damage, surely the most reasonable solution must be just to admonish the criminals—if, indeed, it is fair to call them criminals—try to install a few safeguards against their renewed activity—safeguards which, to be sure, would not be too grossly inconsistent with the "progress" (or was it damage?) already wrought—and then, letting bygones be bygones, try to live with things as they are.

But, it is only one man out of tens of millions—the rare and lonely world-historical figure—who has, first, the objectivity to evaluate such a situation in terms of absolute and timeless standards and, unswayed by popular and contemporary considerations of "reasonableness," to draw the ultimate conclusions which those standards dictate; and who then has the strength of will and character to insist that there must be no compromise with evil, that it must be rooted out and utterly destroyed, that right and health and sanity must again prevail, regardless of the commotion and temporary unpleasantness involved in restoring them.

Rockwell had seen the facts. To him, it was unthinkable to attempt to wriggle away from the conclusion they implied. And, as he realized the frightening magnitude of the task before him, instead of attempting to excuse himself from the responsibility which his new knowledge carried with it, he felt rising within him his characteristic response to a seemingly impossible challenge.

It was a straightforward sense of commitment which had led him to volunteer for military service in March, 1941, as soon as he had been tricked into believing that Adolf Hitler was a threat to his country, instead of waiting for Pearl Harbor. And in early 1951, when he began to understand that he had been tricked in 1941 and when he began to see who had tricked him and what they were up to and the terrible damage they had done to his people and were yet planning to do, that same sense of commitment left only one course open to him, namely, to fight! He did not stop to ask whether others were also willing to shoulder their responsibility; his own was perfectly clear to him.

But how to fight? Where to begin? What to do? The name of one man who had done something naturally came to his mind: Adolf Hitler. Rockwell has described what happened next:

> I hunted around the San Diego bookshops and finally found a copy of *Mein Kampf* hidden away in the rear. I bought it, took it home, and sat down to read.
>
> And that was the end of one Lincoln Rockwell ... and the beginning of an entirely different person.[13]

He had not, of course, spent nearly thirty-three years completely oblivious to world events. Many things had bothered him deeply, and he had spent years of frustrating effort trying to fathom the apparently meaningless chaos into which the world seemed to be descending. It seemed to him that there must be some logical relationship between the events of the preceding few decades, but he could not find the key to the puzzle:

> I simply suffered from the vague, unhappy feeling that things were "wrong"—I didn't know exactly how—and that there must be a way of diagnosing the "disease"

[13]George Lincoln Rockwell, *This Time the World*, p. 154.

and its causes and making intelligent, organized efforts to correct that something wrong.[14]

Adolf Hitler's message in *Mein Kampf* gave him the key he had been seeking, and more:

> In *Mein Kampf* I found abundant "mental sunshine," which bathed all the gray world suddenly in the clear light of reason and understanding. Word after word, sentence after sentence stabbed into the darkness like thunderclaps and lightningbolts of revelation, tearing and ripping away the cobwebs of more than thirty years of darkness, brilliantly illuminating the mysteries of the heretofore impenetrable murk in a world gone mad.
>
> I was transfixed, hypnotized. I could not lay the book down without agonies of impatience to get back to it. I read it walking to the squadron; I took it into the air and read it lying on the chart board while I automatically gave the instructions to the other planes circling over the desert. I read it crossing the Coronado ferry. I read it into the night and the next morning. When I had finished I started again and reread every word, underlining and marking especially magnificent passages. I studied it; I thought about it; I wondered at the utter, indescribable genius of it. . . .
>
> I reread and studied it some more. Slowly, bit by bit, I began to understand. I realized that National Socialism, the iconoclastic world view of Adolf Hitler, was the doctrine of scientific racial idealism—actually a new religion . . . .[15]

And thus Lincoln Rockwell became a National Socialist. But his conversion to the new religion still did not answer his question, "What can be done?" Eight long years of struggle and defeat lay ahead of him before he would gain the knowledge he needed to effectively translate his new faith into action and begin to carry on Adolf Hitler's great work once again. While he still lacked the wisdom that could only come in the years ahead, he lacked nothing in energy and determination. For a year he continued to explore the ramifications of the new world view he had adopted and also continued his self-education in several other areas, including the Jewish question.

Then, in November, 1952, the Navy assigned him to a year of duty at the American base at Keflavik in Iceland, where he was executive officer and, later, commanding officer of the Fleet Aircraft Service Squadron there, "Fasron" 107. His promotion to commander came in October, 1953, after he had requested an extension of his Icelandic assignment for another year. He also met and fell in love with an Icelandic girl, who became his second wife in the same month he was promoted. This marriage was far happier than his first.

The relative isolation and solitude he enjoyed in Iceland gave him a further opportunity to consolidate his thoughts and to plan a campaign of political action based on his National Socialist philosophy. Feeling that his most urgent need was some medium for the dissemination of his political message, he considered various ways in which he might enter the publishing business. He needed to establish a bridgehead in this industry which would provide him with operational funds and living expenses as well as give him a vehicle for political expression.

He finally decided to begin his career with the publication of a monthly magazine for the wives of American servicemen, primarily because the complete absence of any competing publication in the field seemed to offer an excellent business advantage. He felt that he could not only capture this market, thus assuring himself a steady income, but that service families would provide a particularly receptive audience for his political ideas.

His idea was to employ the utmost sublety, disguising his propaganda so carefully that he would not jeopardize any Jewish advertising accounts the magazine might acquire. He naively thought that he would deceive the Jews and move the hearts and minds of his readers in the desired direction simultaneously.

[14] *Ibid.*

[15] *Ibid.*, pp. 154-5.

Rough plans had been laid by the time his service in Iceland was over. His return to civilian life came on December 15, 1954. Nine months of more planning, hard work, fund raising, and promotion led to the realization of his ideas with the publication of his new magazine, for which he chose the name *U.S. Lady,* in Washington, in September, 1955.

At the same time he was getting his magazine underway, he began making personal contacts in right-wing circles in the Washington area. He attended the meetings of various groups and then began to organize meetings of his own. Before he could put his magazine to use as a medium for disguised propaganda, however, he found himself in serious financial difficulties, due to his lack of capital, and he was forced to sell the magazine in order to avoid bankruptcy.

With undiminished enthusiasm, he continued his organizing efforts among the right wing. Making the same mistake that nearly every other beginner makes, he assumed that the proper way to proceed lay in coordinating the numerous right-wing and conservative organizations and individuals—bringing them together into a right-wing superstructure where they could work effectively for their common goals. He felt that such a coordination could make an almost miraculous transformation in the strength of the right-wing position in America.

To this end he bought radio advertisements, spoke at dozens of meetings, wrote numberless letters, and devoted every waking hour to the promotion of his plan for unity. He created a "paper" organization, the American Federation of Conservative Organizations, and continued his tireless efforts to inspire and mobilize even a few of the hundreds of right-wing groups and individuals with whom he had established contact—but to no avail: "Our meetings were better and better attended, but there was no result at all—nothing accomplished."[16]

He sadly learned that all the right-wing groups had one weakness in common: their members loved to talk but were incapable of action. A substantial portion of them were hobbyists—escapists obsessed with various pet projects and absolutely invulnerable to reason, or masochists who delighted in moaning endlessly about treason and decay but who were shocked at the suggestion that they should help put an end to it. Many were so neurotic that the idea of engaging them in any prolonged cooperative effort was untenable. Some were simply insane. Virtually all were cowards. Years of inaction or ineffectiveness had drained the ranks of the right-wing of the type of human material essential for any serious undertaking. Very little was left but the sort of dregs with which nothing could be done.

Unfortunately, he had failed to heed the Leader's warning that eight cripples who join arms do not yield even one gladiator as a result: *"And if there were indeed one healthy man among the cripples, he would expend all his strength just keeping the others on their feet and in this way become a cripple himself....*

"By the formation of a federation, weak organizations are never transformed into strong ones, but a strong organization can and often will be weakened. The opinion that strength must result from the association of weak groups is incorrect....

"... Great, truly world-shaking revolutions of a spiritual nature are not even conceivable and realizable except as the titanic struggles of individual formations, never as the undertakings of coalitions."[17]

It has been said that experience keeps a dear school, and in Rockwell's case it was dear indeed. He had exhausted all the money left from the sale of *U.S. Lady* by the time the last meeting of his American Federation of Conservative Organizations, on July 4, 1956, failed to produce any concrete results. He had to find a new source of income and considered himself fortunate

[16] *Ibid.*, p. 197.

[17] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* II, chap. 8.

to obtain a temporary position as a television scriptwriter.

This lasted only a few months, however, and then he took a position on the staff of the New York-based conservative magazine, *American Mercury*, as assistant to the publisher. He had learned the futility of trying to achieve effective cooperation between the various right-wing groups and had resigned himself to forming a new organization. Rockwell still had two bitter lessons to learn in the school of experience, however—lessons which the Leader had set forth clearly in his immortal book, but which Rockwell, for all his careful study, had failed to take to heart, just as with the admonition against hoping to gain strength by uniting weaknesses. He still believed that the enemies of our people could be fought effectively by the "respectable" means to which conservatives have always restricted themselves. He thought to avoid the "stigma" of anti-Semitism by working silently and indirectly against treason and racial subversion. This method had the great advantage of not provoking the enemy, so that one could proceed peacefully and safely with one's "silent" work. Thus, while working at *American Mercury* he began to formulate plans for an underground, "hard-core" National Socialist organization, with a right-wing front and financing by wealthy conservatives. Since the organization was to be, in effect, National Socialist, with National Socialists at the helm and carrying out the significant activities, and the conservative front only a disguise, he happily thought he had a plan which would not be subject to all the flaws of those of his conservative efforts of the past. His new project rapidly foundered on the shoals of reality, however. First he found that wealthy conservatives suffered from most of the character defects that he had already observed in not-so-wealthy conservatives. Money could be gotten from them for "pet" projects—but not for any serious effort which smacked of danger, particularly danger of exposure. A more fundamental weakness of the "secret" approach, however, lay in the fact that it is the surface disguise, the front—not the hidden core—which determines the quality of the personnel attracted to an organization. Thus, when his anticipated source of funds balked and his one National Socialist recruit became discouraged and left, Rockwell was faced with the prospect of scrapping his new idea and starting again from nothing.

Sadly he re-read the words the Leader had written more than thirty years previously: *"A man who knows a thing, recognizes a given danger, and sees with his own eyes the possibility of a remedy, damned well has the duty and the obligation not to work 'silently', but to stand up openly against the evil and for its cure. If he does not do so then he is a faithless, miserable weakling who fails either from cowardice or from laziness and incompetence. ... Every last agitator who possesses the courage to defend his opinions with manly forth-rightness, standing on a tavern table among his adversaries, accomplishes more than a thousand of these lying, treacherous sneaks."*[18]

It had taken two years of repeated discouragements and failures to bring this lesson home to him, but now he understood it. He had finally seen the fallacy underlying the conservative premise. In his own words:

> Although it is made to appear so, the battle between the conservatives and liberals is not a battle of ideas or even of political organizations. It is a battle of force, terror, and power. The Jews and their accomplices and dupes are not running our country and its people because of the excellence of their ideas or the merit of their work or the genuine majority of people behind them. They are in power in spite of the lack of these things, and only because they have driven their way into power by daring minority tactics. They can stay in power only because people are *afraid* to oppose them—*afraid* they will be socially ostracized, *afraid* they will be smeared in the press, *afraid* they will lose their jobs, *afraid* they will not be able to run their businesses, *afraid* they will lose political

[18] *Ibid.*, I, chap. 12.

offices. It is fear, and fear alone, which keeps these filthy left-wing sneaks in power—not ignorance on the part of the American people, as the conservatives keep telling each other.[19]

Beyond this however, he was coming to an even more fundamental conclusion: Not only were conservatives wrong in their evaluation of the nature of the conflict between themselves and liberals and wrong in their choice of tactics, but their motives were also wrong; at least, he was beginning to see that their motives differed fundamentally from his own. Basically, the conservatives are *aracial.* Their primary concerns are economic: taxes, government spending, fiscal responsibility; and social: law and order, honest government, morality. At worst, their sole interest is the protection of their standard of living from the encroachments of the welfare state; at best, they are genuinely concerned about the general decay of standards and the trend toward mobocracy and chaos. But, as a whole, they show very little concern for the *biological* problem of which all these other problems are only manifestations.

Certainly the right wing was preferable to the left wing in this respect. At least conservatives tended to have a healthy anti-Semitic instinct. But as long as their inner orientation was economic-materialistic rather than racial-idealistic, they would remain primarily interested in the defense of a system rather than a race, they would continue to look for easy and superficial solutions rather than fundamental ones, and they would continue to lack that spirit of selfless idealism essential to ultimate victory.

Thus, as the year 1956 drew to a close, Rockwell was certain of one thing: Conservatives would never, by any stretch of the imagination, be able to offer any effective opposition to the forces of degeneration and death. As he wrote later, anyone, when he first discovers what is going on, might be forgiven a certain period of nourishing the delusion and hope that there is a safe, easy, and "nice" solution to the problem. But to pursue the same fruitless tactics year after year is evidence of something else:

> Conservatives are the world's champion ostriches, muttering to each other down under the sand "in secret", while their plumed bottoms wave in the breeze for the Jews to kick at their leisure. They are fooling nobody but themselves.[20]

The answer would have to be found elsewhere—but where, how?

The years 1957 and 1958 were difficult ones. As a representative of a New York management-consultant firm, he spent most of 1957 travelling in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, writing and consolidating his thoughts whenever he could find time. The winter of 1957-58 saw a brief interlude in Atlanta, where he sold advertising. During this period, Rockwell had an experience about which he has never written and which he related to only a few people. Always a skeptic where the supernatural was concerned, he was certainly not a man to be easily influenced by omens. Yet there can be no doubt that he attached special significance to a series of dreams that he had then. The dreams—actually all variations of a single dream—occurred nearly every night for a period of several weeks and were of such intensity that he could recall them vividly upon waking. In each dream he saw himself in some everyday situation: sitting in a crowded theater, eating at a counter in a diner, walking through the busy lobby of an office building, or inspecting the airplanes of his squadron at an airfield hangar. And in each dream a man would approach him—theater usher, diner cook, office clerk, or mechanic—and say something to the effect, "Mr, Rockwell, there is someone to see you." And then he would be led off to some back room or side office in the building or hangar, as the case may have

[19]Rockwell, *op. cit.*, p. 195.

[20]*Ibid.*, p. 199.

been. He would open the door and find waiting for him inside, always alone—Adolf Hitler. Then the dream would end.

One can most easily interpret these dreams as a case of autosuggestion, but in the light of later developments Rockwell considered them as a symbolic summons, a beckoning onto the path for which he was then still groping, whether that beckoning was the consequence of an internal or an external stimulus.

Early in 1958 he returned to Virginia. His first effort there was in Newport News, where he produced political cartoons in collaboration with the publisher of a small racist magazine—which shortly went bankrupt. In Newport News, however, he met a man who was to play a critical role in changing the course of his political career: Harold N. Arrowsmith, Jr. Arrowsmith was a wealthy conservative with a "pet" project—but he was not like any other wealthy conservative Rockwell had met. Independently wealthy as the result of an inheritance, he had formerly been a physical anthropologist. He had stumbled into politics rather by accident when a friend on the research staff of a Congressional investigating committee had asked him for some help with some library research connected with a case under investigation. In the course of this work he had, to his surprise, come upon some of the documentary material that had so startled Rockwell a few years earlier in San Diego. Being a trained scholar, a linguist with a dozen languages at his disposal, having access to all the major libraries and archives of the Western world—and with unlimited time and money—he was able to follow up his initial discoveries and soon had unearthed literally thousands of items of evidence. The story they told was a shocking and frightening one: world wars and revolutions, famines and massacres—not the caprices of history, but the results of deliberate and cold-blooded scheming.

Although he had filing cabinets bulging with military intelligence reports, court records, photostats of diplomatic correspondence, and other material, he had not been able to publicize any of his finds. Scholarly journals returned his carefully written and documented papers with rejection slips, and it soon became apparent that no publisher of general periodicals would accept them either. He approached Rockwell with the proposition of printing, publishing, and distributing some of his documentary material, with full financial backing.

They formed the "National Committee to Free America from Jewish Domination," and Rockwell moved to Arlington, Virginia, where Arrowsmith provided him with a house and printing equipment.

Rockwell had already reached the conclusion that if any progress were to be made, it was necessary to break out of the right-wing milieu into fresh territory. Right-wingers had been exchanging and reading one another's pamphlets for years, with no noticeable results. They always used the same mailing lists and sent their propaganda to people who, for the most part, had already heard at least a dozen variations on the same theme. What was needed was *mass* publicity, so that some fresh blood could be attracted into the "movement." As the normal channels of mass propaganda were closed to most right-wingers—and certainly to anyone whose propaganda might prove distressing to Jews—Rockwell had decided that radical means must be used to force open those channels. He placed this objective before all others. For, he reasoned, if one is to mobilize men into an organization—"secret" or otherwise—for the purpose of gaining political power, one must first let those men know of one's existence and communicate to them at least a bare outline of one's program. Until a mass of new raw material—potential recruits—could be stirred up by making a really significant impact on the public consciousness, there was simply no sense in proceeding further; he had already spent too much time doing things the old way. He was, in fact, prepared to take the next-to-last step in his

progress from just another *goy* to the heir to Adolf Hitler's mighty legacy. He decided on public agitation of the most provocative sort—agitation of such a blatant and revolutionary sort that the mass media could not ignore it.

In May, 1958, Eisenhower had sent U.S. marines to Lebanon to help maintain the government of President Chamoun in power, against the wishes of the Arab citizens of that country. The Lebanese Arabs desired closer cooperation with the other Arab states, but Chamoun, much to the pleasure of the Jews, did not. The threat of the overthrow of Chamoun and of a pro-Arab government coming into power in Lebanon, thus adding another member to the Arab bloc opposing the illegal Jewish occupation of Palestine, led U.S. Jews to press the course of U.S. intervention upon Eisenhower, always their willing tool. The issue was much in the public eye during the summer of 1958, and Rockwell decided to use it as the basis of his first public demonstration—a picket of the White House. Calling on many of the contacts he had made around the country during the past few years, he was able to arrange for a busload of young demonstrators to come to Washington and also to organize protest groups in both Atlanta, Georgia, and Louisville, Kentucky. Then on Sunday morning, July 29, 1958, Rockwell led his group of pickets to the White House, while the groups in Atlanta and Louisville began their demonstrations simultaneously. Carrying large signs which Rockwell had designed and printed himself, these three groups made the first public protest against Jewish control of the U.S. government since the Jews had silenced their critics in 1941. It was indeed a momentous occasion: not yet an open National Socialist demonstration, but a vigorous slap in the face for the enemy—a slap which could not be ignored, as all the "secret" right-wing activity had been for years.

Ten weeks later, on October 12, a synagogue in Atlanta was mysteriously blown up. Police immediately swooped on Rockwell's men in Atlanta who had demonstrated in July. Newspapers around the world carried front-page stories implicating Rockwell and Arrowsmith in the bombing. Arrowsmith, who felt he was getting more involved in politics than was comfortable, retrieved his printing equipment and withdrew Rockwell's financial support. For the first time, Rockwell began to get a taste of the difficult times which lay ahead. Hoodlums, instigated by the newspaper publicity, attacked his home. Windows were broken, and stones and firecrackers were thrown at his house late at night. Both by day and by night he and his wife received obscene and threatening telephone calls. Finally, for the sake of their safety, he felt obliged to send his family to Iceland.

With its financial backing gone, the "National Committee to Free America from Jewish Control" was no more. The last of Rockwell's conservative friends evaporated in the harsh glare of newspaper hate propaganda which was heaped upon him. As the new year, 1959, came in, he found himself alone in an empty house, without friends or money or prospects for the future. He had dared to seize the dragon by the tail and had survived. Yet, in the bleak, cold days of January and February, 1959, this gave him little comfort as he faced an uncertain and unpromising future:

> ...As I sat alone in that empty house or lay alone in that even emptier bed in the silent, hollow darkness, the full realization of what I was about bore in upon me with fearful urgency. I realized there was no turning back; as long as I lived I was marked with the stigma of anti-Jewishness.
>
> ...I could never again hope to earn a normal living. The Jews could not survive unless they made an example of me the rest of my life, else too many others might be tempted to follow my example. My Rubicon had been crossed, and it was fight and win—or die.[21]

And then something happened which, in its way, was to be as decisive in his life as had been his finding Adolf Hitler's

[21] *Ibid.*, p. 308.

message in *Mein Kampf,* eight years before, in San Diego. Again, it was like a guiding hand reaching to him from the twilight of the past—from a charred, rubble-filled bunker in Berlin—and showing him the way. Waiting for him at the post office one morning at the beginning of March was a large carton. In it, carefully folded, was a huge swastika banner, which had been sent by a young admirer. Deeply moved, he carried the banner home and hung it across one end of his living room, completely covering the wall. He found a small, bronze plaque with a relief bust of Adolf Hitler, which had been given to him earlier, and mounted it in the center of the swastika. Then he found three candles and candle holders, which he placed on a small bookcase he had arranged just below the bronze plaque. He closed the blinds and lit the candles: "I stood there in the flickering candlelight, not a sound in the house, not a soul near me or aware of what I was doing—or caring."[22]

On that cold, March morning, alone before the dimly lit altar, Lincoln Rockwell underwent an experience of a sort shared by few men in the long history of our race—an experience which comes seldom to this world but which may radically alter the course of that world when it does. Nearly fifty-three years before, a similar experience had befallen a man—that time on a cold, November night, on a hilltop overlooking the Austrian town of Linz.[23]

It was a religious experience that was more than religious. As he stood there he felt an indescribable torrent of emotions surging through his being, reaching higher and higher in a crescendo with a peak of unbearable intensity. He felt the awe-inspiring *awareness* for a few moments, or a few minutes, of being more than himself, of being *in communion* with that which is beyond description and beyond comprehension. Something with the cool, vast feeling of eternity and of infinity—of long ages spanning the birth and death of suns, and of immense, starry vistas—filled his soul to the bursting point. One may call that Something by different names—the Great Spirit, perhaps, or Destiny, or the Soul of the Universe, or God—but once It has brushed the soul of a man, that man can never again be wholly what he was before. It changes him spiritually in the same way that a mighty earthquake or a cataclysmic eruption, the subsidence of a continent or the bursting forth of a new mountain range, changes forever the face of the earth.

Slowly the storm subsided, and Lincoln Rockwell—a *new* Lincoln Rockwell—became aware once again of the room about him and of his own thoughts. He has described for us his feeling then:

> ...Where before I had wanted to fight the forces of tyranny and regression, now I *had* to fight them. But even more, I felt within me the power to prevail—strength beyond my own strength—the ability to do the right thing even when I was personally overwhelmed by events. And that strength has not yet failed me. Nor will it fail. ...
>
> I knew with calm certainty exactly what to do, and I knew, in a hard-to-explain sense, what was ahead. It was something like looking at a road from the air after seeing only the curve ahead from the ground. ...
>
> Adolf Hitler had shown the way to survival. It would be my task on this earth to carry his ideas ... to total, world-wide victory. *I knew I would not live to see the victory which I would make possible. But I would not die before I had made that victory certain.* [editor's italics][24]

And just as Adolf Hitler had said of his experience on the Freinberg, *"In that hour it began,"* so in *that* hour it began for Lincoln Rockwell also. He did not realize it then, of course, but this climactic event had come almost exactly in the

[22] *Ibid.*, p. 309.

[23] August Kubizek, *Adolf Hitler, mein Jugendfreund* (Graz, 1953), pp. 133-4. An English translation of Kubizek's description of Adolf Hitler's experience on the Freinberg is given in *National Socialist World,* 1 (Spring, 1966), p. 84.

[24] Rockwell, *op. cit.*, p. 310.

middle of his political life; he had run just half the course from that fall day in 1950, in the San Diego Public Library, to a martyr's death in Arlington in the late summer of 1967.

Before, he had been a right-winger, a conservative, albeit a more and more openly anti-Jewish one; before, he had felt the need to keep his National Socialism concealed; before, while he had admired Adolf Hitler as the greatest thinker in the history of the race and *Mein Kampf* as the most important book ever written, they had not been wholly *real* to him—and this attitude had resulted in his failure so often to apply the Leader's teachings to his own political efforts. Now, however, he was no longer a conservative, but a National Socialist, and he would bear witness for his faith before the whole world; now, at last, he recognized in Adolf Hitler not just an extraordinarily great mind and spirit, but something immortal, transcendental, more than human; now he saw the Leader as an embodiment, in a way, of that Universal Soul with which he had briefly communed; now he was prepared to follow the Leader's teachings without reservation, in all things.

At the same time that these fundamental changes in his outlook took place, he saw the need for a fundamental change in his political tactics. He recalled the Leader's words: *"Any man who is not attacked in the Jewish newspapers, not slandered and vilified, is ... no true National Socialist. The best measure of the value of his will is the hostility he receives from the mortal enemy of our people. ...*

"Every Jewish slander and every Jewish lie is a scar of honor on the body of our warriors.

"The man they have most reviled stands closest to us, and the man they hate worst is our best friend.

"Anyone who picks up a Jewish newspaper in the morning and does not see himself slandered in it has not made profitable use of the previous day; for if he had, he would be persecuted, reviled, slandered, abused, befouled. And only the man who combats this mortal enemy of our nation and of all Aryan humanity and culture most effectively may expect to see the slanders of this race and the efforts of this people directed against him."[25]

And further: *"It makes no difference whatever whether they laugh at us or revile us, whether they represent us as clowns or criminals; the main thing is that they mention us, that they concern themselves with us again and again, and that we gradually ... appear to be the only power that anyone reckons with at the moment. What we really are and what we really want, we will show the Jewish journalistic rabble when the day comes."*[26]

Rockwell had already recognized the need for gaining mass publicity by radical means, but he had flinched at the thought of the slander and vilification, the misrepresentation and ridicule which must inevitably accompany any publicity he received through the alien-dominated mass media. He had been living in the conservative dream world and had shared with other right-wingers the comfortable illusion that one can keep the enemy fooled—even make him think one is his friend—and fight him effectively at the same time.

Even as he gradually became more forthright in his statements with respect to the Jewish question, he retained the feeling that to speak out openly for Adolf Hitler's National Socialist world view would be nothing short of suicide.

Thus he had fallen between two stools after his demonstration of July 29, 1958. He had been numbed by the virulence of the hatred unleashed against him, and at the same time found himself crippled by self-imposed limitations in his own campaign.

Now, however, he had decided that not only would he never again flinch under the torrent of abuse and slander which his activities were sure to bring down on him, but he would provoke such attacks by the

[25]Hitler, *op. cit.*, I, chap. 12.

[26]*Ibid.*, II, chap. 7.

enemy, looking upon each one as a "scar of honor" and also as another small step toward his eventual general recognition as *the* opponent of everything the enemy stood for, as "the only power with which [that enemy] reckoned." And he saw that an open avowal of his National Socialism was not only the strongest irritant he could bring to bear against his enemy, but it was the only realistic basis for gathering around himself those elements of the population needed to build a viable and lasting movement with which eventually to destroy that enemy and restore his own race to the position of strength and health and honor from which it had abdicated.

Actually, he carried the Leader's counsel about the use of the enemy's own propaganda to its logical extreme. Looking at the task before him realistically for the first time, he saw that the problems he faced were so severe that, in order to make any progress against them, he would be obliged to concentrate all his energies upon one aspect of those problems at a time. The first step was general recognition. His earlier conviction that that goal must be attained at the expense of every other consideration was now stronger than ever. Thus, instead of following the natural urge to dissociate National Socialism from the Hollywood image that Jewry had been building for it for more than three decades, he temporarily threw all hopes of "respectability"—*even among other National Socialists*—aside and set about turning to his own advantage all the Jews' previous efforts. Toward this end he deliberately pinned on himself the label "Nazi," rather than "National Socialist," using this bit of journalistic jargon which had been coined by the enemy during the early days of struggle in Germany, a term looked upon by National Socialists with about the same feeling that convinced Marxists must look upon the designation "commie," or "pinko." Behind this step—one which was to cause much misunderstanding and suspicion in days to come—was the cold-blooded realization that a strutting, shouting, uniform-wearing, Hollywood-style "Nazi" was vastly more newsworthy, had vastly more "shock value," than any mere National Socialist.

As he pondered over his soul-stirring experience and began to lay new plans for the future during the next few days, events began flowing in the new channel marked out for them by the finger of Destiny. Three men, a right-wing acquaintance and two other men who were strangers to Rockwell, dropped in to see him one evening. Initially shocked and repelled by the swastika banner in his living room, they were soon won over by his passionate exposition of the new cause. Two of the three remained to become his first disciples.

Then he opened the blinds on his windows, making his swastika banner visible from the street. He issued swastika armbands to his two recruits, and the three of them swaggered about the house wearing holstered pistols. Later he mounted an illuminated swastika on the roof.

The crowds came to laugh and jeer and throw rocks—but a few remained to listen. His "stormtroopers" grew in number from two, to four, to ten.

These March days in 1959, which witnessed the first genuine rebirth of National Socialist activity after nearly fourteen years of terror and total suppression, marked the beginning of the stormiest and most difficult times Rockwell faced. Harrassed by the police with illegal searches and confiscation of his property and materials, assaulted by thugs and vandals whom the police made no efforts to apprehend, he and his small group of followers printed and distributed tens of thousands of leaflets and talked to throngs of curious and hostile visitors who came to see the "American Fuehrer," as the newspapers laughingly called him. He first chose the name "American Party" for his embryonic organization, but soon changed the name to "American Nazi Party."

Keeping his initial objective foremost in his mind, he concentrated the activities of his small group primarily on the distribution of inflammatory leaflets, on creating

public incidents, on haranguing crowds under circumstances especially chosen to provoke violent opposition—anything and everything, in other words, to gain mass publicity, to become generally recognized as *the* opponent of the Jews and everything they represented, from Marxism to unprincipled capitalism, from racial degeneration to cultural bolshevism.

His first soapbox-style public address was delivered on the Mall, in Washington, on Sunday, April 3, 1960, and became a regular occurrence for some time thereafter.

A letter he wrote to his mother during this early period of public speaking gives an idea of a few of the difficulties he faced:

7 July, 1960

Dear Mother:

Thank you for the letter and the help. It is much appreciated. . . .

Don't pay too much attention to what the papers say, Mother; they lie unbelievably. . . .

Last week they tried to murder us again on the Mall here and almost killed Major Morgan, whom you met, when they dragged him out—ten of them—and stomped him and left him for dead. But we prevailed, and even though the police, much against their will, were forced to arrest us for "disorderly conduct" (for being attacked by a murderous mob!), the *people* are with us. This sort of thing is inevitable, and it will get worse.

Now they have tried—yesterday—to have me heaved in an insane asylum to shut me up, but they were surprised, as I was relieved, when people rushed forward to offer the huge cash bond they set for me, and I will have a psychiatrist of my own choosing deliver a report, instead of the two Jews they planned for me.

Do not worry about all this. It is dangerous, painful, and bitter when our own people do not understand what we are doing and suffering for them, but I am sure that the Lord will not permit liars and villains to win in the end. You will yet be mighty proud. . . .

Love,
Link

In May, 1960, the *National Socialist Bulletin*[27] made its appearance as the first periodical published by the American Nazi Party. It evolved into the *Stormtrooper* magazine after eight issues.

Meanwhile, on February 5, 1960, the United States Navy, under pressure from Jewish groups, forced Rockwell to accept a discharge from the Naval Reserve.

Despite the news quarantine imposed on him, despite beatings and jailings, despite a chronic lack of funds, despite serious personnel problems, and despite a thousand other troubles and difficulties, his campaign to gain public recognition made steady progress. Newspapers found it impossible to completely avoid mentioning his brash and daring exploits; editors and columnists found irresistible the temptation to denounce or "expose" him. Even radio and television emcees, ever on the prowl for sensation, yielded to temptation and defied the ban on publicity for Rockwell.

The image of George Lincoln Rockwell and the American Nazi Party created by the mass media for public consumption was, of course, a grossly distorted one. Rockwell had succeeded in forcing the media, more or less against their will, to give him publicity. Unfortunately, he could not force them to be impartial in their treatment, or even to be truthful. An interview with him published in the popular magazine, *Playboy,* was prefaced with such editorial remarks as: "Unlike controversial past interviewees ... Rockwell could not be called a spokesman for any socially or politically significant minority.... But we felt that the very virulence of Rockwell's messianic master-racism could transform a really searching conversation with the 48-year-old *Führer* into a revealing portrait of both rampant racism and the

[27]Not to be confused with the current *NS Bulletin,* which, as the official internal organ of the National Socialist White People's Party, was first published in January, 1967, under the editorship of Matt Koehl.

pathology of fascism."[28]

Another commented: "The question of George Lincoln Rockwell boils down, then, to the question of how far can America let the hate-mongers go. Will an unsound branch on the tree of American democracy fall off or will it poison the organism?"[29]

The really ambitious writers, editors, and reporters did not restrict themselves to such mildly prejudicial remarks but vied with one another in concocting outrageous lies about Rockwell. He was accused of cowardice, sadism, selfish gormandizing, even kidnapping: "Like the late Adolf Schickelgruber, on whom he models himself, he believes in leading from behind—as far behind as possible."[30] In one magazine, he was "quoted" as boasting that he had once "castrated a heckler with his bare hands,"[31] and another reported: "George Rockwell's hysterical raving has already whipped up the lunatic fringe to the breaking point. Last summer three of his stormtroopers decided to please the Fuehrer by kidnapping a small Jewish child in Washington, D.C., and holding him at the Party Headquarters for several hours. How many more innocent citizens will be subjected to harrassment before Robert F. Kennedy and the Justice Department move in?"[32]

Topping them all was the story that: "Like a true Nazi top dog, he avails himself of top-dog privileges and orders private meals served in his room. He partakes of such fancy fare as turtle soup, lobster, and steak while the men eat hash. Between meals he enjoys sucking kumquats."[33] This last flight of fancy is reminiscent of articles published in the "German" press (before 1933) which portrayed Adolf Hitler as a drunken profligate and lecher who dissipated the contributions of his followers in high living, champagne parties, and whoring.

Rockwell accepted these lies and slanders philosophically, for the alternative to this Jew-designed public image was no public image at all. As a matter of fact, the Jews—and non-Jewish publicists anxious to demonstrate their affection for the Jews—cannot be given all the blame for this poor image. Rockwell himself lent a conscious hand to its creation, as he admitted when he said, "... when I have the rare opportunity to use some mass medium, as was recently the case when I gave an interview to *Playboy,* I am forced to walk a careful line between what I should like to say and what the enemy would like to hear me say. Unless I deliberately sound at least halfway like a raving illiterate with three loose screws, such an interview would never be printed."[34] The price he paid for becoming generally recognized as "Mr. Nazi" was a high one indeed. Other men with sound racial instincts but without Rockwell's understanding of political realities were, naturally enough, appalled by what seemed to be Rockwell's ridiculous antics. Most people, even relatively sophisticated ones who talk knowingly about "managed news," simply find incomprehensible the Jewish "big-lie" technique. These sound but simple citizens all too often jumped to the not-implausible conclusion that Rockwell was a kind of *agent provocateur,* a traitor hired by the enemy to discredit honest

[28]"Playboy Interview: George Lincoln Rockwell," *Playboy* (April, 1966), p. 71.

[29]Charles Krause, "George Rockwell: A Myth or Real Threat to America's Peace," *Private Affairs* (June, 1962), p. 52.

[30]Jack Anderson, "Why I Quit the American Nazi Party," *Parade* (December 6, 1964), p. 29.

[31]Charles U. Daly, "The Man Who Would Bring Back Hitler," *Cavalier* (June, 1961), p. 56.

[32]Krause, *loc. cit.*

[33]Anderson, *loc. cit.*

[34]George Lincoln Rockwell, "From Ivory Tower to Privy Wall: On the Art of Propaganda," *National Socialist World,* 1 (Spring, 1966), p. 11.

racists and patriots. His correspondence with some of them displays a mixture of impatience with their inability to perceive the essence of the real problems facing our race, and a sincere desire to evoke understanding. The following extracts from a letter to a member of a snobbish racist group calling itself the "European Liberation Front" are typical:

Dear Mr. . . .:

. . . I realize that I am only a stupid, silly American, but I do love this country, in spite of your denunciation of it. What you hate about it is what the Jews have done to it, and you are like a man who permits his wife to be debauched by rapists and then tosses her in the garbage can for it. Shame on you! What you call the "American" influence on Europe is not American at all, and you damned sure should know it. The *real* American influence was Henry Ford, our West, and the like.

Europe is a tired old man—more like a tired old lady—and if Western culture is to be saved, it will be saved by the last Western barbarians, the American barbarians I love. Men like you, suave, polished, educated, supercilious, and "above" nasty physical violence, cannot save themselves, let alone a nation, a culture, or a race.

You people with your "European Liberation Front" are going at it backwards. You can't liberate Europe any more with Europeans. Hitler gave that effort every bit of holy genius within him, and he was mashed by the American barbarians. You and your egghead gang of dandies are in love with what is gone and insist on ignoring what is here. *Rome is no more.* You keep trying to resurrect it, and you can't, because there are no more noble Romans over there, at least not enough to make a real fight of it. Europe is like one big France—all empty shell, fine words, pretty songs, *and dead men.* We helped kill Europe. If you *did* liberate it, like France was "liberated," it would sink into degeneracy again in a century. . . .

There are, of course, good, vigorous fighting men in Europe, but they are swamped by the human garbage left in the wreckage of two wars promoted by Jews and fought by Americans.

I am building National Socialism *here,* by such expedients and methods as may be possible, and I am succeeding, in spite of your looking down your nose at me. . . .

Whenever I can get some or the other of you to ditch the "We're-the-*real*-National Socialists" game and start *being* National Socialists, I give strength to the cause to which I have given my life, my family, my comfort, and everything else I have to give, no matter what you may have been told. . . .

Frankness, not diplomacy, was his strong point.

In order to allay hostility and suspicion as much as he could, he was soon obliged to divert some of his energies from agitation and publicity garnering to a more sober exposition of his ideas. His first major effort in that direction was the publication of his political autobiography, *This Time the World.* Written hastily in the fall of 1960 between speaking engagements, court appearances, street brawls, and desperate attempts to raise money to sustain his small group, he was not able to publish it until a year later. The printing and binding of the book were done entirely by his untrained stormtroopers, and their only machinery was a tiny, office-style duplicator. The absolute sincerity of its tone failed to convince few of its readers, but the difficulties of distribution, due to the Jewish "quarantine," limited its circulation to a few thousand copies.

In October, 1961, the first of his *Rockwell Reports* appeared. Varying in length from four to thirty-six pages, the *Rockwell Report* appeared semi-monthly at first, then monthly, occasionally lapsing into bi-monthly publication during particularly difficult periods. The *Rockwell Reports* contained a lively mixture of National Socialist ideology, current political analysis, prognostication, political cartoons and drawings, reproductions of pertinent news clippings, and photographs of Party activities. They all bore his unique stamp and, more than any other one thing, were responsible for drawing to him the idealistic young men who formed the cadre of the growing movement. One of these young idealists was a twenty-seven-year-old Marine Corps veteran and university student who came to Arlington in 1963 to take over the internal administration of

the Party as National Secretary. His name was Matt Koehl.

From the beginning, Rockwell had understood the necessity for the National Socialist movement eventually to operate from a worldwide basis. For the ultimate *political* goal of the Movement was the establishment of an Aryan world order, a *pax Aryana,* as a prerequisite for the attainment of the long-term racial goals of the Movement. From the spring of 1959, this concept had existed on paper as the "World Union of Free-Enterprise National Socialists," but until the summer of 1962 it was not implemented beyond an exchange of letters with individual National Socialists in Europe. In early August, 1962, Rockwell met with National Socialist representatives from four other nations in the Cotswold Hills, near Cotswold, England, and the World Union of National Socialists formally came into existence. On the fifth of August the protocol now known as the Cotswold Agreements was drawn up, pledging the National Socialist movements of the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany (including Austria), and Belgium to a common effort. Annual meetings of the World Union of National Socialists were originally envisaged, but Fate and circumstances prevented this. Rockwell was under increasing pressure in America during the next five years, as the situation there grew steadily more turbulent.

Rockwell's original program was divided into three phases. The first phase, beginning in March, 1959, was to be a phase of provocative but essentially non-constructive activity, intended to generate publicity and build a public image, no matter how distorted. The second phase was to be a cadre-building phase, during which a strong, disciplined, effective, *professional* National Socialist organization was to be built and capabilities in propaganda and organizing developed to a high degree. The third phase was to be one of mass organization.

Phase one was masterfully executed. Rockwell proved himself an outstanding tactician in the rough-and-tumble game of smashing through the Jewish blackout barrier. With cool objectivity, he watched the press heap bucket after bucket of lies and filth on his image, provoking them to renewed activity whenever they tired. With keen insight he analyzed the Jewish situation. He understood that though they occupied the key positions of control in the public-opinion-forming networks, they were constrained to a large extent by the fact that that control must remain hidden from the public. Furthermore, he understood the fact that a very substantial portion of the reporters, editors, columnists, newscasters, and even many individual newspaper and broadcast-station owners are not Jews, and, barring direct and categorical orders to the contrary from the key Jews, these people can be counted upon to react in a more-or-less predictable way to a given stimulus. Thus, by taking a position and making statements which seemed extreme and even ridiculous to the "average citizen," he could entice publicists to quote him widely, thinking thus to discredit both the man and the philosophy with these average citizens. What they failed to understand was that before the Movement could profit from any mass appeal, it had to appeal to a large number of very *un*-average citizens—fearless idealists who could form the National Socialist cadre. And these men responded in a very different way to Rockwell's message than did the liberal publicists or their "average" audience. They saw beyond the superficial "ridiculousness" of his message to the kernel of deep truth that it contained. While the average citizen, incapable of thinking beyond the immediate problems of the day, found Rockwell's message "too extreme," just as the publicists intended, those who could extrapolate in their minds the developments of the present to the consequences of tomorrow—and of a century hence—saw the compelling necessity of his demands. But such men are rather sparsely distributed throughout the population, and to reach them Rockwell needed to cast his net very wide; this the publicists helped him do while they thought to

"smear" him. Rockwell also understood that the image of him being erected in the minds of the masses, while a liability now, had a value for the future, when conditions had ripened so that at least some of those masses were ready for an "extremist."

Phase two—cadre building and organizational development—in a sense was co-extant with phase one, for from the very beginning Rockwell's publicity began to attract a few of the idealists needed for phase two, and these men began to constitute the skeleton of the organizational structure which was later to be filled out. Even a bit of phase three entered the picture during the first phase, when Rockwell conducted a campaign to become governor of the state of Virginia in 1965. This election campaign proved to be a period of extremely valuable training not only for Rockwell but for the leadership personnel of his entire Party. Realizing the eventual need to develop proficiency at mass campaigning, Rockwell decided to begin acquiring experience in that direction soon rather than late. As he later admitted, after winning less than 1.5% of the votes cast, the campaign also provided a more fundamental lesson and helped him to realistically re-evaluate the entire status of the Movement. Before, he had taken the overly optimistic view that the Movement would begin to pick up substantial mass following as soon as it had gained sufficient publicity through his phase-one activities; that is, he believed that phases two and three would be largely concurrent. After the Virginia campaign, having been reminded once again of the stupendous inertia of public opinion, he realized that phase two would be much longer than originally anticipated, and that the beginning of any substantial success from phase-three activity would have to await two things: a considerable internal strengthening of the Movement and a considerable worsening of the general racial-social-economic situation.

With this first thing in mind, he made the decision in 1966 to inaugurate a general reorientation of Party activity. As mentioned before, the first two phases of Party activity overlapped to a large extent, and the transition between the two was marked primarily by a shift of emphasis. Phase one was the "Nazi" era of the Movement. Phase two is the beginning of the National Socialist era. In line with this re-emphasis, the American Nazi Party officially became the National Socialist White People's Party on January 1, 1967, and that date can reasonably be considered to mark the transition. Six months earlier, the appearance of *National Socialist World* was a major step in this direction. And six months after that date—in June, 1967—a historic reorganizational conference of the Party leadership was held in Arlington. There Rockwell set the Movement on its new course, explaining the need for a total professionalization of every activity, from fund raising to propaganda writing, in order to meet the severe demands to be expected during the long period of growth and struggle ahead.

He was now forty-nine years old. For the past eight years he had been working an average sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. The strain on his physical and spiritual resources had been severe. Usually he was obliged to concentrate on several tasks simultaneously. There was always a demonstration to be planned, a speech to be prepared, propaganda to be written, a court case to be fought, money to be raised . . . and everything to be done under nearly impossible working conditions, with incessant interruptions. Only the immense vitality of his rugged, six-foot-four-inch frame and a deep reserve of spiritual strength had sustained him in the past. The course that lay ahead would certainly be no easier; on the contrary, in addition to the old tasks connected with agitation and publicity, there would be many new problems to be faced as the Movement continued into its new phase of activity.

Other men—strong men—might have yielded to the temptation to remain with a prescription to which they had become accustomed and not venture from a beaten

path into strange and difficult territory. The slightest trace of subjectivity would allow them to bring forth a hundred reasons for not changing a *modus operandi* which they had found successful in the past. And yet it was characteristic of Rockwell that he did not hesitate for an instant. When he saw that the time had come for the Movement to change its tactics and accept a different set of challenges, he set himself to the new task with the same determination that he had shown throughout the first phase.

Now it was necessary to build up a whole new public image for the Party, or, rather, gradually to transform the grossly distorted image he had induced the enemy to build for him to one closer to the truth. It was a demanding task, and he spent the summer of 1967 in laying plans for the future and in finishing his new book, *White Power.*

In one of his last letters, written in August to two faithful Party comrades, man and wife, he reveals a little of the introspection which occupied his mind at this decisive time:

Dear . . .:

By no means do I get the solid feeling that . . . [you] are clear in your own minds on what has been done, what should be done now, and what might be done (or not done) in the future.

For this reason, after much of my favorite recent hobby—tossing and turning—I have arisen as dawn is creeping over this benighted city to set forth on paper some thoughts which might help. (And often I find that such efforts to help others, help me in the process.)

There is no plan or overall approach in this letter; it's just jewels, pearls, and clinkers from a mind which seems to be in a state of near-collapse and rebellion.

First let me present an insoluble problem within me. Doing my best to learn from history, I am aware of a fact of all great struggles. There have been millions of causes, battles, and so on, almost all of them lost. History rarely records the losers, except when they get hacked up in a particularly interesting and dramatic manner.

But there are some winners, who do get recorded in history. I have examined these pretty carefully (wishing someday to join their exalted ranks) to see if there is any common pattern to their activity on this planet which might be a key to *why* they won, when almost everybody loses.

There is absolutely no doubt about it; there is such a pattern, even though the causes and struggles vary in content or aim from Lenin's Bolshevism to Adolf Hitler's National Socialism, from a little old lady set on running her neighbor out of town to Genghis Khan and his human-hamburger machine. The winners in every case have been more determined, more fanatical in their ruthless refusal to quit, than their competitors. This would seem to indicate that victory is given to him who is most persevering.

But this has not been true, either. History abounds with persevering nuts who have repeatedly hopped off hills and buildings wearing "wings" and just as repeatedly landed on their behinds until there was nothing left. . . .

The conclusion I reach from all this is that it takes three things to make a winner: a good cause, i.e., a cause which is in time, in phase, and needed; a leader who is *unshakeable* in his determination to fight as long as he has a couple of stumps for legs and who can inspire that same will in his troops; and some plain good luck.

As I examine my own cause, leadership, and luck, I find that it is absolutely impossible for me to make a detached judgment on whether I am one of the fanatics hopping off a hill with a pair of Woolworth, glue-and-feathers wings, or whether I am one of the guys who gets modelled into stone images for the benefit of pigeons. . . .

I do not think either of you knows the answer to that one, either. However, I have the advantage over both of you in that I long, long ago made up my mind that the best thing I can do with my life—what's left of it—is to take aim, do my best to control the inevitable shaking, and *never take my eye and heart off the target until it goes down.* . . .

On the twenty-fifth of August, a Friday, at two minutes before noon, near his Arlington headquarters, an assassin's bullet struck him down.

The murderer, a man whom Rockwell had expelled from the Party a few months earlier for his repeated attempts to inject Marxist ideas subtly into Party publications and for publicly expounding a doctrine of racial bolshevism, had lain in ambush

atop a nearby building and fired into Rockwell's car as it drove by. Ironically, Rockwell had rescued this puffed-up little Bolshevik from the gutters of New York City eight years before, and he had taken an almost fatherly interest in him ever since. He had never given up his repeated attempts to instill a little decency and sense of honor into him, despite overwhelming evidence that the man was a compulsive liar and thief and an incurable conspirator. All his well-meant efforts in this direction were rewarded only with heartache after heartache over the years—and finally with death, when the vicious little punk he thought he could make into a man found a chance to "get even" for being expelled from the Party.

Following a denial by the United States government of Commander Rockwell's right to burial in a national cemetery, his Party comrades had his body cremated, and a National Socialist memorial service was held in Arlington on the afternoon of August 30. Matt Koehl, new National Leader of the National Socialist White People's Party and Acting Commander of the World Union of National Socialists, delivered the brief eulogy below:

"National Socialist comrades! Fellow white Americans! Today we take upon ourselves the sorrowful task of laying to rest the mortal remains of our beloved Commander, Lincoln Rockwell, martyred by the bullet of a cowardly assassin. To those of us who worked with him every day, to those Party comrades all over America, and to dedicated National Socialists throughout the world the staggering loss imposed by his death will only be fully felt in the days and years of struggle which lie ahead of us all. His inspiration and his will, the depth of his wisdom and the heroism of his spirit—these are the things which gave us the motivation and the guidance we sorely needed to keep up the fight on so many dark days in years past.

"The stunning suddenness of his departure and the ensuing turmoil of the last few days have kept us from yet assessing the magnitude of our loss. But even harder to bear than this, perhaps, has been the utterly shabby—the despicably shameful—treatment of our fallen Commander by a government of the nation he served so faithfully throughout all the years of his manhood. George Lincoln Rockwell gave his life in the struggle against Bolshevism at a time when thousands of other American fighting men on the other side of the world are also falling victims to that same Bolshevism—and yet an American government has denied his request to be laid to rest in the place of his choice.

"George Lincoln Rockwell served America for twenty years and through two wars, risking his life again and again in defense of the land and the people he loved so well. He was no armchair soldier, but he chose of his own will that soldierly profession demanding the very highest order of courage and skill: he was a fighter pilot. His dedication to duty, his daring, his proficiency led him from the rank of Seaman to that of full Commander, gave him the leadership of three squadrons, and earned him nine decorations. And an American government does not hold him fit to be buried beside his fellow fighting men.

"George Lincoln Rockwell has sacrificed more and fought harder for the things he held dear—his native land, his fellow countrymen, and above all his race—than any man now living. He saw his duty and unflinchingly did it, even when that duty led him into opposition to nearly all those around him. He saw further than other men, and he fought harder. Indeed, in this latter regard he cherished the maxim of the great Leader whose philosophy moulded his own thoughts: *Those who want to live, let them fight; and those who do not want to fight in this world of eternal struggle do not deserve to live.*

"He fought, and he died. And yet Lincoln Rockwell is not really dead, for he built a Movement and he spread an idea, and that Movement was not destroyed nor that idea silenced by the bullet that struck him down. And so long as that Movement remains and that idea continues to fill the

hearts and minds of men, the spirit of Lincoln Rockwell lives on.

"The ashes of the martyr lie here before us, and we cannot help but be filled with a solemn sense of tragedy. Yet we are not really here to mourn him, but to honor him and to rededicate ourselves to the Cause which he served. In the times ahead we must redouble our efforts, so that he will not have died in vain. We must let his great sacrifice serve to inspire us onward in our struggle toward victory—the victory of our people, of our great White race, over the disease which now afflicts it and the enemies who now oppress it. Indeed, at this moment we must bear in mind that old saying which the Commander paraphrased for us: 'The stones and mortar of our Movement are the bones and blood of its martyrs.' It is this aspect of his death that he would now want us to keep uppermost in mind, forgetting our sorrow and filling ourselves with pride at the knowledge we followed such a leader.

"For it was he, Lincoln Rockwell, who again picked up the torch which fell to earth twenty-two years ago. Adolf Hitler founded our great Movement and will forever fill a unique position in the sagas of our race; but had it not been for Lincoln Rockwell, Adolf Hitler's mighty work might well have been in vain. It was Lincoln Rockwell who set us once again on the upward path when we had faltered and wanted to go back again. It was his example which inspired us to do what we knew we should do rather than that which was easiest to do. It was his hand which led us out of the maze of defeat and degeneration and despair, and pointed the way toward higher things; and his voice which reminded us over and over again that we must continue the struggle for our race.

"As we lay to rest the mortal remains of Lincoln Rockwell, it is appropriate to read once again that passage from the Leader's book which he loved best. I shall read from chapter twelve of the first volume of the Commander's personal copy of *Mein Kampf:*

"'*When human hearts break and human souls despair, the great vanquishers of distress and care, of shame and misery, of spiritual slavery and physical duress look down upon them from the twilight of the past and hold out their eternal hands to fainthearted mortals. Woe to the people that is ashamed to grasp them!*'"

A NATIONAL SOCIALIST CHRONICLE: 1889-1933

by Hans Volz

Every National Socialist should be familiar with the early history of the Movement. In particular he should keep in mind the various landmarks in its development; he should know the important dates which mark significant victories or major sacrifices in the early struggle.

Unfortunately there are no entirely satisfactory histories of this period available in the English language. The following brief chronicle has been translated from the original German. It appeared under the title "Das Werden der Partei" *in the issue of* Der Schulungsbrief *for August and September, 1938, published by the office of the Reichsorganisationsleiter of the NSDAP. The most memorable dates below are printed in italics.*

Adolf Hitler's Youth

April 20, 1889: Adolf Hitler is born at Braunau am Inn, the son of an Austrian customs official, Alois Hitler, and his wife Klara, nee Pölzl. Of his early years in Braunau, Hitler later wrote: *"I remember only little of this period, for after a few years my father had to leave the little border town he had learned to love, moving on down the Inn to take a new position at Passau, that is, in Germany proper."*[1] (This move came in 1892.)

"In those days constant moving was the lot of an Austrian customs official. A short time later my father was transferred to Linz, and he finally retired on a pension there [in 1895]. . . .

"He bought a farm near the market village of Lambach, in Upper Austria, which he worked himself, thus returning after a long and active life to the origins of his ancestors."[2]

In 1899 the family moved to Leonding, near Linz, where they lived until the death of the father in 1903. In this year the mother and the children moved to Linz. Here the young Hitler underwent an inner change, becoming a revolutionary nationalist as he learned history and began to understand its meaning.

His plans for an occupation as an artist, which had brought him into strong opposition to his father, were shattered through his father's sudden death and, five years later (in 1908), the death of his mother.

Apprenticeship in Vienna and Munich, 1908-1914

"With a suitcase filled with clothes and underwear in my hand and an unshakable will in my heart, I journeyed to Vienna. I, too, wanted to become 'something'—but under no conditions a civil servant."[3]

Hitler was tirelessly active in Vienna. He earned his daily bread as a bricklayer's helper and by sketching and painting in water colors. In every spare hour he studied social, economic, and national problems, thus building a firm foundation for his world view. He became a socialist, a nationalist, and an anti-Semite.

[1] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, I, chap. 1.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.*

April 24, 1912: He realizes a cherished wish with his arrival in Munich. There he becomes particularly concerned with problems of foreign policy.

Hitler as a Soldier at the Front

August 2, 1914: Outbreak of the World War. Hitler finds himself among the impassioned throng in front of the Feldherrnhalle in Munich.

August 3, 1914: Hitler petitions King Ludwig III for admission into the Bavarian Army. To his great joy this petition is granted the following day.

August 16, 1914: Hitler enters the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment as a volunteer. This unit, known as the List Regiment, later achieves everlasting glory through its heroic fight in Flanders. He belongs to this regiment until the end of the war and fights with it in some 48 battles on the Western front.

October 10, 1914: The List Regiment moves into battle.

December 2, 1914: Hitler is decorated with the Iron Cross, Second Class, for heroism and outstanding initiative as a messenger during the assault on the Bayernwald, near Wytschaete.

October 27, 1915: Hitler is promoted to lance corporal.

October 7, 1916: Hitler is wounded in the Battle of the Somme, near Barque (his thigh is lacerated by a piece of shrapnel). The List Regiment reports 26 officers and 1078 non-commissioned officers and men dead, wounded, or missing after this battle. Hitler is sent to the field hospital in Beelitz. In the spring, he writes a request to his regiment: "I was discharged two days ago. I obediently request an immediate recall to my regiment. I do not want to go back to Munich while my comrades are facing the enemy."

At the end of 1916 Hitler is invited to accept a transfer to the Austrian Army. He declines, thereby losing his Austrian citizenship.

March 5, 1917: Return to the front.

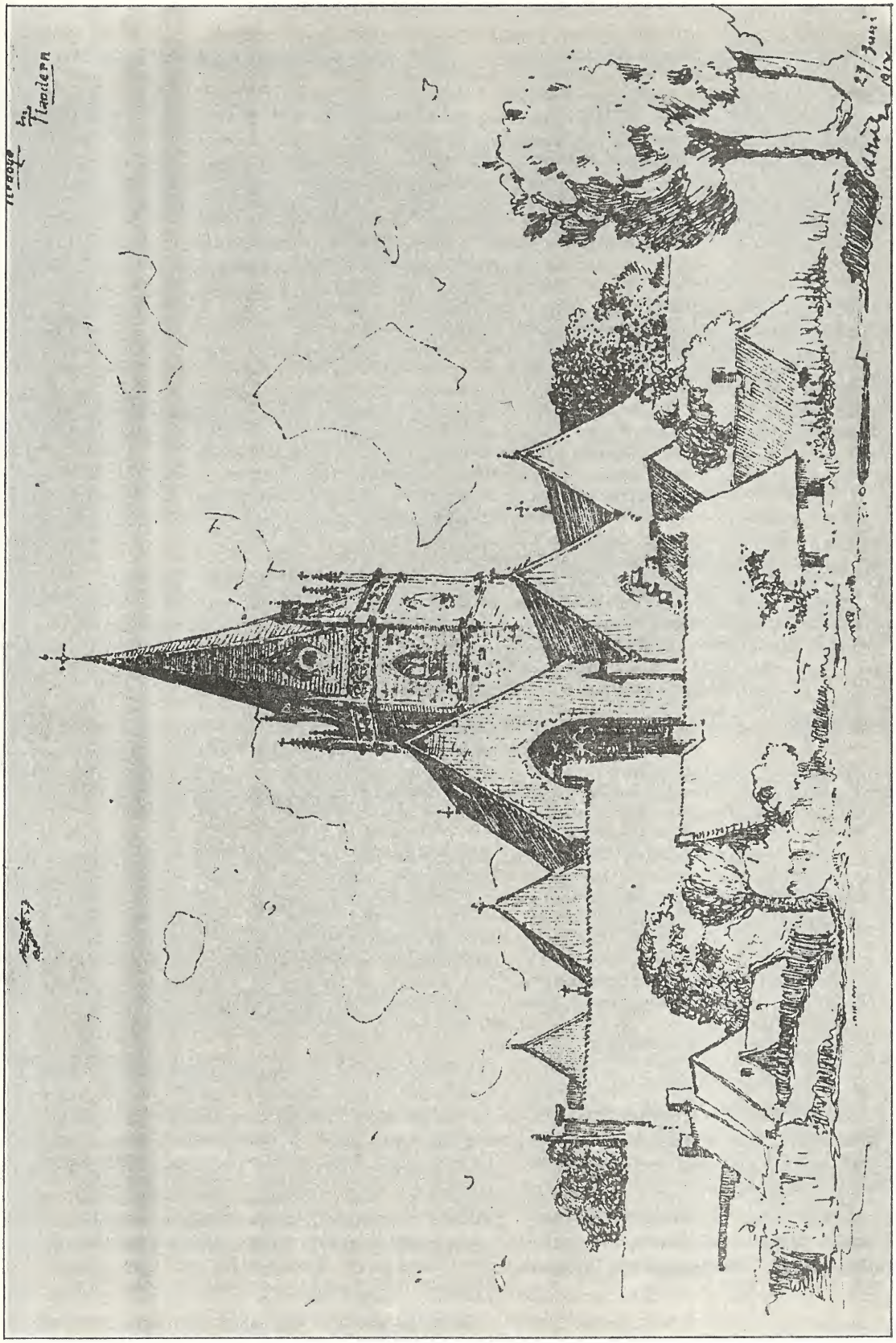
September 17, 1917: Hitler is decorated with the Military Service Cross, Third Class, with Swords.

May 9, 1918: He receives a regimental commendation for outstanding bravery in the face of the enemy during the battle of Fontaine.

May 18, 1918: He receives a medal for battle wounds.

August 4, 1918: He receives the Iron Cross, First Class. In the battle for the bridgehead at Montdidier he had to take important messages to the front. As he arrived at the totally demolished bunkers, he was suddenly confronted by a troop of French soldiers. With lightning swiftness and presence of mind, he grasped the situation. With his rifle at the ready he called to the Frenchmen in their native tongue, *"Rendez-vous; toute defense est inutile. Une compagnie est derriere moi!"* ("Surrender; all resistance is futile. A company is behind me!") The French dropped their weapons, and, alone, Hitler led fifteen men and one officer back as prisoners.

A citation written by his regimental commander on July 31, 1918, stated: "Since the arrival of the regiment at the front, Hitler has distinguished himself in every battle. As a messenger in both defensive and offensive operations he has exhibited exemplary coolness and efficiency and has always been ready, as a volunteer, to carry messages into the most difficult positions, at great danger to his life. After a breakdown of all communications in the most serious battle situations it was due to the untiring and self-sacrificing activity of Hitler that important messages could be delivered. . . . I consider Hitler fully worthy to receive the Iron Cross, First Class."



A drawing from Hitler's sketchbook, dated June 27, 1917. The scene is Ardoye, in Flanders.

August 25, 1918: Duty Medal, Third Class.

October 14, 1918: During the battle of Ypres, near Montagne, Hitler is severely poisoned by mustard gas and is temporarily blinded as a result. He drags himself to his destination, delivers his message—his last in the war—and is sent to the field hospital, blind.

November 9, 1918: In the reserve hospital at Pasewalk (October 21–November 19, 1918) he receives the crushing news of the November revolts by the Marxists.

Hitler's Decision to Become a Politician

In his fatherland's hour of deepest need, the wounded lance corporal decides to become a politician while in the military hospital at Pasewalk. At the end of November, 1918, he returns to his reserve battalion, and from there to the military camp at Traunstein (about 50 miles southeast of Munich), where he remains until March, 1919. When this camp is disbanded, he returns again to Munich.

April 6, 1919: A soviet dictatorship is proclaimed in Munich.

April 27, 1919: The Central Soviet orders Hitler's arrest because of his "counter-revolutionary activities." The attempted arrest is thwarted by his personal bravery.

May 2, 1919: Munich is freed from the soviet dictatorship. Hitler is ordered by the Second Infantry Regiment to appear before the committee investigating the revolution. Because of his political stand he is appointed Educational Officer to the 41st Bavarian Rifle Regiment. This marks the beginning of his real political activity. He briefly considers forming a "Social Revolutionary Party."

In May, 1919, in an indoctrination course, he hears Gottfried Feder for the first time speak about "breaking the interest bondage."

The German Workers' Party

The German Workers' Party *(Deutsche Arbeiterpartei)*[4] was founded on **January 5, 1919**, by the writer, Karl Harrer, and the locksmith, Anton Drexler, in the Fürstenfelderhof in Munich. Harrer was chairman of the national organization of the Party, and Drexler was chairman of the local group in Munich. In the winter of 1918-19 Drexler also formed the Political Workers' Circle.

In the summer of 1919 the patriotic and anti-Semitic poet, Dietrich Eckart (born ***March 23, 1868***), who pursued similar goals, placed himself at the disposal of the German Workers' Party for lectures (first on August 15, 1919) and other assistance and relinquished his plan for a "German Citizens' Union." He exerted a strong influence on the philosophical basis of the Party. Since December 7, 1918, Eckart had published a weekly periodical called *Auf gut Deutsch (In Good German)* with the help of Alfred Rosenberg and Gottfried Feder.

September 12, 1919: In the course of his military duties Hitler visits a meeting of the German Workers' Party, which is still completely unknown at this time.

September 16, 1919: Hitler becomes the seventh member of the Workers' Circle and the German Workers' Party. On this day the actual history of the National Socialist movement begins. Hitler begins his activity as a propagandist. The meetings grow from 7 to 11, 13, 17, 23, 34 persons.

October 16, 1919: At the first larger meeting (111 visitors) Hitler's first public speech is a great success. In further meetings in October in the Eberlbräukeller the number of visitors grows to 170. The first enemy attempts at disorder are repulsed, and Hitler's oratory scores another great success. His drive and management lead to

[4]Originally, German Workers' Union *(Deutscher Arbeiterverein).*

still larger meetings in the Deutsches Reich, on Äusere Dachauer Strasse. The number of visitors has grown to over 400 by the end of 1919.

The Early Beginning of the NSDAP (1920-1923)

January 1, 1920: At Hitler's instigation the first office of the Party is established in the Sterneckerbraü, in Munich. Rudolf Schüssler is employed as the first office manager. There are 64 registered members.

January 5, 1920: Harrer (dies September 5, 1926) resigns as the first chairman of the German Worker's Party and is succeeded by Drexler. Hitler remains as the director of propaganda, with the title "Recruiting Supervisor."

February 24, 1920: The first mass meeting of the Party, in the Festsaal of the Hofbräuhaus in Munich. Before an audience of 2000 persons Hitler proclaims and explains the Twenty-five Points which he, Drexler, and Feder have worked out as the program of the German Workers' Party, which is to be renamed National Socialist German Workers' Party (NSDAP) a week later. The meeting is a decisive success, despite a quickly suppressed attempt by the Marxist opposition to break it up. Emil Maurice establishes a small but energetic and aggressive Order Troop *(Ordnertruppe)* to assure the safety of National Socialist meetings.

In a speech in the Hofbräuhaus Festsaal on the eighth anniversary of this occasion, Adolf Hitler recalls:

"On the 24th of February, 1920, we ventured to summon the populace of this city into this hall for the sake of a new Party, with a new program and with new men, all unknown. Some who came in here were enraged at our impudence. We ourselves were shocked by our own audacity.

"Would one of us be able to speak in this hall? Would he get stagefright, begin to falter after the tenth sentence, and be forced to quit amid hoots and whistles? Because we succeeded then, this hall is sacred to us and will remain forever in our memory. When we came in here we saw our opponents, the Reds, and there was no mistaking their enmity. Dr. Dingfelder spoke first. Then I had the honor to speak before a great human throng for the first time. I had not spoken ten minutes when I was subjected to an uninterrupted roar of shouts and heckling. A tiny band of my truest supporters threw themselves onto the hecklers time after time, amid the flashing of weapons. After two hours we slowly began to prevail. I will never forget those moments as we read our program for the first time and challenged the people, 'Now, try to stop us!' Nothing that we accomplished later was as difficult as this first step."

March 13-17, 1920: The Kapp putsch. Hitler flies to Berlin with Eckart in order to take a hand in the political situation there, but the putsch has already been suppressed by the time he arrives.

April 1, 1920: Hitler is mustered out of the army.

April 18, 1920: The first local group of the NSDAP outside Munich is established in Rosenheim.

Summer, 1920: Hitler designs the symbols of his movement: the swastika banner, the armband, and the Party badge.[5] Two years later the stormtroop section receives its first standards, likewise Hitler's creation.

August 7-8, 1920: Assembly of various national-socialist parties in Salzburg. The NSDAP joins a confederation of parties, which had been organized on December 8, 1919, by Dr. Walter Riehl of Vienna. Parties represented beside the NSDAP are the German National Socialist Party in the Sudetenland and Austria and the German

[5]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, II, chap. 7.

First NSDAP Headquarters in the Sterneckerbräu, Munich, opened January 1, 1920.

Socialist Party.[6]

September 29–October 11, 1920: Hitler speaks in the parliamentary election campaign in German Austria (Innsbruck, Salzburg, Vienna, St. Pölten).

December 17, 1920: With Dietrich Eckart's help, Hitler acquires for the NSDAP the first National Socialist newspaper, the *Völkischer Beobachter,* formerly published twice weekly as a nationalist paper. After February 8, 1923, it is published daily.

January 21, 1921: At a general meeting of NSDAP members in Munich, the former officers are re-elected. Anton Drexler is the chairman and Oskar Körner the vice-chairman. At this time the NSDAP has nearly 3000 registered members.

Between February 24, 1920, and January 21, 1921, the Party held 46 mass meetings in Munich.

February 3, 1921: For the first time, a mass meeting of the NSDAP is held in the giant Zirkus Krone in Munich, as a protest against the French demand for 269 billion gold marks in reparations. Besides Eckart, Hitler speaks to 6500 listeners on the theme *"Zukunft oder Untergang"* ("Future or Downfall").[7]

July 29, 1921: After serious deliberations among the Party leadership and violent intrigues against Hitler, he is elected Party chairman at a special meeting of the general membership. Oskar Körner remains vice-chairman, and Anton Drexler receives a lifetime honorary chairmanship of the NSDAP. Through new bylaws Hitler receives special powers. The Party is reorganized, and the principle of individual responsibility replaces the former policy of majority rule by the Party board.

August 1, 1921: Max Amann, Hitler's sergeant during the World War, is named business manager of the Party.

August 3, 1921: Establishment of the **SA** as a defense and propaganda troop of the NSDAP. Retired naval lieutenant Johann Ulrich Klintzsch, a member of the Ehrhardt Brigade (founded on March 1, 1919), is placed at Hitler's disposal as an organizer by Ehrhardt. At Hitler's order Klintzsch issues an appeal for enlistment in the newly formed "Gymnastic and Sports Division" of the NSDAP. The only identification used by members of the **SA** is the swastika armband.

October 11, 1921: In Zwickau, Fritz Tittmann establishes the first local group of the NSDAP outside Bavaria.

November 1, 1921: A larger business office of the NSDAP is opened at 12 Corneliusstrasse, in Munich. A central card file of members is formed.

November 4, 1921: A fight breaks out during a meeting of the NSDAP in the Hofbräuhaus in Munich, where Hitler is speaking on the topic, "Who are the Murderers?" Forty-six members of the **SA** defeat 800 Marxists who had intended to disrupt the meeting, driving them from the hall. After this, no

[6]The first of these was founded in Bohemia in November, 1903, as the German Workers' Party of Austria. In May, 1918, the name was changed to German National Socialist Workers' Party of Austria. After the collapse of the Hapsburg monarchy the party was divided into two branches: the German National Socialist Workers' Party in the Sudetenland under Hans Knirsch and Rudolf Jung, and the German National Socialist Workers' Party of Austria under Dr. Walter Riehl.

The second was founded in Munich in the summer of 1919 as the German Socialist Labor Union by Hans Georg Grassinger. The chief representative of this party, Julius Streicher, brought his own anti-Semitic movement into the NSDAP on October 2, 1922, with the establishment of a local group in Nürnberg. His newspaper, *Der S. mer,* first appeared on April 16, 1923.

[7]Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* II, chap. 7.

National Socialist meeting in Munich is disturbed until November 9, 1923.[8]

December 8, 1921: In Berlin, at the National Club, Hitler first establishes contact with North German nationalist groups.

January 29-30, 1922: Party convention and general membership meeting of the NSDAP in Munich. A number of local chapters of the Party from other areas are represented. At this time the NSDAP has about 6000 registered members.

Between February 24, 1920, and January 30, 1922, the Party held 81 mass rallies in Munich.

March 8, 1922: Hitler establishes the Youth League *(Jugendbund)* of the NSDAP.

March 17, 1922: The Bavarian administration of Count Lerchenfeld plans to expel Hitler from Bavaria.

May 29, 1922: Hitler gives his first speech in Berlin, at the National Club.

June 24–July 27, 1922: Hitler in prison. He was sentenced to three months imprisonment on a charge of disturbing the peace, as a result of the breakup of a meeting of the Bavarian League on August 9, 1921. After serving one month he is put on probation for the remainder of his sentence.

August 16, 1922: At a gigantic meeting of both National Socialists and members of other patriotic organizations (about 60,000 men), Hitler speaks on the Königsplatz in Munich against the repressive "Law for the Defense of the Republic," legislated as a result of the shooting of Rathenau on June 24.

October 14-15, 1922: "German Day" in Coburg. Eight hundred **SA** men from Munich and other Bavarian towns, under the leadership of Hitler and Klintzsch, engage Red terrorists in a great street battle, decisively defeating them. This is the first major penetration of the Party into northern Bavaria.[9]

November 9, 1922: Merger of the NSDAP with other patriotic groups to form the United Patriotic Leagues of Bavaria, in the Hofbräuhaus in Munich.

November 15, 1922: The NSDAP is outlawed in Prussia. On the 19th the front group, *Grossdeutsche Arbeiterpartei* (Greater German Workers' Party), is formed, but it is in turn outlawed on January 19, 1923, as is another front formed shortly thereafter, *Grossdeutsche Bewegung* (Greater German Movement) of the *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei* (German National Freedom Party).

January 26, 1923: Fearing a *putsch* by Hitler, who did not join the National Unity Front (which contained everyone else from German nationalists to Social Democrats) when the French occupied the Ruhr on January 11, the Knilling administration of Bavaria (in office from November 8, 1922, till June 28, 1924) decrees a state of emergency (lifted February 6) in order to hinder the celebration of the National Socialist Party Congress in Munich. The planned outdoor ceremonies (consecration of the standards) and twelve mass meetings (with the theme, "What must happen now, and what do we National Socialists want?") are all banned.

As a result of the intercession of the *Reichswehr (Generalmajor* von Epp and others) in Hitler's behalf, the first National Party Congress of the NSDAP is able to be celebrated peacefully in Munich from the 27th to the 29th of January. The first four standards are consecrated: Munich, Munich II, Nürnberg, and Landshut. The first companies of stormtroopers appear in their new **SA** uniforms (armbands, jackets, and caps). National Socialists who attempt to

[8] *Ibid.*

[9] *Ibid.*, chap. 9.

travel to Munich by train from North Germany are intercepted and held in Gera by the Red administration of Thuringia.

February 26, 1923: Dr. Karl Winter, in Höllstein, Baden, becomes the first National Socialist to be murdered by Marxists.

In February, 1923, the formation of the Working Association of Patriotic Fighting Leagues has its beginning. Although there is no unified political leadership yet, *Oberstleutnant* Hermann Kriebel is the military leader.

March 1, 1923: Hermann Göring, last leader of the Richthofen Squadron in the World War, takes over the leadership of the entire **SA.**

Adolf Hitler later writes of this period in the *Völkischer Beobachter: "In the* **SA** *room, which was a former tavern kitchen, dwelt the supreme* **SA** *commander, Hermann Göring; the leader of the Munich regiment,* Oberleutnant *Brückner; and a number of other employees, including even the bookkeeper. The document cabinet of the* **SA** *had previously been the icebox, and the* **SA** *commander's desk consisted of a few boards placed over the sink."*

March 10, 1923: Alfred Rosenberg becomes the editor-in-chief of the *Völkischer Beobachter.* (He had been an editor since July, 1921.)

In March, 1923, in an accord with the German nationalist leader, Albrecht von Graefe, Hitler temporarily relinquishes North Germany as a sphere of influence to the *Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei* (under Graefe), since the NSDAP is at this time banned almost everywhere there (Prussia, Saxony, Thuringia, Hamburg, and Schaumberg-Lippe; also Baden and, later, Hessen [after April 29] and Braunschweig [after September 18]). At the same time he reserves South Germany for the NSDAP.

May 1, 1923: Armed demonstration by the Working Association of Patriotic Fighting Leagues at the Oberwiesenfeld, Munich. Hitler's plan to put a final halt to Marxism on the occasion of the Red May Day celebration is thwarted by the intervention of the authorities.

An investigation of Hitler, initiated as a result of these events, is not called off until May 24, 1924.

May 26, 1923: The National Socialist, Albert Schlageter, is murdered by the French occupation forces, on the Golzheimer Heide near Düsseldorf.

July 15, 1923: Thirteenth German Gymnastic Festival in Munich. After a rally at the Zirkus, in which Hitler speaks, the police break up the parade of gymnasts and **SA** and take the opportunity to seize one of the Munich **SA** standards. (It is ceremoniously returned to the **SA** on March 15, 1933.)

September 1-2, 1923: "German Day" in Nürnberg. General Ludendorff, who first met Hitler in the year 1921, is present. Founding of the *Deutsche Kampfbund* (German Fighting Association)[10] under Hitler and Göring, the *Reichsflagge* under Captain Heiss, and the *Bund Oberland* under Dr. Weber. The National Socialist, Max Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, is the business manager of the *Kampfbund.*

September 25, 1923: Hitler takes over the political leadership of the *Kampfbund.* As before, the military leader is *Oberstleutnant* Kriebel.

September 26, 1923: The political situation is tense, with the termination of the Ruhr struggle, economic difficulties and progressive depreciation of the currency through inflation, Red uprisings in Saxony and Thuringia, and Hitler the political leader of the *Kampfbund.* These things lead the Bavarian government to appoint the Upper

[10]The *Deutsche Kampfbund* incorporated elements of the earlier Working Association of Patriotic Fighting Leagues.

Bavarian President, Dr. von Kahr, to the post of General Commissioner and to hand over the full administrative authority in Bavaria to him. He decrees a state of emergency in Bavaria and forbids fourteen mass rallies which Hitler has planned for the 27th, with the theme, "Down with the Ruhr traitors!"

On the same evening the German President, Ebert, declares a state of emergency for the entire country and hands over full authority to the Minister of Defense, Gessler, who in turn gives full authority to the regional military commanders. In Bavaria (Region VII), this is General von Lossow. Lossow, however, subordinates himself to Kahr.

September 30, 1923: "German Day" in Bayreuth. Parade of 4000 **SA** men before Hitler. For the first time Hitler meets Siegfried and Winifred Wagner, and also Houston Stewart Chamberlain.

October 7, 1923: Defection of the *Reichsflagge* (under Heiss) from Hitler and the *Kampfbund.*

October 11-12, 1923: The National Socialists in the *Reichsflagge* form a separate unit loyal to Hitler, the *Reichskriegsflagge.*

October 19-20, 1923: Renewal of the conflict between Bavaria and the German government. During this period the slogan, "March on Berlin," is originated. (The conflict is not finally settled until February 18, 1924.)

Kahr and Lossow refuse to enforce the ban on the *Völkischer Beobachter* ordered by Gessler. As a result Gessler dismisses Lossow, and the Bavarian government in turn appoints him Bavarian provincial commander.

The Revolution of November 8-9, 1923

November 8, 1923: In the evening Hitler interrupts a speech by Kahr in the Bürgerbräukeller to proclaim a national revolution and a dictatorship. He declares both the national and the Bavarian governments to be deposed and proclaims in their place a provisional "German National Administration" with himself as National Chancellor, General Ludendorff as National Administrator and leader of a new National Army, von Lossow as National Defense Minister, von Seisser (a local police official) as National Police Minister, Feder as National Finance Minister, von Kahr as Provincial Administrator for Bavaria, Ernst Pöhner as Bavarian President, and Dr. Wilhelm Frick as Munich Police Commissioner. The Bavarian President, Knilling, and a number of other officials are arrested. Hitler is backed by the **SA**, the *Reichskriegsflagge,* and the *Bund Oberland,* and he also counts on the co-operation of Kahr, Lossow, and von Seisser, as well as the Bavarian Army and the State Police.

The infantry school in Munich comes over to Hitler's side and places itself under the leadership of the former *Freikorps* leader, *Oberleutnant* Rossbach, and Lieutenant Robert Wagner (after March 25, 1925, District Leader of the NSDAP in Baden). Four hundred men of the *Reichskriegsflagge* occupy the War Ministry. Heinrich Himmler is their standard bearer. At Göring's order, the Hitler Shocktroop *(Stosstrupp Hitler),* under Berchtold, destroys the building of the Social Democratic newspaper, the *Münchener Post.* (As a consequence, on April 28, 1924, 40 members of the *Stosstrupp* are sentenced to terms of imprisonment from fifteen months to two years.)

After Hitler's proclamation, Kahr, Seisser, and Lossow are allowed by Ludendorff to remain at liberty after giving their word of honor not to interfere with the revolution. But they break their promises and organize the suppression of the revolution. They call in outside military reinforcements and police. That same night Kahr decrees the dissolution of the NSDAP, together with the **SA**, the *Reichskriegsflagge,* and the *Bund Oberland.*

The Party has 55,787 registered members at this time. The *Völkischer Beobachter* is banned (until February 26, 1925). All Party property is confiscated and its busi-

Proklamation.

An alle Deutschen!

Die Revolution der Novemberverbrecher ist mit dem heutigen Tage beendet, das Regiment wirtschaftlicher Schieber und politischer Banner gebrochen, ein

DEUTSCHE NATIONALREGIERUNG

ist proklamiert. Fünf Jahre sind heute vollendet, seit dem Tage, da unter dem Brjohle elender Deserteure, aus Gefängnissen entkommenen Verbrechern das deutsche Heldenvolk den Dolchstoß des Verrates erhielt.

Friede, Freiheit, Schönheit und Würde lagen die Nationalverbrecher unserem gutgläubigen Volke als kommende Segnungen ihrer Tat vor.

Beendigung der kapitalistischen Wirtschaft, Beseitigung des militaristischen Geistes der Welt, der Beginn einer internationalen Völkerversöhnung, Weltfriede und Weltglück wurde versprochen.

Und was ist gekommen? Zusammenbruch steht heute unser unglückseliges Volk am Rande seines eigenen Grabes. 17 Millionen Deutsche sind dem Vaterlande entrissen, schmachvoll entehrt, werden wir schlimmer behandelt auf dieser Welt als Negerstämme. Hunger und Not wüten in den breiten Schichten unseres arbeitenden und schaffenden Volkes und jeder Fleiß, er war unter dem Regiment dieser fluchbeladenen Verbrecher nur Anreiz zu einer neuen Vergewaltigung. Das ehrliche Schaffen des Redlichen, es wurde unter diesem System belohnt mit der Aussicht auf sicheres Verhungern, das völkische Empfinden mit Kerker und Zuchthaus.

Ihr dem wirtschaftlichen Spekulanten und Schieber öffneten sich die Pforten des Reichtums, dem politischen Betrüger allein die Stellungen der Verwaltung und staatlichen Führung.

Eine unverschämte Verschleuderung von Nationalvermögen, Mißwirtschaft in allen Staatsämtern und Betrieben, Korruption der gesamten Verwaltung mußte zu jener Währungskatastrophe zwangsläufig führen, die das deutsche Volk in diesen Stunden zur letzten Verzweiflung bringt.

Gewissenlose Verbrecher wähnen sich durch die Treulosigkeit dieser verkommenen Regierungen ihren Volksgenossen gegenüber berechtigt, in ähnlicher Treulosigkeit aus dem Vaterlande Gebiet um Gebiet loszulösen und wegzureißen. Lächerliche Proteste werden ihnen zur Antwort gegeben.

Und in einer Stunde, da das deutsche Reich in Todeszuckungen erbebt, reden die Urheber all dieses Unglückes von der Notwendigkeit der Erhaltung von Ruhe und Ordnung. Ein ehemaliger Bordellwirt als würdiger Repräsentant des Novemberverbrechens usurpiert den Stuhl eines Reichspräsidenten und mißbraucht das deutsche Volk und die deutsche Republik zugleich.

Parlamentarische Opportunitätsgruppen kleben krampfhaft an ihren Stühlen nur von dem einen Gedanken ihrer Mandate beherrscht.

Von solchen Stellen Hilfe zu erwarten, hieße ein Narr sein.

In dieser Erkenntnis wurde am 8. November 1923, am Jahrestage der tiefsten Deutschen Schmach, die Regierung der Novemberverbrecher zu Berlin für abgesetzt erklärt und eine neue provisorische Nationalregierung wie folgt proklamiert:

Gen. Ludendorff als Reichsverweser, Adolf Hitler als Reichskanzler, beide mit diktatorischen Vollmachten
General v. Lossow als Reichswehrminister, Oberst v. Seisser als Reichspolizeiminister.

Die provisor. Deutsche Nationalregierung:

General Ludendorff

Adolf Hitler **Gen. v. Lossow** **Oberst v. Seisser**

Hitler's proclamation of a "German National Administration" on November 8, 1923.

ness office closed. The confiscated property at this time is valued at 170,000 marks.

November 9, 1923: A proclamation is issued from Regensburg, whence the "constitutional" administration has fled, denouncing "the Prussian, Ludendorff, and his followers."

Frick is arrested before dawn, and Pöhner and Major Hühnlein (a member of Göring's staff) are arrested in the early morning at police headquarters.

On the basis of these reports, an unarmed demonstration march is led by Hitler, Ludendorff, and the other leaders, from the Bürgerbräukeller, over the Marienplatz, and into the Residenzstrasse.

At the Feldherrnhalle the Bavarian State Police open fire without warning; fourteen National Socialists and members of the *Bund Oberland* are slain: Felix Allfarth, Andreas Bauriedl, Wilhelm Ehrlich, Anton Hechenberger, Oskar Körner (former Vice Chairman of the NSDAP), Karl Kuhn, Karl Laforce, Kurt Neubauer, Claus von Pape, Theodor von der Pfordten, Johann Rickmers, Max Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, Lorenz Ritter von Stransky, and Wilhelm Wolf.

Hitler, covered by his constant companion, Ulrich Graf, who is himself seriously wounded, is not hit. But he is pulled to the pavement as the mortally wounded Scheubner-Richter goes down, and he suffers a severe dislocation of his shoulder as a consequence. *Hors de combat,* he is taken in the automobile of the chief of the **SA** medical staff, Dr. Walter Schultze, to Uffing and brought to the house of Ernst Hanfstaengl there. Göring is seriously wounded; Ludendorff is unhurt.

On the report of the bloodbath at the Feldherrnhalle, the men of the *Reichskriegsflagge* who are occupying the War Ministry, surrounded by strong detachments from the army and the police, negotiate a surrender with *Generalleutnant* von Epp and *Oberstleutnant* Hoffmann and are allowed to make an honorable retreat, but only after two more National Socialists, Theodor Casella and Martin Faust, have been killed.

Amann, Rosenberg, and Drexler form the secret Party leadership of the outlawed NSDAP.

November 11, 1923: Hitler is arrested in Uffing. On the 14th he is taken to the fortress at Landsberg am Lech, where he is kept under investigation until the beginning of the trial.

Most of the Party and **SA** leaders are taken into custody on November 9 or within the next few days. Ludendorff is released on his word of honor. Pöhner, Weber, Frick, Brückner (leader of the Munich **SA**), Lieutenant Robert Wagner, Streicher, Amann, Drexler, Hühnlein, Eckart, and others are held at Landsberg, Neudeck, or Stadelheim. Kriebel turns himself in on January 16. Göring, Rossbach, Feder, Esser, and Berchtold succeed in fleeing to Austria or Czechoslovakia. (Göring does not return to Germany until after the amnesty in the fall of 1927.)

November 23, 1923: Commander in Chief of the Army, General von Seeckt, to whom executive authority and command over the armed forces had been given on November 9, dissolves the NSDAP, the *Deutschvölkische Freiheits Partei,* and the Communist Party throughout all Germany.

December 26, 1923: Dietrich Eckart dies at Berchtesgaden after being released from prison, the twenty-second martyr of the Movement.

On November 10 he had been taken into custody, but because of his severe heart trouble he had been released shortly before Christmas. On December 30 he is buried at the Bergfriedhof in Berchtesgaden.

February 10, 1924: Elections to the State Legislature in Thuringia. The *völkisch* candidates receive seven out of 72 seats. Among them are three National Socialists. This is the first time that National Socialists have participated in an election. Dependent now on the *völkisch-sozial* block in the legislature, the civil regime lifts the Party ban in Thuringia on March 3.

Memorial to the martyrs of November 9, 1923.

The Hitler Trial

February 26, 1924: Beginning of the trial before the People's Court, in the former infantry school in the Blutenburgstrasse, in Munich. The State Court Director, Neithardt, presides. Accused of high treason or being an accomplice thereto are: Hitler, Ludendorff, Pöhner, Frick, Weber, Brückner, Wagner, Kriebel, and Ludendorff's stepson, *Oberleutnant* Heinz Pernet.

March 27, 1924: Hitler's closing statement. To the charge that personal ambition and the desire for a high governmental position had inspired him to commit high treason, he replies:

"How petty are the thoughts of small men. Believe me, I do not regard the acquisition of a Minister's portfolio as a thing worth striving for. I do not hold it worthy of a great man to endeavor to go down in history just by becoming a Minister. One might be in danger of being buried beside other Ministers. I aimed from the first at something a thousand times higher than a Minister. I wanted to become the destroyer of Marxism. I am going to achieve this task, and when I do the title of Minister will be an absurdity as far as I am concerned. . . .

"The man who is born to be a dictator is not compelled; he wills it. He is not driven forward, but drives himself. There is nothing immodest about this. Is it immodest for a worker to drive himself toward heavy labor? Is it presumptious of a man with the high forehead of a thinker to ponder through the nights till he gives the world an invention? The man who feels called upon to govern a people has no right to say, 'If you want me or summon me, I will co-operate.' No, it is his duty to step forward. . . .

"The army we have been building grows from day to day, faster from hour to hour. Even in these days I nourish the proud hope that the hour will come when these rough companies will grow to battalions, the battalions to regiments, the regiments to divisions, that the old insignia will be lifted from the mud, that the old banners will flutter once again, and that then there will be a reconciliation at the last divine judgment, which we are prepared to face. Then the voice of the only tribunal which is called to sit in judgment over us will speak over our bones and over our graves. . . .

"For it is not you, gentlemen, who will pass judgment on us; it is the eternal court of history which will give its verdict on the charge which is raised against us. What verdict you will pass down, I know. But that court will not ask us, 'Did you commit high treason, or did you not?' That court will judge us, the Quartermaster General of the old army, its officers and soldiers, as Germans who wanted the best for their people and fatherland; who wanted to fight and die. You may pronounce us guilty a thousand times over, but the goddess of the eternal court of history will laugh and tear to pieces the prosecutor's brief and the verdict of this court; for she acquits us."

April 1, 1924: The court passes sentence: Hitler, Weber, Kriebel, and Pöhner are sentenced to five years imprisonment for high treason, but they have the prospect of possible probation after serving six months. Brückner, Pernet, Wagner, and Frick are sentenced to fifteen months imprisonment as accomplices, but are released on probation immediately. Ludendorff is acquitted. The court dismisses the prosecution's demand that the stateless Hitler be expelled from the country.

Hitler, Weber, and Kriebel are immediately transferred to Landsberg to begin their sentences. Pöhner is only at Landsberg from January 5, 1925, until March 31 of that year. (He is killed in an automobile accident on April 11, 1925.)

April 28, 1924: In special trials for high treason, sentences of imprisonment are handed down against Rudolf Hess (SA leader in Munich), Adolf Hühnlein, Julius Streicher, Max Amann, and forty members of the *Stosstrupp Hitler,* including Emil

Maurice, Julius Schaub, and Karl Fiehler (later to be Lord Mayor of Munich).

The Period of the Ban

During the period that the NSDAP is outlawed, National Socialists split into two groups.

Alfred Rosenberg founds the Greater German People's Association *(Grossdeutsche Volksgemeinschaft)* as a continuation of the NSDAP. Since January 1, 1924, it is under the leadership of Julius Streicher and Hermann Esser, with Philipp Bouhler as business manager and Franz X. Schwarz as treasurer. Between February and May, 1924, they publish the *Grossdeutsche Zeitung.* They are anti-parliamentarian and in opposition to the *deutschvölkisch* elements.

The other group of National Socialists merges with the *deutschvölkisch* elements in Bavaria. Later they form the National Socialist Freedom Movement, which encompasses all of Germany. Their organ is the *Völkischer Kurier,* published by Wilhelm Weiss.

In the middle of June, 1924, Hitler resigns as Leader of the Movement for the duration of his confinement, since he is not in a position to assume his responsibilities.

April 6, 1924: New elections to the Bavarian State Legislature. Still under the impression of the Hitler trial, the Nationalist Block in Bavaria, comprising National Socialist and *deutschvölkisch* elements, wins 23 out of 129 seats.

May 4, 1924: New elections to the Reichstag, which had been dissolved on March 13. With 77.4% of the eligible voters participating, the National Socialist Freedom Movement receives 1,918,000 votes (6.5%) and wins 32 out of 472 seats. Among these are the National Socialists Heinrich Blume, Hans Dietrich, Gottfried Feder, Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Dr. Emil Gansser, Hans Jacob, Christian Mergenthaler, and Professor Theodor Vahlen.

In the elections to the Württemberg State Legislature the National Socialists, running as the *Völkisch-sozialer Block,* win 3 out of 80 seats.

June 22, 1924: Elections to the State Legislature in Anhalt. The National Socialists and the *deutschvölkisch* elements together win 2 out of 36 seats.

August 16-17, 1924: Party convention of the National Socialist Freedom Movement in Weimar, under Ludendorff's chairmanship. The unity of the Movement is proclaimed; nevertheless there is an ever sharper division between the National Socialist and the *deutschvölkisch* factions.

August 29, 1924: Acceptance of the Dawes Plan by the Reichstag, against the votes of the National Socialist Freedom Movement, among others.

November 9, 1924: New elections to the State Legislature in Anhalt, since no majority administration can be formed. This time the National Socialist and *deutschvölkisch* elements win only one seat.

December 7, 1924: New Reichstag elections, following its dissolution on October 20. All parties which supported the Dawes Plan win seats. The opponents of the Dawes Plan, the Communists and the National Socialists, lose 17 and 18 seats, respectively. With 78.8% of the eligible voters participating, the National Socialist Freedom Movement receives only 907,000 votes (3%) and wins 14 out of 493 seats. National Socialists elected are Hans Dietrich, Gottfried Feder and Dr. Wilhelm Frick.

At the same time, eleven seats (out of 450) are won in the Prussian State Legislature, but there is only one National Socialist among these: Heinz Haake-Köln.

December 20, 1924: Hitler is released from Landsberg Prison. Kriebel is also released at this time.

By the end of 1924, twenty-seven National Socialists have died for the Movement.

February 13, 1925: Disintegration of the National Socialist Freedom Movement. Ludendorff and Graefe resign as leaders.

The Rebuilding of the NSDAP

February 26, 1925: In the first issue of the *Völkischer Beobachter* to appear since the ban of November 9, 1923, Hitler proclaims the "Fundamental Guidelines for the Reconstitution of the National Socialist German Workers' Party."[11]

February 27, 1925: For the first time since his release, Hitler speaks in the Munich Bürgerbräukeller. The NSDAP is to be rebuilt under his leadership. The hostilities among the various leaders are to be set aside. The Nationalist Block and the Greater German People's Association are dissolved. During the organizational meeting Frick, Feder, Buttmann, Esser, Streicher, and Dinter place themselves under Hitler's leadership.

Later, on April 29, the National Socialist deputies in the Reichstag, Frick, Feder, and Dietrich, divorce themselves from the *deutschvölkisch* faction. Of the 23 Nationalist Block deputies in the Bavarian State Legislature, six declare themselves for Hitler, among them Buttmann, Streicher, and Adolf Wagner. They form a separate faction in the Legislature on September 24. In Württemberg the National Socialist Freedom Movement remains in existence alongside the NSDAP until the early summer of 1927, when, in Hitler's presence, it is formally absorbed by the Party. Meanwhile the National Socialist deputy, Christian Mergenthaler, remains at the head of both groups in the Württemberg State Legislature.

[11]Alfred Rosenberg again assumes the editorship of the *Völkischer Beobachter.* Adolf Hitler remains as its publisher until April 30, 1933.

The Movement is rebuilt down to the smallest details. As national treasurer of the Party Hitler appoints Franz X. Schwarz; as national business manager, Philipp Bouhler; as director of the central Party press, Max Amann.

With the ban of the NSDAP now being lifted in the other German provinces, the Movement gains a solid foothold in northern Germany during the period which follows. A number of new regional branches of the Party are established. By the end of the year there are the following branches, with their local leaders: South Rhineland (for a short time Heinz Haake, then Dr. Robert Ley), Westphalia (Franz von Pfeffer), North Hessen-Nassau (Professor Schultz), South Hessen-Nassau (E. Haselmeier), Hamburg (Joseph Klant), Lüneburg-Stade (Otto Telschow), Schleswig-Holstein (Hinrich Lohse), Hannover (Bernhard Rust), Mecklenburg-Lübeck (Friedrich Hildebrandt), Pomerania (Theodor Vahlen), East Prussia (Bruno Scherwitz), Greater Berlin (Ernst Schlange), Elbe-Havelgau (Bachschmidt), Anhalt (Dr. Schmischke), Halle-Merseburg (Paul Hinkler), Saxony (Martin Mutschmann), Thuringia (Arthur Dinter), Upper Silesia (Helmuth Brückner), Baden (Robert Wagner), Württemberg (Eugen Munder), and Franconia (Julius Streicher). Outside Bavaria National Socialism is strongest in Thuringia, Saxony, and the Rhineland, where Dr. Joseph Goebbels, business manager of the North Rhineland District, has published since July, 1925, the fortnightly journal, *Nationalsozialistische Briefe,* which has played a most important role in the development of the NSDAP in North Germany.

March 9, 1925: The Held administration in Bavaria, which had taken office June 28, 1924, issues a completely unjustified ban on public speeches by Hitler, because of his speech of February 27. Other provinces, e.g., Prussia, Baden, Saxony, Hamburg, and Oldenburg, follow Bavaria's lead. Only in Württemberg, Thuringia, Braunschweig, and Mecklenburg-Schwerin is Hitler allowed to speak.

March 29, 1925: First ballot in the election of a new German President, following the death of President Ebert on February 28. Hitler enters General Ludendorff as the candidate of the NSDAP. With a voter turnout of only 68.9%, Ludendorff receives 285,793 votes (1.06%).

April 26, 1925: Second ballot. The National Socialists do not put up a candidate of their own this time, but support Field Marshall von Hindenburg against the Marxists. Von Hindenburg receives 14.65 million votes (48.2%), with 77.6% of the eligible voters participating, and takes office on May 12.

June 24, 1925: Opening of the first NSDAP business office in Munich since the reconstitution of the Party, at 50 Schellingstrasse. Before this, temporary offices were maintained at Eher Press, 15 Thierschstrasse.

July 18, 1925: The first volume of Hitler's *Mein Kampf,* appears. Hitler had dictated the book to Rudolf Hess during their imprisonment. The title of the first draft had been *Vier und halb Jahre Kampf gegen Lüge, Dummheit, und Feigheit (Four-and-a-Half Years of Struggle against Lies, Stupidity, and Cowardice).*

November 9, 1925: Founding of the **SS.** The membership of the *Schutzstaffeln* (Defense Corps) is selected from the truest and most reliable Party members and is deliberately kept numerically small. The **SS** is centrally directed from Munich. Its forerunner was the Hitler Shocktroop, which also had a similar uniform. Later the structure of the **SS** is made similar to that of the **SA.**

The first head of the **SS** is Hitler's constant companion and driver, Julius Schreck. Then, after his return from Austria on April 15, 1926, Joseph Berchtold, the leader of the Hitler Shocktroop in 1923, becomes the head. He is formally installed as National Leader of the **SS** by the highest leaders of the **SA** in November, 1926, and he holds the post until the beginning of March, 1927. He is succeeded by his deputy, Erhard Heiden, who had also been a member of the Hitler Shocktroop in 1923. Finally, on **January 6, 1929,** Heinrich Himmler, who had been Deputy National Leader under Heiden, becomes National Leader of the **SS,** which is still very small at the time.

By the end of 1925, thirty-two National Socialists have given their lives for the Movement.

January 26, 1926: Under Hitler's commission, the National Socialist German Student Union is established by Wilhelm Tempel.

February 14, 1926: Convention of the National Socialist leaders at Bamberg, under Hitler's chairmanship. Hitler dissolves the Northwestern Working Association *(Arbeitsgemeinschaft Nordwest)* which had been formed without his approval at a meeting of the North and West German District Leaders at Hannover on November 22, 1925.

March 1, 1926: Founding of the *Kampfverlag* (Fighting Press) in Berlin. Seven National Socialist weekly newspapers appear here: *Berliner Arbeiterzeitung, Der Nationale Sozialist für Norddeutschland, für Westdeutschland, für Rhein und Ruhr, für die Ostmark, für Sachsen,* and *für Mitteldeutschland.* In addition, after 1928, there appears *Der Nationale Sozialist für Württemberg.*

March 11, 1926: Founding of a Party District in Danzig, under District Leader Hans-Albert Hohnfeldt. (He is succeeded on October 15, 1930, by Albert Forster.)

May 11, 1926: The Austrian National Socialists loyal to Hitler place themselves under his leadership, after the splitting off of their faction from the National Socialist Party of Austria in March.

May 22, 1926: At the general assembly in Munich Hitler is unanimously re-elected chairman. A new Party charter is accepted. Resolved: "The Program of February 24,

1920, is unalterable."

July 3-4, 1926: Second National Party Congress of the NSDAP, in Weimar. Hitler speaks on "Policy, Idea, and Organization." The Hitler Youth is founded as a National Socialist youth movement under National Leader Kurt Gruber. Later the German Young Folk *(Deutsches Jungvolk),* the Association of German Girls *(Bund Deutscher Mädel),* and the Young Girls *(Jungmädel)* are brought into the Hitler Youth as subsidiary organizations.

The *Illustrierte Beobachter* makes its first appearance. (It appears every week after October 1, 1928.) The editor is Hermann Esser. Gottfried Feder is commissioned to publish the *Nationalsozialistische Bibliothek,* a compilation of the official literature of the Party.

August, 1926: At the convention in Passau the National Socialist German Workers' Association (Austrian) and the Austrian National Socialist representatives from the various provinces merge to form the NSDAP of Austria, and it is absorbed, together with the Patriotic Defense League, into the German national organization of the NSDAP.

October 31, 1926: Elections to the State Legislature in Saxony. The NSDAP receives 37,725 votes (1.6%), winning two seats out of 96.

November 1, 1926: Establishment of the top **SA** leadership in Munich as a central headquarters, to which the **SS** and the Hitler Youth are subordinated. Hitler names as supreme **SA** leader the District Leader of the Ruhr District, Franz von Pfeffer, who carries through a unification of the **SA** organization, at the same time sharply separating it from the political organization of the NSDAP.

At Hitler's order, Dr. Joseph Goebbels takes over the leadership of the Berlin-Brandenburg District of the NSDAP.

December 10, 1926: The second volume of *Mein Kampf* is published.

By the end of 1926, thirty-six National Socialists have been martyred.

January 30, 1927: Elections to the Thuringian State Legislature. The NSDAP receives 27,918 votes (3.41%) and two out of 56 seats.

February 1, 1927: Lifting of the speaking ban against Hitler in Saxony.

February 11, 1927: Dr. Goebbels' fight for Berlin begins, as the communists attack during a meeting called by Goebbels in the Pharussälen. Many National Socialists are are injured in the resulting battle.

February 15, 1927: Breakup of the *Völkischen Arbeitsgemeinschaft,* which had been formed in June, 1925, by 15 National Socialist and *deutschvölkisch* Reichstag deputies, because the *deutschvölkisch* faction will not agree to having the chairman appointed by the National Socialists, who constitute the majority.

March 5, 1927: Lifting of the speaking ban against Hitler in Bavaria.

May 1, 1927: Hitler speaks for the first time to a closed meeting of 5000 Party members in the Clou, in Berlin.

July 4, 1927: First appearance of *Der Angriff (The Attack),* a Berlin National Socialist weekly newspaper published by the Berlin District Leader, Dr. Goebbels, and edited by Dr. Julius Lippert. (*Der Angriff* becomes a daily paper after November 1, 1930.)

August 19-21, 1927: Third National Party Congress of the NSDAP, in Nürnberg. Consecration of twelve new standards. Publication of the cultural guidelines, on the basis of which the Fighting League for German Culture *(Kampfbund für deutsche Kultur)* is later founded (1929), under Alfred Rosenberg.

November 27, 1927: Elections to the Braunschweig State Legislature. The NSDAP

wins 10,358 votes (3.7%) and one out of 48 seats.

By the end of 1927, the Movement has forty-one martyrs.

January 2, 1928: Appointment of the chairman of the Party organizational committee (previously Bruno Heinemann). Hitler temporarily takes the chairmanship of the propaganda department; the following year he appoints Dr. Goebbels National Director of Propaganda. The deputy director of the propaganda department (from the fall of 1926 until 1930) is Heinrich Himmler. Walter Buch is named chairman of the Board of Investigation and Arbitration *(Untersuchungs und Schlichtungsausschuss),* also called the *"Uschla."* After January 1, 1934, this board becomes the Party Court. The Nationalist Women's Order, founded in 1924, is incorporated into the NSDAP as a subsidiary organization under *Frau* E. Zander.

May 20, 1928: New elections to the Reichstag, which had been dissolved on March 31. With a voter turnout of only 74.6%, the NSDAP receives 810,000 votes (2.63%) and 12 of 491 seats. The *deutschvölkisch* faction wins no seats.

At the same time there are new elections to several state legislatures. In Prussia the Party wins six seats out of 450; in Bavaria, nine out of 129; in Anhalt, one out of 36; in Oldenburg, three out of 48. In Württemburg, none of the 80 seats are won by the Party, but later one of the newly elected deputies switches to the NSDAP.

July 20, 1928: Baldur von Schirach succeeds Tempel as National Leader of the National Socialist German Student Union.

August 9, 1928: The leaders of the NSDAP decide not to establish National Socialist labor unions.

September 28, 1928: Lifting of the speaking ban against Hitler in Prussia.

October 1, 1928: Redivision of Germany into 25 NSDAP Districts (for the most part corresponding to Reichstag electoral districts). The Bavarian District is divided into six independent subdistricts.

October 11, 1928: Founding of the League of National Socialist German Jurists, under Dr. Hans Frank.

November 16, 1928: Hitler speaks for the first time in the Berlin Sportpalast.

December 28-31, 1928: First national convention of the leaders of the Hitler Youth, in Plauen.

By the end of 1928, forty-six men have died in the struggle for National Socialism.

January 1, 1929: Transformation of the previous "**SA** Insurance" into a Party operation, under Martin Bormann. On September 1, 1930, the name is changed to "Welfare Fund of the NSDAP."

January 20, 1929: General meeting of the leaders of the NSDAP in Weimar. Hitler lays down the ground rule: Youth must be led by youth! Plans are made for the next Party Congress.

April 21, 1929: Founding of the National Socialist Teachers' League.

April 23, 1929: The position of the Hitler Youth relative to the Party is established. The Hitler Youth is not to be just a youth auxiliary to the **SA**, but it is to be the source for the next generation of Party members. *Die junge Front,* the first periodical for leaders of the Hitler Youth, appears.

May 12, 1929: Elections to the State Legislature in Saxony. The NSDAP receives 133,958 votes and five out of 96 seats.

June 23, 1929: In the preliminary elections to the City Council of Coburg, the NSDAP wins 5,146 votes and 13 out of 25 seats on

the council, *thus gaining for the first time in any city an absolute majority.* In the final elections, held on December 8, the NSDAP, in a fight against all the other parties, wins 6,348 votes and retains its absolute majority. Two National Socialists (Schwede, Faber) are chosen as Mayor and Vice Mayor. For the first time in any German city a volunteer labor service is established. This marks the beginning of the realization of the National Socialist program.

Also on June 23, the elections to the State Legislature in Meckenburg-Schwerin are held. The NSDAP receives 12,721 votes (4%) and two out of 51 seats. The two National Socialist deputies are in a decisive position: opposed to the 25 seats held by the ruling coalition are 24 seats held by leftists.

August 1-4, 1929: Fourth National Party Congress of the NSDAP, in Nürnberg. Consecration of 24 new standards. Two National Socialists, Katharina Grünwald and Erich Jost, are murdered by members of the *Reichsbanner* (strong-arm organization of the Social Democrats).

The League of National Socialist German Physicians is founded. It is also resolved to enlarge the sphere of operations of the National Socialist Teachers' League, which had been restricted to Franconia, Thuringia, and Saxony, to all of Germany.

October 27, 1929: Elections to the State Legislature in Baden. The NSDAP receives 65,106 votes (6.98%) and six out of 88 seats.

November 10, 1929: City election in Lübeck. The NSDAP receives 6,338 votes (8.1%) and six out of 80 seats.

November 17, 1929: Hitler commissions Dr. Theodor Adrian von Renteln with the national leadership of the National Socialist Students' Union. First established in Hamburg, this organization is incorporated into the Hitler Youth in the spring of 1933 as the National Socialist youth organization in the colleges and universities.

December 8, 1929: Elections to the State Legislature in Thuringia. The NSDAP receives 90,236 votes and six out of 53 seats, becoming the third-strongest party.

By the end of 1929, fifty-eight National Socialists have become martyrs.

January 23, 1930: On the basis of the elections of December 8, 1929, the National Socialist Reichstag deputy, Dr. Frick, becomes the Thuringian Minister of the Interior and of Public Education—the first National Socialist cabinet minister.

February 23, 1930: The leader of Berlin Storm Troop 5, Horst Wessel, dies in the hospital as a result of bullet wounds suffered in a communist ambush on him at his living quarters on January 14. On March 1 he is buried at the Nicolai Cemetery in Berlin, with an enormous procession of Berlin citizens participating in the funeral.

March 30, 1930: Hindenburg appoints Dr. Brüning as Chancellor, in the place of Hermann Müller, who had stepped down on March 27.

April 1, 1930: The National Socialist ideological journal, *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte,* makes its first appearance. It is published by Hitler and edited by Alfred Rosenberg.

The first ban against the Hitler Youth is issued (by Noske, President of Hannover).

June 1, 1930: Walther Darre, a graduate agriculturist, is entrusted by Hitler with the organization of the farmers for the NSDAP. On August 1 he becomes a member of the national leadership of the Party. He builds up the Agrarian Political Apparatus of the NSDAP.

June 5, 1930: Bavaria issues the first state ban against uniforms for members of political organizations. The ban is enforced only

against the NSDAP, however. On June 13, Baden issues a ban against brown shirts. (On January 14, 1931, this ban is extended to all Party uniforms.)

June 11, 1930: Brown shirts are banned for all of Prussia. The **SA**, therefore, wears white shirts. When white shirts are subsequently banned, the **SA** marches shirtless.

June 22, 1930: Elections to the State Legislature in Saxony. The NSDAP wins 376,769 votes (14.4%) and 14 out of 96 seats, becoming second only to the Social Democrats in strength.

June 25, 1930: The Prussian administration forbids membership in either the NSDAP or the KPD[12] for all government employees.

June 30, 1930: Hitler orders the Berlin District Leader, Dr. Goebbels, to carry out an unconditional purge of "parlor bolsheviks" from the Party.

July 4, 1930: Founding of the insignificant "Fighting Association of Revolutionary National Socialists" (later known as the "Black Front") by the expelled parlor bolsheviks.

July 5, 1930: With the help of an extraordinary assessment on all Party members, the NSDAP acquires the former Barlow Palace, at 45 Briennerstrasse (Munich), as a headquarters for the Party leadership (Brown House). It is occupied on January 1, 1931, after alterations are completed.

July 18, 1930: On the basis of Article 25 of the German constitution, Hindenburg dissolves the Reichstag. This is a consequence of the Reichstag's refusal, by a vote of 236 (including the National Socialists) to 222, to support Brüning's two emergency tax decrees of July 16.

In 1930 there are 51 laws and five emergency decrees; in 1931, 19 and 39, respectively; in 1932, five and 55.

September 2, 1930: Hitler takes over the supreme leadership of the **SA** and the **SS** (around 100,000 men at this time).

September 14, 1930: Elections to the Reichstag. With a voter turnout of 81.9%, the NSDAP wins 6,406,000 votes (18.3%) and 107 out of 577 seats. (Previously the NSDAP had 12 out of 491 seats.) Thus, the NSDAP is the second-strongest party in the Reichstag, after the Social Democrats, who hold 143 seats.

At the same time, in the state elections in Braunschweig, the NSDAP wins 67,902 votes (22.2%) and nine out of 40 seats. The Party forms a coalition government with the Civic Unity representatives, who have 11 seats. On October 1 a member of the NSDAP, Dr. Anton Franzen, becomes Minister of the Interior for Braunschweig. The consequences of years of Marxist mismanagement are shoved aside, and there is a general cleansing and consolidation of the government.

September 25, 1930: At a trial of German Army officers charged with disseminating National Socialist propaganda in the Army, Hitler testifies before the State Court in Leipzig that the National Socialist movement intends to use only legal means in the acquisition of power.

October 13, 1930: Opening session of the Reichstag. The 107 National Socialist deputies enter in **SA** uniforms. The National Socialist, Franz Stöhr, is chosen First Vice President. Dr. Frick is the NSDAP minority leader, and Göring is the deputy minority leader.

November 9, 1930: Parliamentary elections in Austria. The NSDAP, for the first time with its own candidate, receives 112,000 votes but no seat.

November 16, 1930: Elections to the city government in Danzig. The NSDAP receives 31,516 votes (16.1%) and 12 out of 72 seats,

[12] *Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands.*

becoming the second-strongest Party (after the Social Democrats).

November 30, 1930: Elections to the Bremen City Council. The NSDAP doubles the number of votes received in the previous election, winning 25.6% of the votes and 32 out of 120 seats.

By the end of 1930, seventy-seven National Socialist martyrs have been killed.

January 1, 1931: Establishment of the economic-political department of the NSDAP, under Dr. Otto Wagener.

First appearance of the National Socialist periodical, *The Nettle (Die Brennessel),* a political-satirical weekly.

January 15, 1931: Establishment of the factory-cell division of the Party, under the national leadership of Walter Schumann. After March 8 this department is known as the National Socialist Factory Cell Organization *(Nationalsozialistische Betriebszellenorganisation),* or NSBO. The organ of the NSBO is *Labor (Das Arbeitertum).*

February 9, 1931: After a twelve-hour session in which the National Socialists, the German Nationalists, and the Communists do not participate, the Reichstag unanimously supports a motion by the Catholic Center Party delegate, Bell, to issue an unconstitutional new decree as well as a change in the press law, with the aim of silencing the national opposition. The parliamentary immunity of a number of National Socialist deputies is suspended.

February 10, 1931: The entire National Socialist contingent in the Reichstag resigns its offices and walks out. The 41 German Nationalist and four *Landvolk* deputies follow its example. (Later, on December 28, three of the *Landvolk* deputies come over to the National Socialists.) They plan at first to form an opposition parliament and to convene in Weimar, but this plan is not carried out.

February 18, 1931: Hitler warns the **SA** and **SS** to be on guard against provocateurs.

March 28, 1931: Brüning issues an emergency decree "for controlling political extremism." Political meetings, uniforms, newspapers, and magazines are banned, police censorship of placards and leaflets is instituted, and constitutional rights are suspended in order to silence the national opposition.

March 30, 1931: Hitler orders strict obedience to this emergency decree, under pain of expulsion from the Party.

April 1, 1931: The eastern deputy commander of the **SA** rejects Hitler's orders for strict legality and refuses to acknowledge his own dismissal from the Party. This rebellion collapses completely after a few days, however. Hitler charges Dr. Goebbels with the purging of dissident elements from the Party. Even after this purge, there remain some elements in the Party who are unable to understand the need for strict Party discipline and who regard every Party activity other than street demonstrations as a sign of "bourgeois weakness." Not until the summer of 1934 is this bolshevik tendency completely eliminated from the Party.

May 1, 1931: Establishment of the Foreign Department of the NSDAP, in Hamburg.

May 3, 1931: Elections to the State Legislature in Schaumberg-Lippe. The NSDAP wins 7,854 votes (26.9%) and four out of 15 seats.

May 17, 1931: Elections to the State Legislature in Oldenburg. The NSDAP wins 101,490 votes (37.2%) and 19 out of 48 seats. This is the first time the NSDAP has been the strongest faction in a State Legislature.

In May, Göring goes to Rome as Hitler's political representative to visit Mussolini and the Vatican.

July 9, 1931: Discussion between Hitler and Hugenberg, the German Nationalist leader, about a coalition of the national opposition for a fight to the finish against the administration.

July 15, 1931: After the National Socialist Students' Union has already attained an absolute majority in student elections at Tübingen, Erlangen, and other universities, at the Congress of German Students in Graz a National Socialist is unanimously elected chairman of the German Students' Association for the first time.

July 21, 1931: Hitler, Hugenberg, Seldte, and the other leaders of the national opposition send a telegram to Brüning in London, denying the legality of new obligations to France taken on by the government.

August 30, 1931: The Hessen District Leader of the NSDAP (since January 9, 1931), Peter Gemeinder, dies of a heart attack after a mass rally in Mainz. The Catholic hierarchy denies him a church burial because he is a National Socialist. He is buried in Darmstadt on September 2.

September 15, 1931: The National Socialist, Dietrich Klagges, is elected Braunschweig Minister of the Interior and of Public Education, by a vote of 20 to 19 in the State Legislature.

September 27, 1931: City elections in Hamburg. The NSDAP receives 202,145 votes (25.9%) and 43 out of 160 seats, becoming the second-strongest faction in "red" Hamburg.

October 1, 1931: Founding of the National Socialist Women's Association *(Frauenschaft).*

October 6, 1931: Third of Brüning's emergency decrees "for the security of the economy and finances and for controlling political extremism." Newspapers are banned and "gathering places for subversive activity" are closed. The last is directed especially against **SA** barracks.

October 10, 1931: Hitler and his political representative in Berlin, Göring, meet for the first time with Hindenburg.

October 11, 1931: Congress of the national opposition at Bad Harzburg, under the leadership of Hitler, Hugenberg, Seldte, Schacht, and others. Formation of the "Harzburg Front." New elections to the Reichstag and a lifting of the emergency decree of February 10 are demanded.

October 14, 1931: Return of the national opposition to the Reichstag, which reconvened the day before. An open letter from Hitler to Brüning gives a scathing answer to Brüning's Reichstag address of the 13th.

October 17-18, 1931: Meeting of **SA** group *Nord* in Braunschweig as a substitute for the Party Congress which, just as in 1930, did not take place because of the political situation and the many elections. Parade of 104,000 **SA** and **SS** men under **SA** *Gruppenführer* Lutze. A strong impression is made on foreign observers. Consecration of 24 new standards.

October 30, 1931: Baldur von Schirach is named National Youth Leader, as the successor of Dr. von Renteln.

November 15, 1931: Elections to the State Legislature in Hessen. The NSDAP wins 219,189 votes (37%) and 27 out of 70 seats, becoming by far the strongest Party. Coalition negotiations are started with the Catholic Center Party faction in the Legislature, which has ten seats, but the negotiations finally break down on January 11, 1932.

November 25, 1931: The homes of the National Socialist leaders in Hessen are searched as a consequence of the government finding the "Boxheim Documents," a plan drawn up by the Hessen State deputy, Dr. Werner Best, a National Socialist, for emergency action to be taken by the **SA** in

the event of a communist uprising. On the next day, however, Göring, acting as Hitler's representative, again gives assurances to the Army that the Party intends to maintain a legal course of action.

December 8, 1931: Fourth of Brüning's emergency decrees "for the security of the economy and finances and for the defense of domestic peace." Among other things, political uniforms and insignia are banned throughout the country.

December 11, 1931: On the basis of the last emergency decree, the national administration forbids the transmission of one of Hitler's speeches to America.

December 13, 1931: Publication of an open letter from Hitler to Brüning as an answer to Brüning's radio speech of December 8.

By the end of 1931 one hundred and twenty-four National Socialists have been killed by opponents of the Movement.

January 16, 1932: Lifting of the ban of December 8, 1931, on political insignia. The ban on uniforms remains in effect, however.

January 24, 1932: The fifteen-year-old Hitler Youth, Herbert Norkus, is murdered by communists while distributing propaganda from door to door in Berlin. He is the first, but not the last, Hitler Youth to be murdered by the enemies of National Socialism. Later, National Youth Leader von Schirach sets aside this day as a memorial day for all slain National Socialist youths.

January 27, 1932: Hitler speaks about National Socialism and its goals before a group of West German economic leaders in the Industry Club in Düsseldorf. This marks the beginning of substantial economic support of the NSDAP by German industrialists.

January 29, 1932: National Defense Minister Groener declares National Socialists eligible for duty in the armed forces. Earlier, they had been denied entry.

February 2, 1932: Opening of the disarmament conference in Geneva. Hitler sends the National Socialists, *Generalleutnant* von Epp and Colonel Haselmayr, as observers. They later attend the reparations conference in Lausanne also (June 16 to July 9).

The National Presidential Election of 1932

On January 5 the National Minister of Defense and of the Interior, General Groener, invites Hitler to Berlin to confer on a proposal to prolong President von Hindenburg's tenure of office through the end of the current Reichstag session, which would carry his term beyond its official expiration date of May 5. Hitler arrives in Berlin the next day. On both political and constitutional grounds he rejects the proposal. In the first place, his own demand that Brüning step down and new Reichstag elections be held is rejected. A two-thirds majority of the Reichstag is constitutionally required for such a change, and the administration parties can muster only 350 of the required 385 votes. Hitler's memorandum on a new presidential election is handed to Hindenburg by Göring on January 12. Thereupon Hindenburg has Brüning break off the negotiations. Hitler gives his reasons in a note to Brüning on January 15. After Brüning's answer on the 22nd, Hitler publishes an open letter to Brüning on the 25th. On February 15 Hindenburg accepts the presidential candidacy.

February 25, 1932: Hitler becomes a German citizen and is thus eligible to be a presidential candidate. Previously he has been stateless, since he lost his Austrian citizenship by fighting in the German Army and, for political reasons, he was not accepted as a German citizen (an application had been rejected by the Bavarian government in 1929). But now he is appointed to the Brauschweig Administrative

Council (thus gaining citizenship in Braunschweig) by Dietrich Klagges, Braunschweig's National Socialist Minister of the Interior.

February 26, 1932: Denial of motions by National Socialist Reichstag deputies for a withdrawal of confidence in the Brüning administration and a dissolution of the Reichstag. The National Socialists walk out of the Reichstag again.

February 27, 1932: Official announcement of Hitler's candidacy. His opponents, beside Hindenburg, are Duesterberg, nominated on February 22 as the candidate of the *Stahlhelm* and the German Nationalists; and Thälmann, the Communist, nominated on January 12.

March 13, 1932: First ballot, with a voter turnout of 86.2%.

Hindenburg receives 18.65 million votes, or 49.6% of the total—less than half of one percent short of the absolute majority required to win.

Hitler receives 11.34 million votes, or 30.1% of the total.

Thälmann receives 4.98 million votes, or 13.2% of the total.

Duesterberg receives 2.55 million votes, or 6.8% of the total.

During the campaign the authorities had engaged in various harrassments of the NSDAP, including denial of the use of radio and bans of meetings, newspapers, and speeches, greatly prejudicing the Party's chances.

On the night of March 13, as soon as the inconclusive election results are announced, Hitler decides to run again. The *Stahlhelm* and the Nationalists, however, withdraw their candidate.

Meanwhile, also on the 13th, there are elections to the State Council in the Saar District, where the NSDAP wins two out of 32 seats, and to the State Legislature in Mecklenburg-Strelitz, where the Party wins nine out of 35 seats. In neither of these areas has the Party held any seats before.

April 3-9, 1932: Hitler's first *Deutschlandflug*—a nonstop campaign in which he flies by day and by night, in all weather, all over Germany, speaking to mass rallies in 21 cities.

April 10, 1932: Second ballot in the presidential campaign, with a voter turnout of 83.5%.

Hindenburg wins 19.35 million votes (53%) and thus is elected to another seven-year term as President.

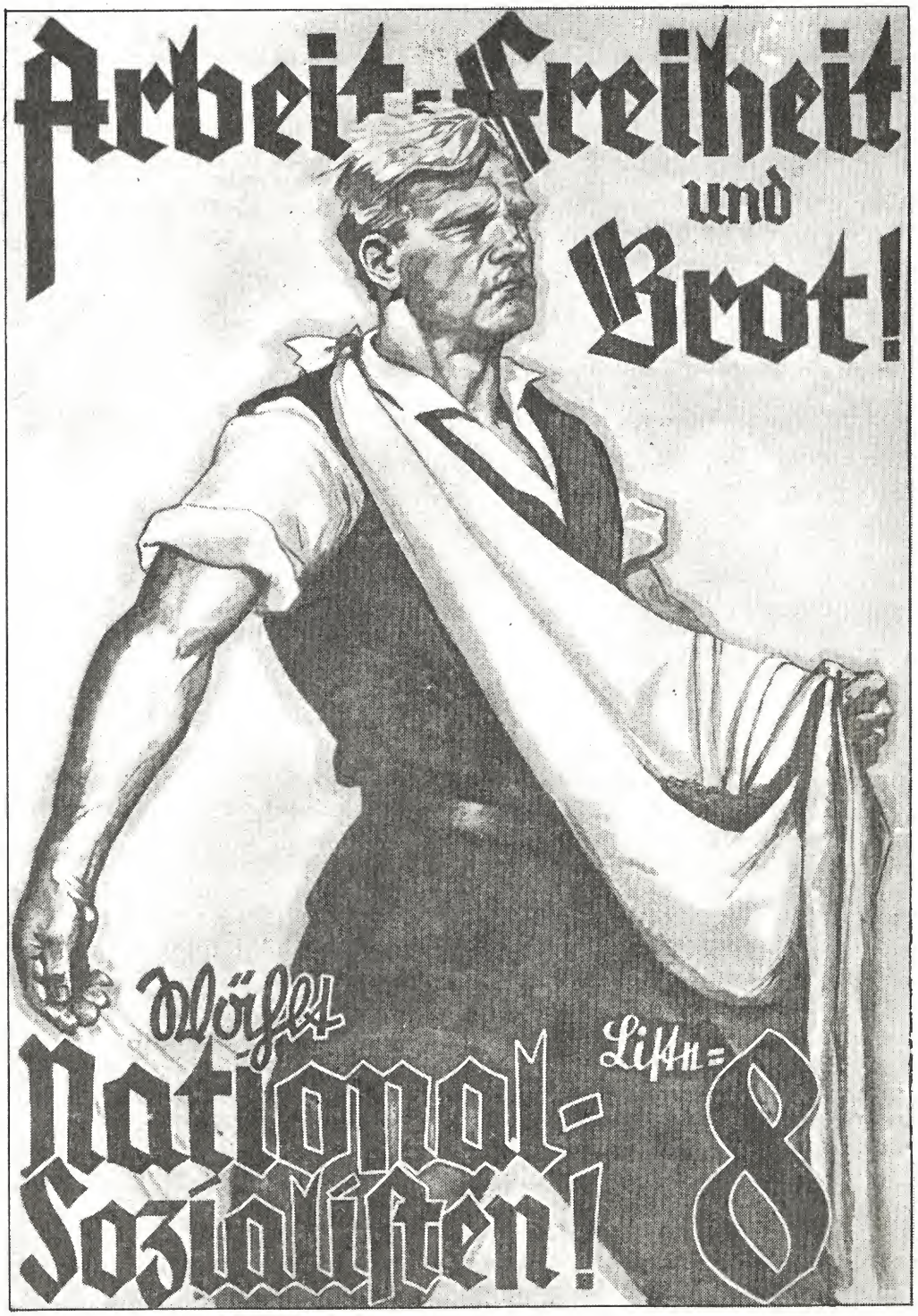
Hitler wins 13.41 million votes (36.8%).

Thälmann wins 3.70 million votes (10.2%).

April 13, 1932: On the basis of an emergency decree "for the security of the federal authority" issued by Groener at the instigation of the Social Democrat Minister of the Interior for Prussia, Severing, the **SA** and the **SS** are declared a "private army" and are outlawed throughout Germany. Previously, leaders of the Party and the **SA** have been harrassed by police raids on their houses (March 17 and April 5). Thanks to firm Party discipline, the dissolution of the **SA** and **SS** is carried out without friction. In a special proclamation Hitler warns against any rash action. The NSDAP files suit the next day in federal court against the administration.

April 16-23, 1932: Hitler's second *Deutschlandflug*. In one week he speaks in 25 German cities.

April 24, 1932: New elections to the State Legislatures in Prussia, Bavaria, Württemberg, and Anhalt, and to the Hamburg City Council. In Prussia the Party representation jumps from six to 162 seats (out of 423); in Bavaria, from nine to 43 seats (out of 128); in Württemberg, from one to 23 seats (out of 80); in Anhalt, from one to 15 seats (out of 36); in Hamburg, from 43 to 51 seats (out of 160). On the basis of these election results a new administration is formed only in Anhalt, where on May 21 Alfred Freyberg becomes the first National Socialist President of a German state. In



Early campaign poster. The slogan is, "**Work, freedom, and bread! Vote National Socialist!**"

Prussia, National Socialist control has been blocked because the Social Democrats pushed a new measure through the Legislature just before the expiration of the previous term, requiring an absolute majority to elect a new Prussian President.

Also on April 24 there are new elections in Austria. In Vienna the NSDAP receives 201,411 votes, winning 15 out of 100 seats, whereas the Party previously held no seats. In Lower Austria the Party wins 110,000 votes, and its representation jumps from nothing to eight out of 56 seats.

Collapse of the Brüning Government

May 9-12, 1932: While the Reichstag is in session, National Socialist deputies sharply criticize the government. Their call for a withdrawal of confidence from the Brüning administration is again defeated, by a vote of 286 to 259. On May 10 Groener unsuccessfully defends the administration of his ministries in a speech before the Reichstag. On May 12 he steps down as Defense Minister. The Reichstag President, Löbe (Social Democrat), has four National Socialist deputies arrested in the Reichstag chambers. The Reichstag adjourns on May 12.

After Groener steps down, there are four unoccupied federal Ministries: Foreign, Interior, Defense, and Economics.

May 28, 1932: A treason charge filed against the NSDAP by Severing, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, is dismissed as unfounded by the Chief Justice at Leipzig. It was this charge on which Groener had partially built his case for outlawing the **SA**.

Anticipating the approaching collapse of the Brüning government, Hitler has a meeting with von Papen. Hitler agrees to support a Papen cabinet if the bans against the **SA**, political uniforms, and demonstrations are lifted and if the Reichstag is dissolved.

May 29, 1932: New elections to the Oldenburg State Legislature. The NSDAP wins 131,525 votes and 24 out of 46 seats—the first absolute majority in the Legislature of any German State. On June 16 a National Socialist administration is formed under Carl Röver, the Party District Leader of Weser-Ems District.

May 30, 1932: The Brüning rump cabinet steps down after Hindenburg demands that it be reconstituted and refuses to sign a new emergency decree. Hitler, accompanied by Göring, confers with Hindenburg. Hitler reiterates his demands for a transitional Papen cabinet.

June 1, 1932: Hindenburg appoints Papen Chancellor. A new cabinet is formed with the President's support.

June 4, 1932: On the basis of Article 25 of the national constitution, Hindenburg dissolves the Reichstag. Two days later new elections are proclaimed for July 31.

June 5, 1932: Elections to the State Legislature in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The NSDAP wins 177,076 votes and 30 out of 59 seats, achieving an absolute majority. A National Socialist administration is formed on July 13 under the National Socialist deputy, Walter Granzow.

June 9, 1932: Internal reorganization of the NSDAP. Setting up of several new administrative divisions to cover the whole country.

June 13, 1932: Hitler demands that Papen lift the ban on the **SA**.

June 15, 1932: The National Youth Leader, von Schirach, formerly leader of the Students' Union, assumes the leadership of the Hitler Youth in von Renteln's place. The National Socialist Schoolboys' Association is incorporated into the Hitler Youth.

June 17, 1932: The emergency decree against "political extremism" which had outlawed the **SA** is lifted. Several of the states in southern Germany protest the

lifting of the ban, and Baden and Bavaria pass new bans of their own.

June 19, 1932: New elections to the Hessen State Legislature, which had been dissolved on May 9 by order of the Hessen Supreme Court. The NSDAP wins 328,306 votes (43.9%) and 32 out of 70 seats, becoming by far the strongest Party. The Marxist administration (under Adelung) remains in illegal control, however.

July 15-30, 1932: Hitler's third *Deutschlandflug*. In this two-week period he speaks at mass meetings in 50 German cities. Superhuman willpower and endurance are required in order to accomplish this feat. Providential fortune enables him to survive the very real hazards of all-weather flying during this rigorous schedule.

July 17, 1932: Bloody Sunday. Communists and Social Democrats open fire on an **SA** parade in Altona. Eighteen persons are killed, including three National Socialists, and 50 are badly wounded. On the same day, in Greifswald, communists ambush and kill three **SA** men.

On the previous Sunday, members of the *Reichsbanner* had fired into an **SA** truck convoy in Ohlau, killing two **SA** men.

Between the lifting of the **SA** ban on June 17 and the Reichstag elections on July 31, thirty-two National Socialists are murdered, and thousands are badly injured.

July 18, 1932: Because of the rising Marxist terrorism, the federal government issues a new ban on outdoor demonstrations.

July 20, 1932: On the basis of Article 48 of the national constitution, Chancellor von Papen assumes the post of Federal Commissioner for Prussia. The National Socialist President of the Prussian Legislature, Hanns Kerrl, had demanded on July 19 that von Papen dismiss the Braun-Severing administration and become Federal Commissioner, because of the close collaboration between the Social Democrats and the Communists in the Legislature and the consequent threat that this posed to the security of the state. Several of the other states issue official protests over this move, but without success. A state of emergency for Berlin and Brandenburg Province is proclaimed from July 20 to July 26.

July 31, 1932: Elections to the Reichstag. With a voter turnout of 83%, the NSDAP wins 13.75 million votes and 230 out of 608 seats, becoming by far the strongest Party in the Reichstag. A thirteen-year struggle has carried the NSDAP from a seven-man organization to the strongest Party in Germany.

On the same day there are new elections to the Thuringian Legislature, in which the NSDAP receives 395,321 votes (42.4%) and 26 out of 61 seats. This makes the NSDAP the strongest Party in Thuringia, and a National Socialist administration takes office on August 26 under the Thuringian District Leader of the NSDAP, Fritz Sauckel.

Hitler's Final Battle for Power

August 13, 1932: In the morning Hitler negotiates with Defense Minister von Schleicher and Chancellor von Papen. In the afternoon he visits Hindenburg with Papen. Instead of the post of Chancellor which he rightfully demands as head of the largest Reichstag faction, he is offered only the Vice Chancellorship, which he declines as unacceptable. After the negotiations have broken down he gives the **SA** a 14-day vacation.

August 20, 1932: The first Leadership School of the National Socialist Labor Service is established in Grosskühnau Castle (northwest of Dessau) by Alfred Freyberg, the National Socialist President of Anhalt, with the help of Konstantin Hierl (Hitler's deputy for the Labor Service) and District Leader Loeper.

August 22, 1932: On the basis of an emer-

gency decree against political terrorism which had been issued on August 9, a special court in Beuthen condemns to death five **SA** men who in self-defense have killed a Polish revolutionary and known communist leader in Potempa on August 10. Hitler sends a telegram to the condemned men, pledging his unconditional support. On September 2 their death sentence is commuted to life imprisonment. (They are freed in March, 1933.)

August 30, 1932: The new Reichstag convenes. The National Socialist deputy, Hermann Göring, is elected President of the Reichstag with 367 votes out of 587. For the first time since 1919 the presidium of the Reichstag is totally free of Marxists.

September 12, 1932: In the second session of the new Reichstag Göring, after consultation with Hitler, calls for a vote on a Communist motion to suspend an emergency decree issued by Papen on September 4 (a decree for the "rejuvenation of the economy"), combined with a motion for a withdrawal of confidence from the Papen regime. The vote is taken just before a planned speech to the Reichstag by Papen, and it passes by 512 votes to 42. The vote is without effect, however, because Hindenburg has issued a decree dissolving the Reichstag (on the basis of Article 25 of the constitution) immediately beforehand. On September 17 new elections are announced for November 6.

October 1-2, 1932: First National Youth Day of the NSDAP, in Potsdam. Hitler addresses the youths, and there is a seven-hour parade of 110,000 boys and girls of the Hitler Youth as they march by the Leader.

October 11–November 4, 1932: Hitler's fourth *Deutschlandflug,* in which he again speaks in 50 cities.

November 6, 1932: After a very stormy political campaign, the new Reichstag elections are held. Despite the difficult circumstances, the NSDAP wins 11.78 million votes (33.1%) and 196 out of 584 seats. The Party's representation in the Reichstag is down by about four percent.

November 8, 1932: A ban on the military-like organizations of the NSDAP (**SA** and **SS**) is issued by the government of the Saar region.

November 17, 1932: The Papen cabinet steps down. Otto Meissner, Hindenburg's Secretary of State, sends a telegram to Hitler, asking him to come to Berlin to confer with Hindenburg. Hitler negotiates with Hindenburg on November 19 and 21 on the formation of a new administration, and, after his proposals have been turned down, continues the negotiations in writing from his suite in the Hotel Kaiserhof until November 24.

December 3, 1932: General von Schleicher is appointed Chancellor, Minister of Defense, and Federal Commissioner for Prussia. He attempts to form a "Third Front" with the help of the labor unions.

December 6, 1932: The new Reichstag convenes. Göring is re-elected President of the Reichstag, with 279 out of 545 votes.

December 8, 1932: Gregor Strasser, head of the Party Organization, resigns from all his Party offices after negotiating with Schleicher, without Hitler's authorization, on the possibility of entering Schleicher's administration as Vice Chancellor. All the Party leaders stand solidly behind Hitler in this crisis. Strasser's successor is Dr. Robert Ley, who in short order has his department in exemplary condition. In order to strengthen the effectiveness of the Movement, the political structure of the Party is reorganized, and Hitler takes over personally as head of the Party Organization. A Central Political Committee, under Rudolf Hess, is created to insure a unity of purpose in the political struggle.

December 9, 1932: After proclaiming an amnesty for political prisoners, thus allowing many National Socialists to leave prison in time for Christmas, the Reichstag adjourns for an indefinite period.

Hitler's Summons

January 4, 1933: Hitler has a confidential conference with Papen in the house of the Cologne banker, Kurt von Schröder. They discuss the possibility of Papen's participation in a future administration.

January 15, 1933: Elections to the State Legislature in Lippe. Hitler speaks at 16 meetings between the 4th and the 14th of January. The election results show a renewed upward trend for the NSDAP, which wins 39.6% of the votes and nine of 21 seats.

January 17-28, 1933: In view of the approaching collapse of the Schleicher administration, Hitler and Göring carry on negotiations with Hugenberg (the leader of the German Nationalist Party), Papen, Meissner, and Franz Seldte (the *Stahlhelm* leader). Final agreement results from these negotiations on January 28.

January 22, 1933: Despite a Marxist threat of civil war, there is an undisturbed parade of the entire Berlin **SA** and **SS** in front of the Karl Liebknecht House, the Communist Party headquarters in the Bülowplatz, in Berlin. From there a procession goes to the Nikolai Cemetery, where Hitler consecrates a gravestone for the Berlin *Sturmführer,* Horst Wessel, murdered by communists on February 23, 1930.

January 28, 1933: The Schleicher cabinet steps down, after Hindenburg refuses Schleicher's demand for a decree dissolving the Reichstag.

January 30, 1933: At noon President von Hindenburg names Adolf Hitler Chancellor of Germany. In the evening there is a torchlight procession of the Berlin **SA** and **SS** through the Brandenburg Gate and the Wilhelmstrasse, past Hitler and Hindenburg. On the return march **SA** *Sturmführer* Hans Maikowski and Police Officer Zauritz are ambushed and murdered by communists.

From the beginning of the struggle up to this day the Movement has lost two hundred and twenty-two killed. But a new day now dawns.

THE BLACK PLAGUE: RACE WAR IN AMERICA

by Robert F. Williams

The following sixteen pages contain an exact photographic reproduction of a recent issue of *The Crusader,* a Negro periodical popular in civil-rights circles. It has been receiving a particularly wide distribution in the United States in recent months, some two million copies of the issue reproduced here having been distributed.

Robert F. Williams, the publisher, began his career as a North Carolina official of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. After organizing an armed Negro insurrection in North Carolina, he fled to Cuba and thence to Red China. The Red Chinese have financed the publication of *The Crusader* for him, and tons of the pamphlets are mailed into the United States from Peking, both as individual copies and in bulk shipments for redistribution.

The postal ban about which Williams complains on the last page of the pamphlet must be the figment of a bad rice-wine hangover, for copies of this issue of *The Crusader* are more plentiful than ever in the Negro areas of Washington, and reports from Chicago and Los Angeles indicate the same thing.

In some ways *The Crusader* is childishly simpleminded, with its juvenile illustrations, its assertion that "the heavier type of model airplane equipped for remote control can play a big role in urban guerilla warfare," and its instructions to its readers to use "deadly chemicals" and "poisonous darts" against their white enemies—readers whose level of sophistication and ingenuity effectively restricts any chemical-warfare efforts on their part to such measures as covertly urinating in bulk food supplies intended for "Whitey." And much of the negroid jargon will certainly amuse the uninitiated reader—"running dog," "honky," "the man," and "peoplize."

But there is nothing amusing about the underlying theme of Williams' writing, particularly in the light of recent events. The soft, affluent American middle class of which Williams speaks might indeed find the idea of the destruction of their snug little world by the swarming black urban scum laughable and unrealistic, were it not for the all-too-real events of recent summers. The blacks—and the miscellaneous brown and tan mongrels—constitute only about one eighth of the population of the United States; revolutions, good and bad, however, have always been made by minorities. The Jews and renegade Gentiles who butchered Russia fifty years ago constituted far less than an eighth of the population of that country, for example.

If one has a feeling for the functioning of a rough sort of natural justice in this world—the inevitable vengeance wreaked by Nature on those who transgress her eternal and inflexible laws—then one can only view developing events with mixed feelings. For, as Williams points out, "America more than deserves all that is coming to her," though not for the reasons he gives. America has forgotten the price that must be paid when a people grows soft and is no longer capable of recognizing where its vital interests lie—and no longer has any stomach for defending those interests even if they were recognized. For more than fifty years now Americans have abdicated their responsibilities to themselves and their race. They have grown tired of reminding themselves that in Nature every creature plays one of two roles—prey or predator—and those who will not be the latter must inevitably end up the former.

Eternal vigilance and eternal toughness have grown too burdensome for Americans, and almost with a sigh of relief they have surrendered the right they once had to exist in this unforgiving world. They have let themselves be led for more than two generations now by treacherous liars gifted with smooth tongues and motivated solely by self-interest. They have let themselves be lied into slaughtering those peoples who should have been their natural allies and not slaughtering those who are their natural enemies. They have persistently elected to public office disgusting creatures like New Jersey Governor Richard Hughes, who has initiated a deliberate program to infiltrate hundreds of Negroes into the virtually white, and heretofore dependable, New Jersey National Guard, while Williams openly boasts of the use that will be made of this "never-before-opportunity."

Such traitors will hang from lampposts all over America one day, but that will come too late to prevent the catastrophe they have been preparing. For America will not wake up in time to do what could be done now with relatively small losses. The sad part of all this is that millions of essentially decent, racially valuable Americans will perish along with the degenerates and the traitors, the hip and the beat, the mongrels and the scum, the queers and the liberals in the holocaust that is coming.

And it *is* coming, Whitey, sooner than you think.

Envelope in which *The Crusader* was mailed.

THE CRUSADER

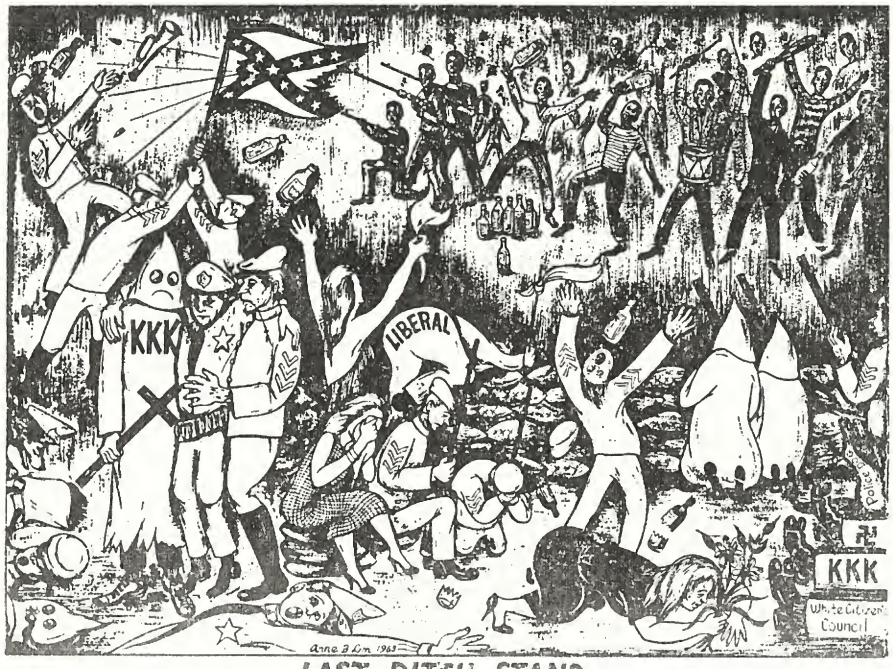
NEWSLETTER

ROBERT F. WILLIAMS, Publisher — IN EXILE —

VOL. 9 — No. 2 SEPTEMBER — OCTOBER 1967

USA: THE POTENTIAL OF A MINORITY REVOLUTION PART III

In 1964 when I first advanced the idea of the potential of a minority revolution in the USA, among other things, I was called a "species of maniac out of touch with reality". Again in 1965 when I extended my discourse on the potential of a minority revolution there was very little change in attitude and response from certain "sane" quarters. Now in 1967 again I endeavor to provoke serious consideration of this highly emotional and controversial question. This time I write with certain



LAST DITCH STAND

knowledge and facts derived from Watts, Chicago, Newark, Detroit, Milwaukee and more than a hundred other places. In this brief treatise it is not my objective to teach and advocate the violent overthrow of the U.S. Government. This is not meant to be a blueprint for revolution, but is meant to inject sobering thought into the minds of those jingoists who so arrogantly extol the myth of American invincibility. I want to explore America's weakness and to advance the study of the potential of a minority revolution.

Once again, I raise the question could a minority revolution succeed in racist America? It most certainly could! Theoretically, how could a minority segment win if it collectively decided to embark on such a serious course? Total revolutionary unity would be required among the youth and a strong revolutionary nationalist spirit would have to prevail throughout the land. The spirit of self-sacrifice, selfless dedication to the triumph of a cause greater than any single individual, a feeling of confidence in ultimate victory, unshakable courage, and identification with the struggling oppressed peoples of the world would be some of the salient attributes for the success of a minority revolution. In keeping with the principles of people's war, wherein the great masses of exploited peoples of the world represent the rural masses surrounding the cities (the exploiting industrial countries) the Afro-American revolutionaries represent a mighty urban underground within the city. Our people must further develop and master people's warfare.

A high quality leadership would have to be developed. It must be wholly committed and devoted, selfless, devoid of ego, mentally alert, imaginative, fearless servants of the people acting as an instrument responding to the desires, necessities and aspirations of the revolutionary masses. All positions of leadership should be provisional on the basis of tried and proven performance in action. Selection on the basis of prestige is a form of accommodation that is inimical to effective struggle.

In racist, tyrannical and imperialist America the question of violence vs. passive resistance no longer confronts brutally oppressed black people. Savage and sadistical cops, racist terrorists and active bigots have already resolved the question of choices before us. They have decided for us in favor of violence. Now that violence is the only road left to brutally oppressed blacks, we have only to ponder the question of to what extent and methods we could respond in order to survive, in order to win. When one is forced to fight, he should fight desperately to win. If one is forced to resort to revolutionary violence to counteract tyranny, he should spare no effort to overturn the system and destroy the structure that serves as a medium for oppression and tyranny. Such an effort requires political theory, political guidance, and a dynamic nationalist spirit, fired and sustained by an endless torrent of propaganda. It is essential that armed resistance to tyranny be vigorously supported by that indispensable weapon common called psychological warfare.

We must analyze and probe in depth the situations and conditions underlying the plight of our oppressed people in racist America today. Kidnapped Africans were introduced into America's slave society as implements of agriculture and production. Captive black people, in the minds of the molders of American society, were never meant to enjoy the benefits of American society but were to be utilized as machines to

produce for its enrichment and glory. Capitalist America's transition from a primitive to an industrial state was greatly aided by its brutal exploitation and enslavement of savagely victimized black people. Sociologically speaking, the black man has never been respected as anything more than a machine of production and a vast reservoir for exploitation. Herein lies the great tragedy of our present miserable plight and the system's insoluble dilemma.

The capitalist system was predicated on the abuse and dehumanization of black people. It was partially designed and fashioned to glorify white supremacy and to liberate the European from feudalism at the expense of colored people. The pitiful cases of the American Indian and Mexico offer ample evidence that Americanism is an evilly constituted authority fashioned to generate brute power and to institutionalize the white man's right to exploit, rape, rob and plunder in the name of white civilization. Yes, poor whites are exploited too, but the supreme white authority has been careful, even from the beginning, to afford them escape hatches built into the system. Even their slavery, what little of it that existed, was not of a permanent nature. They elected to call it indentured. Even today a white skin still carries a certain significant premium. It is still a badge of status in the system of racial caste.

American racism is inherent in its economic and social system. This inherent social evil cannot be drastically rejected without completely altering the political, economic and social structure of the nation. White supremacy cannot afford to yield its master position without a complete transformation of its way of life. This means that it must discard its psychic make-up. It must discard its white supremacy arrogance and egotistical Americanism. The status quo is life to it. Its survival means, in its warped concept, that the black man must remain in the caste ascribed to him. It is not in the nature of the oppressor to voluntarily relinquish his stranglehold on the oppressed. He may resort to deceit. He may feign, he may relax his pressure in order to gain a more firm control of the situation, but always his design is the same. He may shift his tactics. He may engage in a diversionary maneuver, but his objective is the same. It is always to perpetuate and to consolidate his power and privilege to oppress.

Each year uprisings and rioting, as a result of police brutality and oppression, become more and more extensive and ferocious. The gap between black and white is becoming ever more wide. Massive unemployment and hunger are symbols of the American way of life for the great masses of our people. In relation to justice for the black man, the U.S. legal system is a white supremacy instrument of kangarooism that sanctifies and dignifies the mayhem and cannibalism of white savagery practiced against America's captive black humanity. No sober thinking Black American can fail to see that fascist groups, with both overt and covert support on the part of the U.S. Government, are gearing for a vicious campaign against our people. In the sense of the black man's original role as a machine of production, because of automaton, he is becoming obsolete and the need for his labor and production is diminishing as rapidly as that of the ole mule in this modern age of mechanized farming.

It is a great myth to believe that the surplus black man is needed by the big boss to threaten the jobs of the poor whites. There is also

developing a surplus of white workers with which to threaten whites. As far as necessity is concerned, blacks are not even considered in the picture any more. The power structure is moving might and main to develop a black bourgeoisie Uncle Tom buffer group to inhabit the schizoid no man's land between America's black and white worlds. This new class of nigra zombies is supposed to represent America's show case of democracy and multi-racial affluence. The power structure is stupid enough to believe that a crash program, aimed at integrating and elevating a small clique of good responsible nigras, will serve as a pacifier and sedative that will lull the ghetto masses to sleep until the pogrom is over and the race problem is solved through intimidation, token integration and extermination. The white power forces in racist America are asinine enough to think that the black masses are so fantastically childish that they will be content to enjoy food, shelter, dignity and security vicariously; and that as long as they have examples of vulgarian Toms, who have made the suburban set, that this phenomenon within itself will allay the restive black masses' feeling of frustration, neglect and denial. White America feels no urgent need to relieve the oppressive and stifling colonial conditions of the black masses. The white man's relations with the black man in America are governed by an imperialist mentality. He sees no need to respond humanely to the black man's cry of anguish. His response is the club and the bullet. The masses are brutally subjected to the club while a microscopic, obedient and dog-loyal elite is transformed from peons to compradors. This old imperialist line of building a buffer class of petty bourgeoisie among the natives of the colony is a bankrupt policy. It is already obsolete and represents that stupid kind of folly hatched in reactionary minds haunted by the exigency of social change.

Dire poverty, dehumanization, brutal oppression, ruthless exploitation, terror and tyranny constitute the motive force that drives the victimized masses to a state of last resort. Man's final and ultimate response to the tyrannical intransigence of an insensate power structure is revolution. Revolution is a final spark of hope that flares in the ashes of despair and the devastated faith in the institution of parliamentary buffoonery and demagoguery. Revolt is a natural human response to brutally sustained tyranny. The adamant colonial attitude of the racist, imperialist American power structure leaves the Afro-American but one of two choices; he must either meekly submit to tyranny and risk ultimate extermination or invoke the natural law of survival and resort to revolutionary resistance. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that he will turn to revolution and be determined to obtain victory at any price.

Theoretically, if the black man in America should elect to pursue the final course, what would he have to do in order to overturn tyranny? America's strength and weakness should be carefully analyzed. Strategically speaking America is a mighty giant with an exposed Achilles heel. The key to America's strength is its almost unlimited industrial capacity. Its staggering production is its life blood. From a military point of view it is also its greatest weakness. The American society is the most automated society in the world. It has become addicted to machinery. It has become enslaved by it. Without it it would soon wither and die like a green melon whose vine is severed from its roots.

Without consideration of the social and political ramifications of the evil systems of Hitler's Germany and Tojo's Japan, and strictly from a military point of view, we should study the causes of racist America's advantage during the Second World's War. Aside from the effectiveness of dauntless allies, one very salient point is the fact that U.S. and allied air power was able to pulverize enemy production, communications and to greatly disrupt the normal scheme of life. While the enemy was made to suffer this disadvantage, American industrial power was allowed to intensely mobilize its abundant human and natural resources, rapidly expand and to fiercely feed the war effort unhampered. The American scheme of life was never violently disrupted and, relatively speaking, the civilian population was merely inconvenienced as a result of the war. In the past American production has been fortunate enough, because of technical limitations and geography, to escape the devastation of war. The fear of such devastation is the very reason the power structure is so hysterical about the proliferation of H-bombs and intercontinental rockets. Massive devastation of America's industrial centers would reduce it to a primitive nation.

The Afro-American is in range of the American giant's Achilles heel. American production, communications and the normal function of the affluent society are exposed to the Afro-American's natural revolutionary reaction to tyranny and oppression. A united, well organized. armed and trained Black America is a potential force to be reckoned with in its own right. The American case is a unique case. Any Afro-American revolt would consequently constitute a unique form of urban guerilla warfare. The match and gasoline would be his most effective weapon. Four hundred years of violent deprivation can be transformed into an indomitable fighting spirit that may burst forth on the American scene with an intensity more fierce than a hundred hydrogen bombs. The black man will have nothing to lose but his chains, while America has its very existence at stake. For it is better to live just 30 seconds in the glory of human dignity and freedom than to live a thousand years crawling in terror beneath the brutal foot that savagely maintains the tyrant's yoke of tyranny.

As the power structure applies ever more brutal repressive measures in response to the black man's just petition for social justice, a precision type urban guerilla warfare is the prerequisite for the black man's survival and liberation in racist America. Such a campaign must be well organized and coordinated. There must be a vast network of communications and central planning. No matter how primitive, black freedom fighters must establish their own coded and clandestined communications system. There must be central planning and a national supreme command. Afro-American revolutionary forces must create a top-notch security agency. This agency must be responsible for the establishment of an efficient and extensive intelligence network. It must infiltrate the armed forces, the National Guard, the police, the FBI, the CIA, public utility services and all political groups, right, center and left. The power structure's facilities must be utilized to advance the cause of Afro-American liberation.

Such a revolutionary organization would require many facets. Armed defense guards would have to be formed throughout the land. These groups would be organized within the confines of the law. They would function only as defense units to safeguard life, limb and property in the ghetto communities. A tightly organized and highly mobile under-

ground guerilla force would have to be clandestinely organized. This well disciplined force would play a more aggressive role. It would be well versed in handling explosives and deadly accurate when deployed as snipers. Its mission would be retaliation, to visit attrition upon the enemy and to pin down and bring about a dispersal of his concentrated forces. This guerilla force must operate in small bands and know every inch of that part of the city where it is to operate. It must control its fire and use its ammunition sparingly. It must be highly mobile and constantly shift its position when sniping to avoid detection, death or capture. It must have a perfect understanding of its mission at all times. When operating in full view of great throngs of people, its members should cover or mask their faces to prevent revealing identity. It should handle its weapons with gloves, especially the captured ones, so as not to leave incriminating finger-prints on weapons that may later fall into the hands of repressive authority. These groups, while sniping and performing other missions of sabotage, should be extremely careful in avoiding death and injury to the friendly black population. Friendly property should be diligently protected and safeguarded. The guerilla forces must be so organized, coordinated and equipped as to prevent the power structure from rushing reinforcements to encircle and crush other defense groups engaged in battle with repressive forces by ambushing, sniping, bombing and sabotaging roads. These people's warfare tactics must be executed in a fashion that will reek frustration and exhaustion on the oppressive enemy forces.

A welfare corps would have to be formed. Persons with medical knowledge should be recruited and mobilized to care for the wounded during uprisings when many white hospitals and medical centers refuse or half-heartedly treat wounded black casualties. It should distribute food, aid victims of fire and look after the general welfare of the people. Such a corps should serve to build morale, encourage and educate the people to support the resistance fighters of the uprising and to maintain tight security about what takes place in the ghetto and as to what roles are played by certain individuals. It should raise funds in preparation for legal defense for those who fall into the vicious clutches of the kangaroo white supremacy law in the early stages, before the legal system is completely paralyzed.

The most aggressive and irrepressible arm of the overall organization would be the fire teams. They would work in complete secrecy and would be totally divorced in the organizational sense from the main bodies of defense and other forces. They would enjoy complete autonomy. The group's only tangible loyalty to them would be in times of distress. The fire teams mission would be sabotage. Thousands of these groups would be organized throughout racist America. These teams would consist of from three to four persons. They would only know the members of their immediate team. They would not identify with the civil rights movement and would appear to be apathetic and even Uncle Toms. They would often times masquerade as super patriots and be more than willing, in a deceptive way, to cooperate with the police. There would be no official meetings and discussions, only emergency calls and sudden missions.

The mission of these thousands of active five teams would be setting strategic fires. They could render America's cities and countryside impotent. They could travel from city to city placing lighted candles covered by large paper bags, allowing enough air at the bottom to allow

the flame to burn until it burned to dry leaves and grass, thus devastating the forests. The length of the candle would be determined by the amount of time needed to clear the scene. At night the bag would conceal the light of the flame. While unsparingly setting the torch to everything that belongs to the enemy in the cities, and while concentrating on urban guerilla warfare, the rural countryside would not be neglected. Aside from the devastating damage that could be visited upon the countryside, such a mission could serve a twofold purpose. It would also divert enemy forces from the urban centers. State forces would be forced to spread their ranks and would not be able to sustain massive troop concentrations in a single community. The heat and smoke generated from the miles of fires would render some of the highways impassable to repressive troop re-enforcements. The rural countryside covers vast areas and would require exhaustive manpower, equipment and security forces. America cannot afford to allow its rich timber resources and crops to go up in smoke. The fire teams roving in automobiles would find unguarded rural objectives even more accessible. A few teams could start miles and miles of fires from one city to the other. The psychological impact would be tremendous. By day the billowing smoke would be seen for miles. By night the entire sky would reflect the holocaust and emit a feeling of impending doom.

What types of weapons should be in the arsenals of the Black Revolution? Guerilla forces should rely heavily on simple and even home-made weapons. Much stress should be placed on obtaining highly portable weapons that are easily concealed. Soldiers on leave, AWOL or recently discharged should be induced to play a very active part in the Black Revolution. Full use should be made of this personnel's military training and experience. They can give invaluable instructions in the use of heavy machine-guns, hand-grenades, anti-tank guns bazookas and demolitions. Militant minded brothers in the service will be able to aid in securing weapons of all descriptions. Revolutionaries must keep a sharp look out for hustling troops whose greatest pre-occupation in life is to play the chicks and the night life; for a few bucks they can become a great source for supplying much needed military gear.

There is a great need for the black revolutionary to become proficient in ambushing and seizing arms and equipment from the enemy oppressor. This includes even the capture and use of tanks and armoured cars. Special effort should be made to locate and seize Minutemen and rightist fascist groups' arms caches. When U.S. Government surplus military and sporting goods stores are peoplized (looted), first aid packets, gas masks and helmets should not be overlooked. When stocked, the heavier type of model airplane equipped for remote control can play a big role in urban guerilla warfare. These model planes can be used to deliver hand-grenades to targets. Firing pins or mechanisms can be so constructed that the impact of a direct head-on collision will set off an explosion. Dynamite and other explosives and deadly chemicals can be utilized from these heavy model planes. These model aircraft can also be used to reach fenced in and inaccessible targets like oil storage tanks, industrial chemical tanks, high tension power installations, armoured cars, and troop carriers. They can also be used against inaccessible buildings and other targets that may require special attention.

The black revolutionary must become creative, must use his imagination, talent and training in the sacred cause of liberation. He must become consciously constructive in devising ways and means of harassing. bankrupting, exhausting, demoralizing, injuring, and destroying the enemy. He must not expend himself, his forces and supplies foolishly. While soberly respecting and analyzing the strength of the enemy. he must never fear him. He must seek the advantage of battle and be as certain as the realm of possibility will allow that skilfully planned and executed actions will heap great injury upon the enemy. Revolutionary forces must save themselves while destroying the enemy. Revolutionaries must make a strong bid for dramatic victories that will inspire the people, encourage them to want to participate in a war of dignity, retribution and liberation. At the same time the urban guerilla must strike terror into the hearts of the enemy forces. He must be well disciplined, of high morale, devoid of ego and be able to work and think collectively. He must at all times project a double image. To the masses of the community he must project an image of a race conscious politically mature brother whose unshakable mission is to defend the human dignity of our downtrodden masses. His image should be that of a liberator rather than one of a thug rioter engaged in an orgy of pointless plunder. He should be seen as a Black patriot and savior who is convinced that it is more honorable to fight and die in battle against oppression and tyranny directed against the black people of the ghettoes than to die in white men's wars of imperialism and the repression of freedom loving colored peoples abroad. He should equate his revolutionary actions. not to "looting" and "rioting", but to the spirit of the Boston Tea Party, the battles of Concord, Lexington and Valley Forge. He must feel and understand the nobility of his historical role; a role that affords him the opportunity of forging his own destiny and of bringing new direction to the world.

The fact that the power structure has called for an integrated National Guard that will be specially trained and equipped for counteracting urban guerilla warfare will provide black revolutionaries with a never-before-opportunity to infiltrate the first line of the power structure's repressive arm and acquire the latest professional skills in military science and tactics and the handling of weapons. This is a golden opportunity that should be seized upon to the fullest extent. When security is tight and every individual concerned has been checked and double checked as a security risk, newly acquired tactical knowledge must be discussed and disseminated among small secret groups. Marksmanship and the handling and manipulation of weapons can be taught through the use of air rifles and pellet guns. Dummy rifles can also be used to improve marksmanship, by cutting slots in cardboard boxes that will hold a rifle snugly in position. The box can be mounted on a chair or table facing a small target tacked to a wall. The trainee sights the rifle in on the bullseye of the target and leaves it in the position he thinks to be accurate. The experienced shooter or instructor looks down the gun sights of the weapon just as it was placed by the trainee and can ascertain to a certain degree the marksmanship of the trainee. This exercise is repeated until accurate sighting comes naturally to the pupil. This exercise must be supplemented by a series of exercises in the practice of trigger squeezing. The trainee can be taught the proper method of trigger control by slowly squeezing triggers on empty rifles until he perfects a method of sniping that requires an

ability to squeeze the trigger with the minimum of jerk. The shooter should not anticipate when the rifle is going to fire. The shot should come as a surprise to him. A jerk or impatient pull of the trigger throws the rifle off target and makes for poor marksmanship.

Molotov cocktails are very effective weapons in urban guerilla warfare, however, a jumbo size is even more effective. The jumbo size or the Black Power Bomb can be most effectively used against tanks and armoured troop carriers where streets are narrow and buildings are 3 or 4 stories high. The jumbo size of the gasoline bomb can be made by using an empty syrup bottle of one gallon capacity. These gallon sized glass jugs are usually available around confectionaries, drug stores, restaurants and warehouses. Each is equipped with a screw-on cap and is fitted with a finger grip or a built-in ring by which to handle the bottle or jug with a single finger. This type of jug can be filled with almost three-fourths gasoline, about one-fourth extra heavy motor oil with lubrication grease added. The screw-on cap should be tightened after which a tampax, well soaked in gasoline, should be securely taped or wired to the jug. The soaked tampax or well soaked rag is lit when the individual is ready to heave the Black Power Bomb. The glass jug or container breaks on impact thus igniting the gasoline, oil and grease resulting in a napalm-like effect. This is highly effective when heaved from a roof top into personnel (troop) carriers. It can also be thrown as a satchel charge against tanks and other armoured vehicles. Satchel charges can deal deadly blows to armoured vehicles. U.S. regulation type and instructions can be obtained from U.S. service men.

During the time of all out conflict selective fires must be set over a wide area. This spreads the enemy forces thin and makes the situation more difficult for him to control. During the height of the fire offensive, car patrols should roam widely separated sectors of the city with heavy duty adjustable wrenches. All fire hydrants in safe, isolated or deserted places should have their caps removed and valves completely opened. This will hamper and sometimes completely negate the power structure's fire fighting capacity. Fire is the black man in racist America's most effective weapon. It can be just as devastating as a hydrogen bomb. America is the black man's battleground and he cannot afford to hesitate to use whatever means necessary to remove the bitter and tragic consequences of almost 400 years of unmitigated white supremacy tyranny.

After initial incidents that trigger conflict with brutal police forces, Afro-Americans must more and more avoid massive congregation for confrontation. Fighters must quickly disperse and keep out of range of chemical sprays used to immobilize and identify freedom fighters. Some sprays can render the individual unconscious. Some types may result in permanent injury and may be used by the power structure unsparingly in a surreptitious campaign of genocide against the restive black masses. Snipers must always be conscious of the fact that even during night hours the sniper-scope, consisting of infra-red telescopes, can be used by enemy forces to zero in on their positions. The only defense against this is to fire and shift positions and to keep shifting positions and firing only at worth-while targets. The urban guerilla fighter must rely on the elements of mobility, speed, surprise, terror, a friendly environment, knowledge of the community, concealment and cover when possible. He must consciously concentrate on the enemy's weakness, attack him at his weakest point and avoid becoming a target of his massive power.

Possibly, if the brothers should want to devise an effective defense against the thug cops' chemical warfare, club attacks and vicious close range shooting, it may be necessary to send special representatives to Africa for specialized training in the manufacture and use of the poisonous dart. This simple, silent but deadly technique was highly successful when used by the Congolese revolutionaries against Tshombe's butchers. This could become a highly effective secret weapon in the arsenal of the Black Revolution in racist America. It could be most potent at night during confrontations with killer cops. These vicious mad dog butchers would never realize what hit them. This type of warfare must be waged under top secret conditions.

The "honky" cops and the racist power structure are deadly serious in their war against black people. Afro-Americans can expect no humane considerations from such insensate savages. They are cold-blooded killers and they have no qualms what-so-ever about massacring our helpless and defenseless people. We must respond in kind. During all confrontations with racist thug cops and their loyal black running dogs, black freedom fighters must realize that it is a do-or-die situation and must fiercely act in the most violent and desperately daring fashion as a matter of survival. The thug cops are devoid of all mercy. When they have the upper hand they will not hesitate to viciously butcher black people. Revolutionaries must remember that there is no second chance or appeal from death. In situations of such savage confrontations what is to be done must be carried out instantly before the beast squeezes the trigger. It is better to die in action and to take at least one of the enemy along, than to die as butchered swine by an unscathed sadistical beast who lives to kill again and again.

No method of terror or destruction against the oppressor should be overlooked in urban guerilla warfare. Freedom fighters should always try to invent and develop new methods of sabotage that can be carried out against targets of opportunity in particular areas. Students of electronics, chemistry and science should be organized and mobilized in a way that they can contribute greatly to the arsenal of the urban guerilla fighter. Fighters should also be able to obtain an almost unlimited supply of plastic bombs. When hardware stores and tool centers in department stores are raided compact sets of acetylene torches should rate high on the list of most desired weapons of struggle. These small portable sets can be ignited, set for slow cutting with the intense flame fixed to remain directed against gas mains, oil pipe lines, gas and oil storage tanks to effect explosions. If this is done at night the flame should be covered leaving a small space at the bottom of the cover for air while the flame is concealed to prevent detection. This set-up must be completed swiftly and the fighters must get as far away from the scene as fast as possible in order to avoid being caught in the explosion.

Revolution is not a festival and it must be approached with the utmost seriousness. Freedom is not a welfare commodity to be doled out as charity. It must be seized and taken with the ferocity of a wounded tiger. Nobody is going to give the black man freedom. Nobody is going to give him justice. He must take it. America's brutal oppression of the black man justifies any means that he may find it necessary to resort to remove the consequences of the savage legacy of slavery and dehumanization. Relentless oppression breeds hatred,

violence and war. America more than deserves all that is coming to her. Those who insist on following an evil road of tyranny and injustice must ultimately expect to meet a harsh judgment of retribution.

Americanism or American capitalism is synonymous with brutal exploitation and is motivated by a ruthless drive for super profits, wealth and power. American society is a caste in which the black man is psychologically molded as a sub-human. He is expected to faithfully play the part of a sub-human and to show gratitude to his white deformer and mental mutilator for even extending the meager generosity of allowing him to breathe the oppressive air of the master's slave kingdom. The black man is expected to passively submit to all debasing and aggressive liberties that the racist white man sees fit to take against his life, limb and fortune. The black man is not expected to entertain any principle or cause of his own that is worth making war for, that is worth dying for. The long suffering and brutally oppressed black man is expected to meekly and dutifully make war and die in response to the white man's orders. This slave mentality must be cast away forever. If he is to know justice and prosper, the black man must take up the sword in his own hand and in his own cause. With the sword of war he must hew liberty and justice out of the social mountain of oppression and tyranny. He can wash away the evil filth of America and cleanse its soul with the sacred blood of martyrs whose highest calling is revolution.

More and more the most thinking element of white America is beginning to concede the fact that the Afro-American is capable of a potential that could very well lead to the destruction of racist, imperialist America. However, the question is invariably asked: "How can such a small minority expect to control and reconstruct a vast nation wherein the oppressors constitute such a great majority?" The fact of the matter is that the tyrannical conspirator has already offered a solution to this problem through negative example. The plundering white head-hunter first appeared in the Indian's America as a very small minority. Once he broke the resistance of the courageous Indian, he solved the imbalance in red-white population by massive immigration. He encouraged everything with a white face to settle on the land that he had just robbed from the Indian. This same method of solving the racial imbalance was successful in Australia and New Zealand, and Zionists conquerors appear to have the same thing in mind in the Middle East today. For the first time in history, why can't America be opened to unlimited colored immigration? Why can it not logically pass from colored back to colored? It is a foregone conclusion, that even if whites were welcomed with open arms in such a just society, the overwhelming majority would resent living in an environment justly guided by colored power.

All degrees of white supremacists and their Uncle Tomboes and some honest, but retarded thinkers, are more than zealous in pointing out that a Black Revolution in racist America can never succeed because of the numerical superiority of white racists and the concentration of state power in the hands of the majority. These dismal hawkers of defeatism unwittingly concede the fact, through this argument, that America is a hopelessly racist country and that all whites can be counted on to fight to the death for the evil cause of slavery and tyranny. What scientific laws reserve the victory of battle for the majority? If revolu-

tions should only be undertaken under conditions wherein the insurgents hold the advantage of numbers and the edge in power, what is the need for revolution? Such conditions would be conducive to parliamentary change. Revolution is the medium through which the underdog can overturn the top dog villian.

Capitalism operates on the profit system. Profit is the motive force that nurtures its growth. Profit is the reason for its existence. Without profit it would eventually wither and die. The life blood of U.S. Capitalism is its productive capacity and its extensive commerce. If these two factors were to become paralyzed and rendered sterile the orderly function of the governmental establishment would degenerate into a state of chaos, and the superstructure of the system would collapse. The American economy and its delicate and automated society cannot withstand any sustained and violent dislocation. Massive, violent disruption would set off a chain reaction that would fragment the entire nation and usher in an all-consuming state of anarchy. Out of the ashes of anarchy and chaos a new order could be reconstituted.

The more automated a society is the more vulnerable it is to forces of calamity. The American society's better half is the machine. The modern machine has become a soulless extension of the American anatomy. It is the indispensable crutch on which a lame American society limps toward human sterility. The machine has transformed the American society to that of a collective semi-invalid, greatly dependant on it for mobility. What would highly mechanized America be without electrical power? What would it be without modern transportation? What would it be without its industrial capacity? Yes, what would it be without the modern and luxurious facilities that it has grown so accustomed to?

The insensate power structure realizes its vulnerability. It realizes the potential consequences of a Black Revolution. The very thought of such a possibility throws it into panic and hysteria. No oppressive system wittingly and willingly goes to its doom passively. It fights desperately and brutally for its existence. It does not hesitate to unleash frantic pogroms and campaigns of genocide. It has no compunction about resorting to extreme measures of fascist repression. America is no exception. The alternatives ahead for Black America are bloody and violent revolution or meek submission to tyranny and Nazi-like extermination. Revolution is a serious and costly endeavor. In America it would claim untold numbers of human lives. Property damage would be immeasurable, but in the final analysis submission to tyranny would be an even more expensive proposition for the black population. The power structure has an alternative to the approaching holocaust. Its only hope is an intense crash program of total justice and equality and possibly a geographical separation. It is not the nature of tyrants to honor the petitions of their victims. The tyrant's response to such just demands is always unmitigated force. Tyrants always entertain the illusion that brute force is a panacea for social ills. They inevitably make the fatal mistake of thinking that violence is an invincible pillar of state hegemony.

The shrill voices of white supremacy fools are rising from the turmoil of social dislocation and hysterically calling for extermination of that segment of America now called the Black peril. They want America's consequences of long standing racial injustice solved by wiping the victim from the face of the earth. They are overwrought

with the white man's self-appraisal of invincibility. They have no conception of the world today. They don't know what time it is. The vicious power structure can murder, maim, imprison and plunder but it cannot destroy Black America without destroying white America. The two are joined together in a forced and incompatable wedlock, they have been unable to learn to love each other and the head of the household is unwilling to make a property settlement. The head of the household wants to have his cake and to eat it too. This is scientifically impossible.

Newark and Detroit were merely skirmishes of protest. Complete alienation is imminent. The black man is in for some rough days ahead. He will experience some jolting setbacks, but he will learn the hard way. Through negative examples he will learn the art of warfare. He will become steeled in his determination to overcome, and the conditions of battle will transform him into a fierce fighter. Great loss of life will not serve as a deterrent, but as a propellant. More and more the masses will come to realize that their greatest chance of survival lies in collective and fearless struggle. Anger will descend on the collective masses like a great torrent that flows from a crumbled dam. Such a force will be invincible. It will be powerfully driven by the fact that it has nothing to lose and a whole new world to gain. The great masses of Black Americans have nothing to lose, the power structure has everything that a ruling class can ever lose.

The cynics, the Uncle Toms, the capitulationists, the timid, and those socialists who disguise their white supremacy precepts behind a facade of pseudo-Marxism are more than blunt in reminding Black Americans that a minority revolution of black people cannot succeed in racist America. From a faulty dialectical point of view they have all of the stereotyped answers as to why such a noble undertaking is bound to fail. This prejudiced point of view is in the same vane as proclaiming that the Black African cannot run Africa without the white man. It is like saying that a youth is not mature enough to manage a responsible position. This negative view is the manifestation of either subconscious white supremacy or contempt for the black man's ability to match the white man in wit or revolutionary capacity. It can be said to be tantamount to a white man approaching an all black work crew, being directed to a black supervisor, but instead turns to a white bystander and asks if he is in charge of these black boys. He just cannot understand how a job can be carried out without the inevitable white brain and authority. We are invariably told that we cannot succeed without the master race.

Seven million Cubans can take a stand against the powerful USA and the whole world cheers and inspires them to resist. Fourteen million people in South Vietnam stand up to U.S. aggression and become the "Little David" against Goliath among the nations of the world. Two million Jews unleash aggression against one hundred million Arabs and the whole reactionary world cheers the success of their imperialist inspired aggression. More than twenty-two million Black Americans, who are massed in racist America's most sensitive regions, speak of massive resistance to genocide and tyranny and we are greeted with only the demoralizing words that "you can't win because you don't have a majority. You must have the good white folks on your side." And when we ask where are the good white folks and what is the formula

"Historically, all reactionary forces on the verge of extinction invariably conduct a last desperate struggle against the revolutionary forces, and some revolutionaries are apt to be deluded for a time by this phenomenon of outward strength but inner weakness, failing to grasp the essential fact that the enemy is nearing extinction while they themselves are approaching victory."

Mao Tse-tung

for winning them to our side, there are no positive answers. In short, what we are being told is that we must have the white folks, and inas-much as there is no possibility of their joining us, our cause is lost. In other words, we should do nothing other than to passively protest and make love to our oppressors and wait for them to fall in love with us on some vague and mythological date in the future.

Why should the black man in racist America love the white man? Why should the black man in racist America trust the white man? Is not the white man the one who created the hate barriers? Is he not the one who has betrayed and abused the black man? We know that there are white exceptions in racist America, but if we are going to be realistic we must concern ourselves with the rule rather than with the exception. Those who so readily proclaim to us that we cannot win such a conflict are sometimes actually expressing a secret wish. This is what they really hope. The same individuals who wish to convince us that we need the great white folks are also some of the very first ones to express a fear that the white masses will side with the power structure. The fact of the matter is that racism is a grand part of the American way of life. The great majority of the American working class constitutes a great manpower pool for world fascism and imperialism. They cannot be expected to change until the conditions that molded them are shattered. So long as the great majority of them remain the cream of the world's working class they cannot be expected to manifest any strong altruistic drive in the formulation of meaningful solidarity ties with their less fortunate and oppressed fellow workers throughout the world. The overwhelming majority of the American working class, at this historical moment, must be seen as the conservatives and, to a great extent, as the counter-revolutionaries that they are.

In a minority Black Revolution in racist and imperialist America, the best our people can hope for, as far as the white working class is concerned, is the strategic neutralization of a great portion of these unreliable racist masses. The black man cannot leave such an accomplishment to chance either. This is why any all-out minority revolution must create a state of crisis wherein almost all of the white male population would be forced to remain in their homes to protect their property and families. A great factor in favor of the Afro-American is the fact that the middle class is very large. It is not accustomed to deprivation and terror. Because of its affluence, it has waxed soft. It has no stomach for massive fire, blood and violence. The motive force behind its life drive is its endless pursuit of prestige, conspicuous consumption and sensual pleasures.

A few years of violent, sparodic and highly destructive uprisings will set the stage for the grand finale. After the stage is properly set, through protracted struggle, big bad racist and imperialist America could be brought to her knees in 90 days of highly organized fierce fighting, sabotage and a massive firestorm. This would be a unique type of urban guerilla warfare that is only applicable to a highly industrialized and urbanized country like racist America. Such a campaign could only be mounted by a desperate and frantic people struggling for survival. This type of warfare must be based on the expediency of the last resort. This is the final hope of the brutally oppressed wherein intolerable misery has closed the hopeful gap between life and death.

The day of such a confrontation draws near. Time is running out. The power structure prepares to respond to just and prayerful petitioning with more brute force, armour and steel. It has not learned its lesson in Vietnam. It has no understanding of the relativity of resistant violence to applied violence. Relative to revolutions and rebellions it is like a child who does not yet understand where babies come from; for it does not yet seem to know where rebellion comes from. Rebellion is born of oppression. Tyrants are the progenitors of revolution. Conditions of tyranny constitute the womb of revolution. Revolution is a Caesarean operation to facilitate the deliverance of the child of peace. It is the surgery needed to master the complications developed by a malfunctioning parliamentary delivery system.

Yes, a minority revolution could succeed in racist and imperialist America. Its chances of success today are better than at any previous time in history. America is an imperialist power with its tentacles spread around the world. Its greed makes it want to dominate the world. It has arrogantly proclaimed its hypocritical self savior of the entire world. The fact of the matter is that it can not even save itself. The American black man holds the balance of power in the world today. He holds the fate of America in his hands. The only thing left to the power structure is an alternative that its actions show that it has already rejected. Is there cause for a Black Revolution in racist and tyrannical America? Even by the evil white man's standard there is. And for the sake of those "responsible" wise men who are so prone to invoke the extremist indictment against those who believe in revolution and violence as the only forceful response to tyranny, I finally take refuge in a quote from that extremist document called THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE:

". . . Whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive to these ends. it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn. that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object. evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism. it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government. and to provide new Guards for their future security."

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Since its inception nine years ago, as an organ of the Union County, North Carolina Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, THE CRUSADER has pursued an uncompromising policy of advocating armed self-defense for brutally oppressed and terrorized black Americans. It has never wavered in its stand against imperialism, fascism, racism and the enemies of freedom, peace and justice. THE CRUSADER has always been a staunch advocate of the enforcement of the U.S. Constitution and equality for all Americans irrespective of race, creed or political persuasion, and from the very beginning maintained that the Afro-American struggle is part and parcel of the liberation struggles of the peoples of Africa, Asia and Latin America.

The summary punitive action taken against THE CRUSADER is an alarming indication of the rapid erosion of civil liberties in racist America. As a matter of constitutional preservation, it warrants the protest and active opposition of all Americans who believe in the right to dissent and freedom of press and speech.

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• — PRINTED IN CHINA AS A PERSONAL JOURNAL — •

BOOK REVIEW

THE TRUE BELIEVER, by Eric Hoffer. Harper & Row Publishers. New York, 1951 ($3.50).
Reviewed by William L. Pierce.

This little book (only 142 pages of text in the paperback edition) has been around for sixteen years now, has gone through a number of printings, and has been commented on by a great many reviewers. Yet, somehow *this* reviewer had not gotten around to looking at the book until a few days ago. When he did, it was an electrifying experience.

Eric Hoffer, a San Francisco longshoreman, is an extraordinarily rare phenomenon—an honest liberal who is not also a fool. In a simple, direct, and uncluttered fashion he has set down for us his reflections on the nature of mass movements and the underlying motivations of their adherents.

Eric Hoffer's writing suffers from exaggeration and over-simplification in many places and from an unrealistically severe cynicism in some places. Several of the historical examples he uses suffer from his apparent lack of understanding of the events involved. The worst defect of the book, however, stems from Hoffer's liberal bias; although he claims in his preface that his book expresses no preferences, his anti-Nazi prejudice is evident throughout.

In spite of this, *The True Believer* is recommended reading for every National Socialist leader at the policy-making level and for everyone else who wants a better insight into the true nature of revolutions and revolutionaries. Throughout the book glint and sparkle bright gems of wisdom of a brilliance seldom matched elsewhere. In fact, despite the book's flaws, it probably displays more profound insight per page than any other book on the subject since *Mein Kampf.*

In *The True Believer* Hoffer does not concern himself with an examination of the specific characteristics of the National Socialist—or the Holy Roller or the Bolshevik—but of the hypothetical *generalized fanatic:* the man who, because of peculiarities in his makeup, is particularly susceptible to the call to unified action and self-sacrifice, regardless of whether the cause to which he is called be the quest for the Holy Grail, the "expropriation of the expropriators"—or the struggle for an Aryan world order based on the teachings of Adolf Hitler.

Thus we have the presupposition that it is sensible to consider a sort of *fanaticism syndrome;* that there are certain distinguishing features common to "true believers" in general which are not shared by those who are not true believers, *regardless of nominal ideological affiliations.*

This is a very interesting thesis. For if we can convince ourselves that our potential recruits largely belong to some well-defined subset of the general population, then this conviction should guide us to a more efficient mobilization of these people—for instance, through proper design of our propaganda. In Hoffer's words:

> Though there are obvious differences between the fanatical Christian, the fanatical Mohammedan, the fanatical nationalist, the fanatical Communist, and the fanatical Nazi, it is yet true that the fanaticism which animates them may be viewed and treated as one. The same is true of the force which drives them on to expansion and world dominion. There is a certain uniformity in all types of dedication, of faith, of pursuit of power, of unity and self-sacrifice. There are vast differences in the contents of holy causes and doctrines, but a certain uniformity in the factors which make them effective. ...
>
> Though they seem at opposite poles, fanatics of all kinds are actually crowded together at one end. It is the fanatic and the moderate who are poles apart and never meet.

> The fanatics of various hues eye each other with suspicion and are ready to fly at each other's throat. But they are neighbors and almost of one family. They hate each other with the hatred of brothers. ... And it is easier for a fanatic communist to be converted to fascism[1] than to become a sober liberal.

He supports this contention by citing the fact that one of the principal sources of new converts to the National Socialist cause in Germany was the Communist Party, despite the antithetical relationship between the two ideologies. Likewise, Hoffer points out that the Jewish Communist leader, Radek, looked on the National Socialist *Sturmabteilungen* as a fertile recruiting ground for future Marxists. This point—the generality of fanaticism—is pursued quite strongly. Hoffer argues that the liberal and the conservative are two of a kind, in that they both have vested interests in the present and are not particularly inclined toward self-sacrifice, whereas:

> the radical and the reactionary loathe the present. They see it as an aberration and a deformity. Both are ready to proceed ruthlessly with the present, and both are hospitable to the idea of self-sacrifice.

A National Socialist does not fit well under any of the headings "reactionary," "radical," "conservative," or "liberal." For our purposes, it is perhaps simpler to understand that the gulf lies between the revolutionary spirit and the non-revolutionary spirit. The National Socialist—today—belongs of necessity to the former category and both the liberal and the conservative to the latter, and never the twain shall meet. Thus, the frightened conservatives who denounce National Socialism, saying that it is the same as Marxism, are in one fundamental sense correct.[2]

Tentatively accepting, then, the reality of the syndrome, what are its symptoms? According to Hoffer the two outstanding characteristics of the latent fanatic are a sense of frustration and a feeling of self-contempt. He attempts at length to justify this assertion:

> There is a tendency to locate the shaping forces of our existence outside ourselves. Success and failure are unavoidably related in our minds with the state of things around us. Hence it is that people with a sense of fulfillment think it a good world and would like to conserve it as it is, while the frustrated favor radical change. The tendency to look for all causes outside ourselves persists even when it is clear that our state of being is the product of personal qualities such as ability, character, appearance, health, and so on. "If anything ail a man," says Thoreau, "so that he does not perform his functions, if he have a pain in his bowels even... he forthwith sets about reforming the world."
>
> It is understandable that those who fail should incline to blame the world for their failure. The remarkable thing is that the successful, too, however much they pride themselves for their foresight, fortitude, thrift, and other "sterling qualities," are at bottom convinced that their success is the result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances. The self-confidence of even the consistently successful is never absolute. They are never sure that they know all the ingredients which go into the making of their success. The outside world seems to them a precariously balanced mechanism, and so long as it ticks in their favor they are afraid to tinker with it. Thus the resistance to change and the ardent desire for it spring from the same conviction, and the one can be as vehement as the other.

[1]As with most liberals, Hoffer seldom makes a distinction between the profoundly different ideologies, National Socialism and Fascism, often lumping them both together under the generic term, *fascism.*

[2]It cannot be stressed too heavily that we are not concerned with similarities or differences in doctrines or goals here, but only with similarities or differences in temperament and subconscious motivation. Perhaps it should also be pointed out that when we compare National Socialists to Communists, it is only to Gentile Communists, and not to Jewish Communists. Both the National Socialist and the Gentile Communist tend to be "true believers," whereas the Jewish Communist more often than not looks upon Communism only as a means to an end—a tool.

The man who is frustrated, the man who feels himself a failure and his life wasted, looks for two things in a mass movement: a sense of fulfillment and accomplishment through the collective activity of a movement rather than through his own efforts—i.e., a transference of concentration from personal interests to collective interests—and an escape from his own sense of futility and inferiority. According to Hoffer:

> A rising mass movement attracts and holds a following not by its doctrines and promises but by the refuge it offers from the anxieties, barrenness, and meaninglessness of an individual existence. It cures the poignantly frustrated not by conferring on them an absolute truth or by remedying the difficulties and abuses which made their lives miserable, but by freeing them from their ineffectual selves—and it does this by enfolding and absorbing them into a closely knit and exultant corporate whole.

Hoffer attributes a substantial portion of the successes of early Christianity in the decomposing Greco-Roman world, the Bolshevik movement in the midst of numerous other Marxist movements, and National Socialism among all the "folkish" movements of the 1920's to the fact that each of these movements possessed a more coherent and closely knit structure than its rivals—that each more totally absorbed its members and gave them more of a sense of "belonging" than did competing movements.

> When our individual interests and prospects do not seem worth living for, we are in desperate need of something apart from us to live for. All forms of dedication, devotion, loyalty, and self-surrender are in essence a desperate clinging to something which might give worth and meaning to our futile, spoiled lives. Hence the embracing of a substitute will necessarily be passionate and extreme. We can have qualified confidence in ourselves, but the faith we have in our nation, religion, race, or holy cause has to be extravagant and uncompromising. A substitute embraced in moderation cannot supplant and efface the self we want to forget. We cannot be sure we have something worth living for unless we are ready to die for it. This readiness to die is evidence to ourselves and others that what we had to take as a substitute for an irrevocably missed or spoiled first chance is indeed the best there ever was. . . .
>
> Faith in a holy cause is to a considerable extent a substitute for the lost faith in ourselves.

Hoffer's analysis of the motivation of fanatics is certainly intriguing, but not absolutely convincing. It is indeed a matter of observation that mass movements—some more than others—seem to have a magnetic attraction for some of the least desirable elements of society, those who have genuine reasons for frustration and self-contempt due to their inveterate status as "losers." Marxism, in fact, specifically directs its appeal to these elements. But even the National Socialist movement, with its strongly inequalitarian doctrine, its emphasis on the idea of quality over quantity, and its insistence on self-discipline and self-reliance, picks up a more-than-ample "fringe benefit" of misfits, screwballs, and others presumably suffering acutely from a sense of frustration. If one looks at the leadership echelons of any vital mass movement, however, one generally finds both ability and self-confidence in abundance. And the same is true not only at the top but down through the ranks of propagandists and editors, artists and printers, organizers and fund raisers, who fill essential roles in the structure of any movement. Drive, perseverance, self-reliance, ingenuity—in fact, every trait so conducive to "success" outside the ranks of a movement—are more characteristic of these true believers, at least in the early, trying phase of a mass movement, than they are of their non-fanatical counterparts outside the movement.

The challenges presented during the difficult phases of struggle of a rising mass movement require enormous willpower and self-confidence on the part of the leadership. Small successes in the day-to-day struggle in turn breed even more self-confidence, but certainly no diminution of fervor. Struggling against overwhelming odds with no tangible prospect of ultimate success, at least in the early stages;

facing persecution, imprisonment, and physical hardship; working long hours with little or no salary, these men can only be described as fanatics, and yet it is hardly correct to categorize them with the misfits and failures who seek to lose their identity by merging with a movement. If they are frustrated, it is generally not because of a sense of personal inadequacy, but because of a deeply felt awareness of the shortcomings of the existing order of things and of the urgent need for drastic and revolutionary changes.

Hoffer's analysis of the motivations of the adherents of mass movements probably has more validity if we make a distinction between the leaders and the followers—the active, aggressive elements of a movement and the more passive elements—and apply his analysis primarily to the followers, and even then with caution. Still, what he has to say on the matter provides very interesting food for thought.

Hoffer is fairly severely hampered throughout the book by his liberal bias. The whole book is permeated with a disapproving tone. While Hoffer describes the phenomena associated with fanaticism and mass movements, he clearly does not approve of them. His flat assertion above that all "true believers" suffer from frustration and feelings of inadequacy is a particularly striking example of the exaggeration and over-simplification which result from this attitude.

He is much more convincing when he discusses the essentially *religious* nature of mass movements and the vitally important role played by self-sacrifice. He points out that the fully assimilated member of a movement does not look upon himself primarily as an individual, but as an integral component of the collective body of the movement:

> ... He has no purpose, worth, and destiny apart from his collective body; and as long as that body lives he cannot really die.

Hoffer goes on to say:

> ... There is no striving for glory without a vivid awareness of an audience—the knowledge that our mighty deeds will come to the ears of our contemporaries or "of those who are to be." We are ready to sacrifice our true, transitory self for the imaginary eternal self we are building up, by our heroic deeds, in the opinion and imagination of others. ...
> ... Possessed of a vivid vision of past and future, the true believer sees himself part of something that stretches endlessly backward and forward—something eternal. He can let go of the present (and of his own life) not only because it is a poor thing, hardly worth hanging onto, but also because it is not the beginning and the end of all things.

This is a perceptive exposition of the reasons for the selflessness so characteristic of true devotion to a cause. As one National Socialist put it:

> ... we are proud to see ourselves and our own short lives as links in the chain of generations and to feel that we are the bridge which leads from a great past into the most distant future.[3]

Indeed, Hoffer has hit very close to the essence of the National Socialist racial doctrine in trying to explain the selflessness of the true believer. For National Socialism is the philosophy which, above all, embodies that fundamental and ubiquitous "urge" in Nature toward a higher level of existence—toward perfection—toward God. This aristocratic idea—the idea of a hierarchy of levels of existence throughout all Creation and a continued striving for higher and higher levels—is central to National Socialism. The true meaning of our racial doctrine, reduced to its most primitive concept, is a striving toward God. Through total identification of ourselves with our race, we partake in its immortality and share in its glories, both past and future. And we reach toward God, or perfection, when we contribute in any way toward helping our race on its way along the path toward Supermanhood.

[3]Walter Gross, "To the German Youth," *National Socialist World*, 2 (Fall, 1966), p. 34.

Although Hoffer has described the motivations behind self-sacrifice, he does not really feel very comfortable with the idea. He adopts a rather sneering attitude, describing the selflessness of the true believer as a sort of "performance" or play-acting. As mentioned earlier, the whole idea of self-sacrifice is fundamentally alien to the liberal mind, and he can look at it only with suspicion and misgiving:

> The readiness for self-sacrifice is contingent on an imperviousness to the realities of life. He who is free to draw conclusions from his individual experience and observation is not usually hospitable to the idea of martyrdom. *For self-sacrifice is an unreasonable act. It cannot be the end-product of a process of probing and deliberating.* [reviewer's italics]

This contention of Hoffer's reveals quite clearly the fundamentally self-centered nature of the liberal. Hoffer, an honest liberal, is forced to admit that he cannot conceive a rational being acting from any motivation other than self-interest. Thus, an ideology such as National Socialism which values the welfare of the race above that of the individual seems unnatural and unreasonable to him.

Completely aside from ideology, Hoffer apparently has not considered the possibility that natural selection, operating among groups or tribes rather than individuals, might have resulted over the ages in an instinctive and natural propensity toward self-sacrifice when the survival of one's tribe or race is at stake—a propensity which, to be sure, is nearly always overruled by the dictates of self-interest, but which might be reinforced, at least among those races in which it is most highly developed, by the typical psychological phenomena associated with membership in a mass movement.

So firmly convinced is Hoffer of the "unreasonableness" of self-sacrifice, that he advances the notion that, in order to more easily elicit this trait in the gullible adherents, "all active mass movements strive . . . to interpose a fact-proof screen between the faithful and the realities of the world." To Hoffer, the fact that the members of a National Socialist storm-troop squad are able to look forward to serious injury or even death in the performance of their duties with a sense of exhilaration rather than apprehension is a sure sign of derangement. But he accepts the reality of this "unreasonable" phenomenon and comes to some simple but quite profound conclusions about it:

> One of the rules that emerges from a consideration of the factors that promote self-sacrifice is that we are less ready to die for what we have or are than for what we wish to have and to be. It is a perplexing and unpleasant truth that when men already have "something worth fighting for," they do not feel like fighting. People who live full, worthwhile lives are not usually ready to die for their own interests nor [*sic*] for their country nor [*sic*] for a holy cause. Craving, not having, is the mother of a reckless giving of oneself.
>
> "Things which are not" are indeed mightier than "things that are."[4] In all ages men have fought most desperately for beautiful cities yet to be built and gardens yet to be planted. Satan did not digress to tell all he knew when he said: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."[5] All he hath—yes. But he sooner dies than yield aught of that which he hath not.
>
> It is strange indeed that those who hug the present and hang onto it with all their might should be the least capable of defending it. . . .
>
> It is not altogether absurd that people should be ready to die for a button, a flag, a word, an opinion, a myth, and so on. It is on the contrary the least reasonable thing to give one's life for something palpably worth having. For, surely, one's life is the most real of all things real, and without it there can be no having of things worth having. *Self-sacrifice cannot be a manifestation of tangible self-interest.* [reviewer's italics]

One might think the truth expressed by that last sentence is self-evident. And yet it is often overlooked. A mass movement in its initial stages—and that is National Socialism *now*—must, of necessity, demand self-sacrifice from its adherents. At first there is much to be lost and little or nothing to be gained. And if, as in the

[4] I Corinthians, 1:28.

[5] Job, 2:4.

case of National Socialism, the goals of the movement involve vast and profound changes in the order of things, only a fool can be convinced that he should invest his money and his efforts and his blood in the movement with the hope of being rewarded when the movement is victorious. There is no point in arguing that if everyone would support the National Socialist movement, the world would soon be a better place in which to live and we would all be rewarded thereby. The fact is that "everyone" is *not* going to support us, and those who do will face a long and difficult struggle while their more self-interested neighbors will watch comfortably from the sidelines to see which way the battle is going. These neighbors, being "reasonable" men, will be seriously interested in the movement only after it has reached the stage from which ultimate victory can be foreseen with at least a modicum of assurance and within a reasonably short time—and we are a long way from that stage now. Fools, to be sure, are fairly plentiful, and more than one movement has consciously reckoned on filling its ranks more or less exclusively from *that* source and has tailored its "pitch" accordingly. That is hardly a tactic that National Socialism should attempt to emulate, however. All that we can honestly offer potential recruits is an excellent opportunity to become martyrs. All too often, though, we find ourselves forgetting Hoffer's self-evident little maxim above and trying to appeal to people's self-interest; we try to convince them that the correct thing for a "reasonable" man to do is to join or support our movement. Then we should not be surprised that "reasonable" men look at us as if we were crazy, and only those who *are* crazy are convinced by our arguments. *Since we are demanding self-sacrifice, we cannot reasonably appeal to self-interest at the same time.* Propaganda which ignores this truth is certain to be largely ineffective. We cannot hope to outdo the democratic parties at appealing to self-interest. That is their game, and they will always win when we are foolish enough to challenge them. Instead, we must deliberately direct our appeal to those *heroic* urges which lie deep within our people. Fear and greed are the handles by which the established parties manipulate the masses; the nobler and rarer spirit of heroism must be ours. This may seem to be accepting an unnecessary handicap, but it is not. Instead, it is the *only* path to success for us.

Hoffer goes overboard a bit in enumerating those properties of a doctrine which lend it effectiveness:

> . . . The effectiveness of a doctrine should not be judged by its profundity, sublimity, or the validity of the truths it embodies, but by how thoroughly it insulates the individual from his self and the world as it is. What Pascal said of an effective religion is true of any effective doctrine: It must be "contrary to nature, to common sense, and to pleasure."[6]
>
> The effectiveness of a doctrine does not come from its meaning but from its certitude. No doctrine however profound and sublime will be effective unless it is presented as the embodiment of the one and only truth. It must be the one word from which all things are and all things speak. Crude absurdities, trivial nonsense, and sublime truths are equally potent in readying people for self-sacrifice if they are accepted as the sole, eternal truth.
>
> It is obvious, therefore, that in order to be effective a doctrine must not be understood, but has to be believed in. We can be absolutely certain only about things we do not understand. A doctrine that is understood is shorn of its strength. . . .
>
> If a doctrine is not unintelligible, it has to be vague; and if neither unintelligible nor vague, it has to be unverifiable. One has to get to heaven or the distant future to determine the truth of an effective doctrine. When some part of a doctrine is relatively simple, there is a tendency among the faithful to complicate and obscure it. Simple words are made pregnant with meaning and made to look like symbols in a secret message. There is thus an illiterate air about the most literate true believer. He seems to use words as if he were ignorant of their true meaning. Hence, too, his taste for quibbling, hairsplitting, and scholastic tortuousness. . . .

[6] Blaise Pascal, *Pensees.*

> ... The true believer is without wonder and hesitation. "Who knows Jesus knows the reason for all things."[7] The true doctrine is a master key to all the world's problems. With it the world can be taken apart and put together. The official history of the Communist party states: "The power of Marxist-Leninist theory lies in the fact that it enables the Party to find the right orientation in any situation, to understand the inner connection of current events, to foresee their course, and to perceive not only how and in what direction they are developing in the present but how and in what direction they are bound to develop in the future."[8]

There are several deep truths in the above passage, but it suffers from the usual gross overstatement in places. Certainly there does seem to exist a craving in most people for mystery; the unknowable and the unintelligible, especially when embellished with the aspect of *power,* seem to exercise a considerable fascination over men's minds. And virtually all religions—at least the large-scale, successful ones—have considered this aspect of human nature important enough so that, rather than relying strictly on a straightforward doctrine, they have consciously endeavored to provide a steady diet of hocus-pocus and gobbledygook to the faithful. The trend away from this in the last few years—that is, the increasing use of modern languages and modern idiom in religious rites and indoctrination, the debunking of traditional religious myths, the ludicrous efforts to avoid being considered "square," old fashioned, and unscientific, which have been accompanied, in the more "progressive" churches, by traditional liturgical music occasionally giving way to Negro jazz and ancient ceremonies being replaced by pseudo-religious "happenings"—is only one aspect of the rapidly accelerating disintegration of the whole Western world, and its traditional religious beliefs with it.

[7]Pascal, *op. cit.*

[8]*History of the Communist Party* (Moscow, 1945), p. 355.

National Socialism, although it does not have much in common with the traditional religions, is nevertheless a religion as well as a political ideology, and we are determined that it shall be an effective religion. But the National Socialist doctrine with its simple, straightforward message, its emphasis on natural order, and its lack of mythical theology, hardly fills Hoffer's (or Pascal's) bill for an effective religion—namely, that it should be either unintelligible, vague, or unverifiable, and contrary to nature and common sense. Should we, then, deliberately cook up a batch of meaningless but mysterious dogmas with which to adorn our faith? God forbid! All too much of that sort of thing will develop of its own accord, in time. What we can do, though, is keep always in mind the very real craving for such esoteric embellishments, and rather than merely dragging our feet stubbornly and blindly resisting all evolutions in that direction, condemning them out of hand as "deviationism" or perversions of the one true faith, we can lend a tolerant hand to guiding such developments into channels consistent with the more fundamental aspects of National Socialism. At the same time we can be careful not to let an excess of intellectual snobbery blind us to the importance of ceremony, public spectacle, and ritual in the development of any mass movement. Bands and music and uniforms and marching, as well as such simple ritual forms as our salutation, "Heil Hitler!", serve the vital functions of helping to forge a feeling of unity in the movement and of building up a mystique. Let us, then, encourage tendencies in this direction. But one thing we cannot do, regardless of practical advantages which might be gained, is tamper with our doctrine so as to make it seem more mysterious, profound, or esoteric. To do so would be directly contrary to the spirit of National Socialism. Adolf Hitler, above all else, concentrated on putting the National Socialist idea into clear and simple form, so that it could be absorbed and *understood* by every Aryan man and woman. Hoffer's assertion that "a doctrine that is under-

stood is shorn of its strength" may indeed have considerable validity in most cases. But, on the other hand, every genuine National Socialist knows that the strength of his devotion to the National Socialist cause lies in the degree of his comprehension of the deep, natural wisdom of Adolf Hitler's ideas. We have said that National Socialism is a religion and that the National Socialist is a fanatic, and we can see the validity of the application of many of Hoffer's generalities regarding religion and fanatics to our own case. Here, however, on the necessary nature of an effective doctrine, his generality breaks down. Here National Socialism departs in a fundamental way from the doctrine of every other mass movement.

Hoffer probes many other facets of fanaticism and mass movements in *The True Believer,* generally with the same peculiar mixture of exaggeration, prejudice, and genuine insight. His obvious antipathy toward National Socialism—particularly his slighting remarks about Adolf Hitler—and his admiring attitude toward Jewry in general, as exemplified by his sympathetic treatment of Trotsky, become increasingly annoying as the reader progresses through the book. It also becomes increasingly obvious that Clio is not Hoffer's muse. He calls upon history on nearly every other page to provide substantiation for his conclusions, but in doing so he makes a number of slips. He talks of the "Russian" Revolution as if it were some genuinely Russian phenomenon, a rising up of peasants and serfs and intelligentsia against the Czarist regime as a result of "European influence"! He attributes the British loss of India and Palestine to the failure of the British to take the Indian and Jewish intellectuals into their confidence and share the rule with them. And yet, from his exposition elsewhere, it is clear that he understands that governments are overthrown *not* because they are tyrannical, but because they grow weak, relax their grip, and lose their will to rule at any cost. Likewise he has completely misunderstood the sequence of events leading up to World War II and the destruction of National Socialist Germany. He says:

> . . . It was Hitler's fanaticism, his inability to settle down and play the role of a practical man of action, which brought ruin to his movement. Had Hitler died in the middle 1930's, there is little doubt that a man of action of the type of Göring would have succeeded to the leadership and the movement would have survived.

More often than not, though, Hoffer hits the nail squarely on the head, bringing forth point after point with crystalline lucidity and compelling logic, whether he is dealing with the necessary qualities of mass-movement leadership, the role of coercion as opposed to persuasion in winning converts, the prevalence of nihilism among zealots, the importance of hatred, or the craving of the masses for ideological authoritarianism. Usually one can immediately think of specific parallels in the National Socialist movement to the general phenomena that Hoffer is describing, and usually one is compelled, as a consequence of the closeness of the parallels, to agree at least partially with Hoffer's more general conclusions. He argues, for instance, that imitativeness is more likely to be a characteristic of the true believer than of one who is not:

> Though the imitative capacity is present in all people, it can be stronger in some than in others. The question is whether the frustrated, who . . . not only have a propensity for united action but are also equipped with a mechanism for its realization, are particularly imitative. Is there a connection between frustration and the readiness to imitate? Is imitation in some manner a means of escape from the ills that beset the frustrated?
>
> The chief burden of the frustrated is the consciousness of a blemished, ineffectual self, and their chief desire is to slough off the unwanted self and begin a new life. They try to realize this desire either by finding a new identity or by blurring and camouflaging their individual distinctness; and both these ends are reached by imitation.
>
> The less satisfaction we derive from being ourselves, the greater is our desire

to be like others. . . .

Finally, the lack of self-confidence characteristic of the frustrated also stimulates their imitativeness. The more we mistrust our judgement and luck, the more are we ready to follow the example of others.

This immediately calls to mind one of the more embarrassing "Nazi" fringe elements: those escapists who love to dress themselves in World War II German paraphernalia and posture in front of a mirror. And yet we can also immediately see from Hoffer's suggestion that the same sort of drives which motivate the monocle-and-Luger set can lead to greater unity in a movement and enhance internal discipline.

Much of *The True Believer* will be uncomfortable reading for the true believer, because it so ruthlessly demolishes cherished illusions, strips away deceptive euphemisms, and exposes deep-seated foibles. On the other hand, there is one area of the book which can only serve to reassure and encourage the hard-working fanatic: Hoffer's elaboration of the necessary environmental preconditions for the successful rise of a mass movement. Every symptom of a "ripe" situation which he lists is rife in the Western world today, and particularly so in the major English-speaking countries: the general disintegration of institutions, an exponentially rising crime rate, social disorder, growing isolation of the individual, and the almost universal ennui which lies at the root of the alarming increase in degenerate behavior of recent years—behavior which, in the long run, does nothing to relieve the ennui:

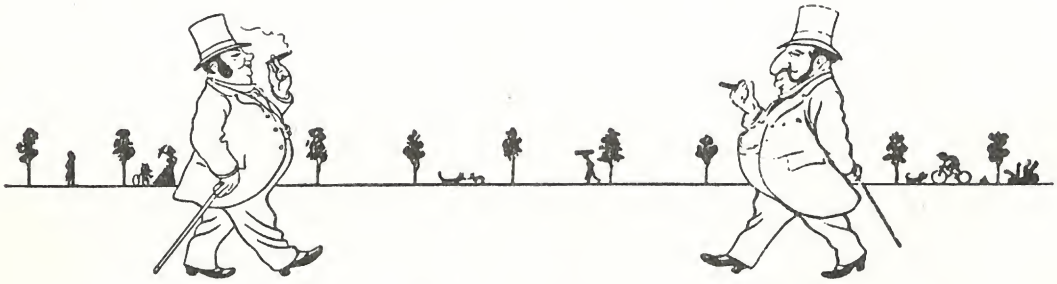
> The milieu most favorable for the rise and propagation of mass movements is one in which a once compact corporate structure is, for one reason or another, in a state of disintegration. . . .
>
> The general rule seems to be that as one pattern of corporate cohesion weakens, conditions become ripe for the rise of a mass movement and the eventual establishment of a new and more vigorous form of compact unity. . . .
>
> There is perhaps no more reliable indicator of a society's ripeness for a mass movement than the prevalence of unrelieved boredom. In almost all the descriptions of the periods preceding the rise of mass movements there is reference to vast ennui; and in their earliest stages mass movements are more likely to find sympathizers and support among the bored than among the exploited and oppressed. To a deliberate fomenter of mass upheavals, the report that people are bored stiff should be at least as encouraging as that they are suffering from intolerable economic or political abuses.
>
> When people are bored, it is primarily with their own selves that they are bored. The consciousness of a barren, meaningless existence is the main fountainhead of boredom. . . . The differentiated individual is free of boredom only when he is engaged either in creative work or some absorbing occupation or when he is wholly engrossed in the struggle for existence. Pleasure-chasing and dissipation are ineffective palliatives. Where people live autonomous lives and are not badly off, yet are without abilities or opportunities for creative work or useful action, there is no telling to what desperate and fantastic shifts they might resort in order to give meaning and purpose to their lives.

In summary, everything which Hoffer has to say in *The True Believer* has been said elsewhere by others, and generally said better and more accurately. And, indeed, most of his conclusions are self-evident, or so it seems upon reflection. The great value of the book, in fact, probably lies right there. Namely, Hoffer has taken a great many ideas bearing on one subject, stripped them to bare essentials, and expressed them in a strikingly forceful and assimilable fashion. The net result is a book of rare impact.

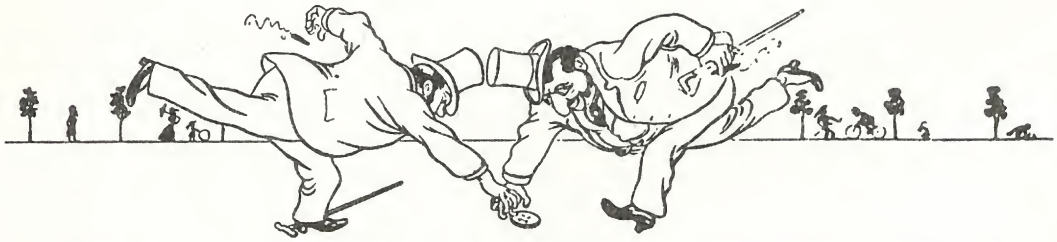
Conversation Between an Anti-Semite and a Wise Man

Anti-Semite: "The Jews! ... Robbers! Swindlers! Speculators! Greedy b...!"

Wise man: "Ta, ta, ta! Whether Jew or Gentile, all men are filled with the same craving for money. I'll prove it to you..."

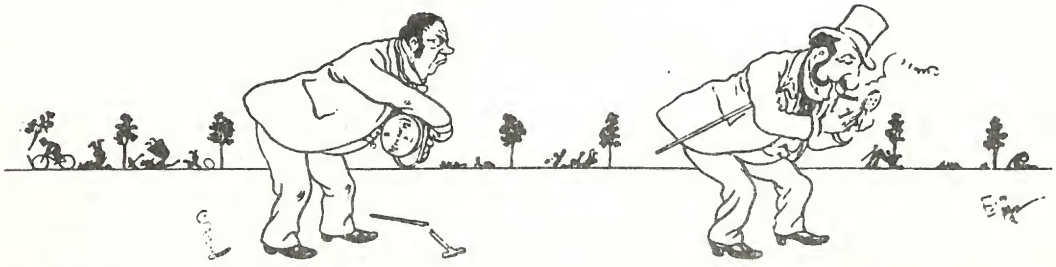


"Take, for example, a Gentile and a Jew..."



"Put a twenty-franc piece on the ground...and you will see that both leap for it with the same eagerness."

Anti-Semite: "I guess you're right."



Wise Man: "Yes, I'm right ... *but* ... and this is what's important ... it will be the Jew who gets the goldpiece!"

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NUMBER 6 WINTER, 1968

NATIONAL SOCIALIST WORLD

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FROM KAISERHOF TO REICH CHANCELLERY.....JOSEPH GOEBBELS

DEFIANCE.....SAVITRI DEVI

BOOK REVIEW

EAST AND WEST.....BY C. N. PARKINSON

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. . . There is only one most sacred human right, and this right is at the same time the most sacred obligation: namely, to make sure that the race is kept pure, so that through the preservation of the best of humanity there is the possibility of a more noble development of these beings.

ADOLF HITLER

Editorial:

REVOLUTION & LEGALITY

Two classes of concepts which are fundamentally different in nature, yet often confused, are those having to do with *doctrine* and those concerned with *tactics*. The former are independent of changing circumstances and conditions; the latter are strongly dependent on these things. We make an extremely grave error when we treat a doctrinal point as if it were a tactical matter, but we also make a serious error when we assign to some tactical consideration the attributes of a point of doctrine.

The National Socialist movement has generally been considered to be an element of "the right wing," albeit an extreme element. Indeed, we apparently share a number of things with other right-wing elements, such as anti-Marxism, a respect for tradition, and support for the forces of law and order. This last has meant, among other things, that we have constrained ourselves to the use of "legal" methods only in our struggle.

Now, whereas our anti-Marxism is implicit in our National Socialist doctrine, our self-restriction to legal methods is tactical in nature.[1] Because the Movement has, however, since 1923, insisted upon "legality" in its relationship with constituted authority, some may have fallen into the error of thinking that this insistence stems from doctrinal considerations about the sanctity of "law and order." Under certain conditions this error can lead to disastrous consequences. Since the occurrence of these "certain conditions" in the foreseeable future is by no means a merely academic possibility, it may be worthwhile to examine this problem in detail.

In terms of the most fundamental National Socialist criterion, the question is: Is the support of the constituted authority and the maintenance of law and order in the best long-term interest of the race? And the self-evident answer is, that this depends upon the nature and the aims of the particular constituted authority in question. For while it is true that when a State is fulfilling its proper function as defender and champion of the racial interests of its people the aims of race and of law and order become identical, those aims no longer coincide when the State strays from its proper role. In this respect the teachings of the Leader are quite clear:

"The State is a means to an end. This end is the preservation and advancement of a community of physically and spiritually homogeneous living creatures. This preservation itself includes, firstly, subsistence as a race and thus permits the free development of all powers slumbering within that race.

". . . States that do not serve this purpose are mistakes, nay, monstrosities. The fact of their existence does not alter this any more than the success of a crew of buccaneers can justify piracy.

". . . We must make a sharp distinction between the State as a vessel and the race as its content. This vessel has a purpose only so long as it can preserve and protect the content; otherwise it is worthless."[2]

Strictly speaking, *only* a National Socialist State can fully satisfy our criterion; any other State formation can only approximate the ideal role of the State as the defender and champion of the racial interests of its people; and in this light the present-day Western democracies can only be described as monstrosities.

[1] And our respect for tradition is often tactical rather than doctrinal; it makes a great deal of difference about *which* traditions we are talking.

[2] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* II, chap. 2.

If a State can be carried through a peaceful evolution toward its proper role, then this course should be followed, for we certainly do not seek a state of anarchy and chaos as an end in itself. There are always dangers inherent in such a situation: more than one revolution has gone astray during its violent phase, emerging from the conflict with an altogether different character than upon entering.

On the other hand, neither must peaceful evolution be sought as an end in itself. Where it does not provide a realistic and practical course of action, it must be abandoned without hesitation for other means.

Considering the present array of State formations with which we are faced, the question which naturally arises is this: Is it conceivable that any of these criminally degenerate and racially destructive entities can be smoothly transformed into a National Socialist State? Or must we think in terms of a total leveling of the present structures before we can hope to begin building a new structure on sound foundations? *Whatever our answer, it must be based only upon an evaluation of the possibilities inherent in the various paths leading to our ultimate racial goals, and not upon any false conception of our obligations toward any presently existing State authority.*

Again, the Leader has spelled this out for us:

"State authority cannot exist as an end in itself, or every tyranny in this world would be sacred and untouchable.

"If, by the instrument of governmental authority, a people is being driven to its destruction, then rebellion is not only the right but the duty of every member of that people. . . .

"In general, it must never be forgotten that the highest purpose of man's existence is not the maintenance of a State, let alone of a government, but the preservation of his own kind.

"Let that be in danger of suppression or destruction, and the question of legality is but subordinate. Then, though the methods of the ruling power be a thousand times 'legal,' the self-preservation of the oppressed is always the noblest justification for a struggle using any and every weapon."[3]

Why, then, the insistence up till now on "legality" in our struggle? The answer is that we are faced with the same difficulty today that confronted the Movement forty-five years ago in Germany: the enemy, with all the repressive powers of the State at his disposal, is far stronger physically than we. In any shooting match with the State authority, we are bound to lose decisively, just as we lost on November 9, 1923.

The fact that the anarchist elements among the Jews are able to use illegal means with relative impunity in their assault upon "the Establishment" should not mislead us into thinking that the same tactics will work for us. In the first place, we do not have the allies in the Establishment that they have. We cannot provoke large-scale violence and disorder and receive only a gentle slap on the wrist in reprisal, as they can. In the second place, we and they have entirely different aims. Since their purpose is, above all, to destroy the existing order of things, they have a much greater freedom of action than we have; they can carry out their purpose with a much looser organizational structure than we can ours, and thus they are relatively less susceptible to counterattack.

We are "legal" now because we dare not be otherwise; we are yet too weak to defy the State authority successfully. At the same time, as long as we are weak and ineffective the State feels no real threat from us and, therefore, no pressing need to destroy us. But our relationship with the State is changing, and we are entering a new and critical phase of our development—one in which we are becoming too strong for the State to ignore, yet not strong enough to defend ourselves from its attacks. These attacks will progress from quasi-legal harassment, intimidation of our members and supporters, and interference with our mail to illegal arrests and criminal charges based on falsified evidence, the withdrawal of police protection, and—eventually—outlawry through special legislation. Whenever in the course of these develop-

[3] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* I, chap. 3.

ments we allow ourselves to be provoked into illegal counteraction, we provide the State with the powerful weapon of self-justification.

Yet, the conflict seems inevitable, for before our struggle is over each and every criminal comprising the present System will have a pretty good idea just what fate awaits him at our hands. Very few are likely to deceive themselves into believing that we are "just another Party," with which they can reach an "understanding" which will leave the System largely intact. They will almost certainly realize that a triumphant National Socialism will mean not only a permanent end to their whole way of life, but an end to life itself for many of them. This knowledge will not incline them to yield gracefully to us.

Despite what lies ahead, however, we must strenuously avoid yielding to the temptation to retaliate prematurely to the provocations which daily beset us. When we do take the very grave step of illegal action, it must only be because the further progress of the Movement demands it—not because we can no longer repress the urge to gratify our thirst for vengeance or because irresponsible elements in the Movement have not been kept under close enough rein.

Thus, the key to success in the struggle ahead is *self-discipline.* While it is the time to be "legal" we must stolidly endure whatever the State sees fit to inflict upon us. And when it is time to revolt, we must be prepared to unleash all the furies of hell on the State until it yields.

ERRATA

In a footnote to page 72 of issue number 4, Harry Dexter White's original name was erroneously given as "Weiss." Actually, his parents' names were Jacob and Sarah Weit.

On page 37 of issue number 5, the year of Klara Hitler's death is given as 1908. This is an editorial error. Actually, the Leader's mother died on December 21, 1907.

SOME GUIDELINES FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

by Matt Koehl

Introduction

It is essential that we carefully and clearly redefine and delineate from time to time the values, objectives, and direction of our National Socialist doctrine—which serves as the only proper guide to action—in order to correct any errors which may have crept into our course and to preclude any tangencies or deviations which tend to lead away from the central struggle. Without such checks it is all too easy for the day-to-day necessities of Party activity to distract us from the deeper significance of our work and, eventually, to blur in our minds those fundamentals which must underlie every aspect of this activity if it is to be truly meaningful in terms of the ultimate goals of our Movement. Thus, we need to call to mind again and again not only the essential tenets of our Doctrine, but certain broad principles which must govern the development of the Movement if it is to effectively carry forward our struggle for a National Socialist world order.

Misconceptions Regarding the Meaning of National Socialism

Since its inception nearly 50 years ago the concept *National Socialism* has been subject to a variety of interpretations. Some of these have merely involved a difference in emphasis on one or another aspect of our common Doctrine, being in no fundamental sense contradictory.

For example, Gottfried Feder emphasized the destructive effect of the international usury system on a healthy Aryan community, while Alfred Rosenberg stressed Nordic racial values and the racial foundations of history. Or, whereas Joseph Goebbels emphasized the vital role of the industrial working masses in a sound national society, Walther Darre placed more emphasis on the role of the farmers and other non-urban elements and spoke of building a new aristocracy based on "blood and soil."

Beyond this, however, there have been outright misconceptions and distortions of the true meaning of National Socialism by some who have adopted the National Socialist label. In many instances these erroneous interpretations arose as sincere, well-meaning individuals outside the mainstream of the Movement—but nevertheless deeply disturbed by the political, social, and racial decay of the times—took it upon themselves to offer their own peculiar formulae for dealing with this decadence. In other instances these deviant tendencies have been the responsibility of persons who, although in the mainstream of the Movement, have either, due to their limited power of understanding been unable to grasp the true and full meaning of Adolf Hitler's teachings, or due to an inner flaw of character felt the compulsion to twist the Doctrine in such a way as to more nearly satisfy their own needs, inadequacies, or obsessive preconceptions. Generally, these doctrinal errors tend to fall into several broad categories:

(1) Anti-Negativism. This is the rather naive notion that the struggle for Aryan ideals can be successfully waged by "positive" means alone. Proponents of this idea simply fail to recognize that every positive goal necessarily involves a negative aspect. They are, for example, opposed to any active measures of Aryan self-defense against Jewish aggression. They will accordingly deny that they are anti-Semitic, oblivious to the fact that entrenched Jewish power is a primary obstacle to the attainment of our common goals. They reject as "negative" the necessary liberation struggle which must precede the positive work of building a new and free Aryan

world.

Adolf Hitler has unmistakably reminded us of the need for such a negative struggle:

"And so, if we wish to transform the ideal image of a National Socialist state into practical reality, we must, independent of the powers that have thus far ruled public life, seek a new force that is willing and able to take up the struggle for such an idea. For it will take a struggle, in view of the fact that the first task is not creation of a National Socialist conception, but above all elimination of the existing Jewish one. As so frequently in history, the main difficulty lies not in the form of the new state of things, but in making room for it. Prejudices and interests unite in a solid phalanx and attempt by every possible means to prevent the victory of an idea that is displeasing to them or that menaces them.

"And so, unfortunately, the fighter for such a new idea, important as it may be to put positive emphasis on it, is forced to carry through first of all the negative part of the fight, that part which must lead to the elimination of the present state of affairs.

"A young doctrine of new and great fundamental significance will, displeasing as this may be to the individual, be forced to employ as its first weapon the probe of criticism *in all its sharpness.*

"It indicates a lack of deep insight into historical developments when today people who call themselves National Socialists make a great point of assuring us over and over that they do not plan to engage in negative criticism, *but only in* constructive work; *this absurd, childish stammering is only 'folkish' in its worst sense and shows how little trace the history of even their own times has left in these minds."*[1]

During the interbellum period in Germany, the anti-negativist attitude was manifested in various *völkisch* circles in greater or lesser degree. Typical of those who assumed this stance was the non-violent conservative, Gottfried Traub.[2] Although he inveighed against the destructive effects of Jewish materialism on German national life, he preferred a continuation of the existing condition to the use of forceful and radical measures in its elimination.

Then there were those like Hans Friedrich Blunck[3] who, regarding the anti-Semitism of Adolf Hitler as "too negative," went so far as to deny the biological dissimilarity of Jew and Aryan, suggesting that Jews could in fact be assimilated into an Aryan ethnic community. Fortunately, such individuals failed to influence the racial policies of the Third Reich.

(2) **National Bolshevism.** One significant deviation which appeared in conjunction with National Socialism in Germany is commonly referred to as "national bolshevism." Characterized by a preoccupation with socio-economics and displaying marked equalitarian tendencies while minimizing the importance of racial and spiritual values, this doctrine is little more than a modified form of Marxism stripped of its customary international implications.

During the late '20s and early '30s the national bolsheviks achieved considerable influence on the fringes of the NSDAP, although they exercised negligible effect on the policies of the party itself, thanks to the firm guidance of Adolf Hitler. At a time when millions of German workers were flocking to the twin banners of communism and social democracy, national bolshevism had a certain appeal to those who had forsworn allegiance to Moscow but still retained a fundamentally Marxist outlook.

A leading spokesman for the national bolsheviks was Ernst Jünger,[4] who proposed a "democracy of work" based on a sterile, utilitarian

[1] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* II, chap. 5.

[2] George L. Mosse, *The Crisis of German Ideology* (New York, 1964), pp. 245-7. This book and one or two others given as references here are written from a hostile viewpoint and contain many distortions and misrepresentations. Because they are much more readily available than original sources, however, they are still valuable.

[3] *Ibid.,* p. 79.

[4] Aurel Kolnai, *The War Against the West* (New York, 1938), pp. 378-80.

materialism. In Jünger's utopia the ideal of race is replaced by a proletarian ideal in no real way distinguishable from that of the Marxists.

In foreign policy the national bolsheviks admired the Soviet Union and favored an alliance with Moscow. In this position they were joined by the "conservative revolutionary," Arthur Moeller van den Bruck,[5] as well as by the "Prussian bolsheviks," Carl Dyrssen,[6] Ernst Niekisch,[7] and Hans Zehrer.[8]

Within the NSDAP itself the Strasser brothers, Otto and Gregor, leaned in the direction of the national bolsheviks and gathered about them a clique with similar tendencies. Fascinated by developments in the Soviet Union, they sought to advance proposals for the expropriation of land and private industry along Soviet lines.

Forty years later a similar national-bolshevik aberration appeared in the National Socialist White People's Party, a short time prior to the assassination of Lincoln Rockwell. Although not as carefully formulated as its German counterpart, American national bolshevism bore similar features, particularly intra-racial equalitarianism and a substitution of the proletarian ideal for Aryan racial idealism. Its racial attitude was essentially negative—entailing a superficial anti-Negro bias—and it displayed a distinct tendency to minimize the necessity for the anti-Jewish struggle.[9]

In general, it may be stated that the national-bolshevik deviation stems from a tendency to equate the "socialism" of National Socialism with Marxism, and a basic failure to appreciate the true significance of the National Socialist racial doctrine.

(3) Social Nationalism. A host of endemic, anti-Marxist, anti-capitalist, authoritarian movements arose in Europe following the First World War, which sought to fuse the ideals of nationalism and socialism. They attempted to offer political, social, economic, and ethical alternatives to both communism and liberal capitalism, based on a recognition of traditional state-nationalism as well as the need for social reform.

These movements ranged from the Fascist movements of Mussolini and Sir Oswald Mosley to Vidkun Quisling's *Nasjonal Samling* in Norway.

Although certain overall similarities may be noted in the philosophy, structure, and development of these movements, there is considerable variation in individual detail and focus. For example, while Mosley attacked the problems of economic and social crisis under the capitalist system, Quisling spoke of a great, spiritual, Nordic principle.

We are not concerned here, however, with the similarities or differences exhibited by the various movements of national resurgence. Rather, we are dealing with certain of these groups which have called themselves "National Socialist," but which, in fact, might more appropriately be referred to as "social nationalist." For theirs is a philosophy which can be quite simply defined as traditional, parochial nationalism which is social. In no true sense can a movement which lacks a transcendent racial ideal be considered National Socialist.

(4) Co-Nationalism. A corollary concept of many social nationalists has been that of co-nationalism, by which they have attempted to resolve the contradictions among the diverse local nationalisms through a system of mutual respect and accommodation.

Among various anti-communist emigre groups, the idea of reconstituting a liberated eastern Europe, as well as the rest of the world, along the lines of such a mutuality has had con-

[5] Mosse, *op. cit.*, pp. 281-2.

[6] Kolnai, *op. cit., passim.*

[7] *Ibid.*

[8] *Ibid.*

[9] In its American manifestation, national bolshevism should be considered more of an ideological *excrescence* than a deviation, since its most notable proponent has been the sneak murderer, Patsalos. Patsalos' "ideology" consisted in an insistence on the superiority of a vaguely defined "White Family of Peoples" (including the lighter-complexioned Jews), absolute racial and individual equality within this "White Family of Peoples," and a Marxist socio-economic outlook, with its proletarian ideal.

siderable appeal.

The co-nationalist concept formed an integral part of the Hungarist doctrine of Szalasi's Arrow Cross movement. Specifically, it proposed a regional European order linking the peoples of the Carpathian Danube basin—including Slovaks, Ruthenians, Croats, and Slovenes—in a system of local autonomy under the overall hegemony of the Hungarian State.[10]

The problems which such co-nationalism can readily encounter were demonstrated in the conflicting territorial claims advanced by Hungarian and Rumanian nationalists over Transylvania. Under such circumstances the doctrine of mutuality defers to the contradictory interests of the individual local nationalisms. The issue can then only be resolved by force.

The basic mistake of the co-nationalists, however, is their failure to grasp the unique significance of the *one* National Socialist movement which arose in Germany during the period following World War I. They have taken up the term "national" in National Socialism as though it were conceptually separable and necessarily implied local state-nationalism. That it involves a far more comprehensive *racial* nationalism has been overlooked.

In the early period of National Socialist development there was a very distinct role for the co-nationalist idea as an adjunct to the historic mission of National Socialist Germany. However, since 1939—and especially since 1945—that role has ceased to exist, as the racial-nationalist imperative has assumed its historic function.

(5) Cosmopolitanism. Opposite the view that National Socialism is merely an expression of petty, local nationalism is the fallacy that National Socialism is an idea capable of adoption by all racial groups—including Jews and Congo Negroes—without regard for the racial propensities of these types.

If we accept the premise that the Aryan ideal is an integral part of National Socialism, then it follows that only those capable of embracing that ideal can be National Socialists. While a non-Aryan may conceivably accept our Aryan ideal in a strictly objective manner, he certainly cannot realistically *identify* himself with the Aryan race in the way that an Aryan can. Thus, he is incapable of that deep, inward—*subjective*—acceptance of the Aryan ideal which every National Socialist must have.

While the truths of the ideological substructure on which our world view rests may affect and apply to all so-called human beings—in fact, to all Creation—the Movement itself belongs to Aryan man alone.

(6) Statism. There have been those who have attempted to equate National Socialism with the statism of the Italian Fascists. A superficial comparison of the respective State formations which emerged in Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany would tend to support that view.

But here we must make a fundamental distinction between means and ends. In Fascist Italy, the State was an end in itself. Mussolini proclaimed:

"The foundation of Fascism is the conception of the State. Fascism conceives of the State as an absolute, in comparison with which all individuals or groups are relative, only to be conceived of in their relation to the State."[11]

Adolf Hitler rejected this concept, declaring:

". . . the highest purpose of a [National Socialist] State is concern for the preservation of those original racial elements which bestow culture and create the beauty and dignity of a higher mankind. We, as Aryans, can conceive of the State only as the living organism of a nationality which not only assures the preservation of this nationality, but by the development of its spiritual and ideal abilities leads it to the highest freedom."[12]

(7) Anti-Hitlerism. Two of the deviations cited above—social nationalism and co-nationalism—stem from a parochialism which has yet another aspect, namely, a tendency to minimize and discredit the role of Adolf Hitler in relation

[10] Eugen Weber, *Varieties of Fascism* (Princeton, 1964), pp. 91-6.

[11] Benito Mussolini, "The Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism," (1932).

[12] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* II, chap. 2.

to the National Socialist movement.

For example, while those who have fallen into this error will generally concede that Hitler was in fact a great man, they nevertheless fail to perceive the true nature of his mission. At best they consider him an outstanding historical figure to be imitated analogically, in the same way that one might try to emulate the other great European national leaders of modern time, such as Quisling, Degrelle, Mussolini, Szalasi, Codreanu, Pavelic, *et al.*

In this sense, they have understood Adolf Hitler's role as strictly a German nationalist one. In fact, many regard National Socialism, as manifested in Germany, as merely an intensified form of German nationalism, in many cases conflicting with their own local national interests. That there existed in the Third Reich a constant tension between the National Socialists and the traditional, conservative, German-nationalist element is regularly ignored.[13]

And just as these so-called National Socialists have regarded Adolf Hitler's role as being restricted to the interests of a *single* nation-state, so they generally consider his mission historically limited to the period between 1919 and 1945. They feel that there is an apparent contradiction between the mission of the National Socialist movement before World War II and that of today; that, in fact, there is not a single National Socialist movement, historically speaking, but several separate and distinct movements, each narrowly restricted in time and place; and that apart from certain broad parallels and similarities these various movements are in no way subject to one continuous, common line of development starting with Adolf Hitler.

The Doctrine of Adolf Hitler

Author of the Idea; Creator of the Movement. Beyond chauvinistic parochialism, we should recognize that *all* the foregoing doctrinal errors ultimately stem from the same basic failure to appreciate Adolf Hitler's unique role as the author of the National Socialist idea.

One man alone gave National Socialism to the world. Our Doctrine did not exist until, drawing upon the great and eternal truths of Nature, Adolf Hitler proclaimed it. Our Movement did not exist until, beginning on September 16, 1919, Adolf Hitler gave it living form.[14]

To deny Hitler is to deny National Socialism. Just as the doctrine of Marxism is inconceivable without the Jew, Karl Marx, and Christianity is inconceivable without Christ, so National Socialism is inconceivable without Adolf Hitler. It may be stated categorically, in fact, that *a philosophy or world view is inseparable from the personality of its creator.* One may even say, in the sense that the National Socialist idea is inseparably bound up with the transcendent personality of Adolf Hitler, that Adolf Hitler *is* National Socialism, just as National Socialism *is* Adolf Hitler.

Once this is recognized, it immediately follows that Adolf Hitler himself is the final authority on the Doctrine he gave to the world; that his words—particularly, those in *Mein Kampf*—definitively express that Doctrine; and that only a person or an organization acknowledging this authority can be truly National Socialist.

Race and Personality. Beneath the edifice of the National Socialist idea there is an *ideological substructure,* encompassing the great, eternal truths of Nature. Those immutable cosmic laws form the foundation upon which National Socialism firmly rests. The entire National Socialist world view and system of values are derived organically from a recognition of those timeless truths, which are then applied specifically to a higher type of humanity.

In essence, National Socialism is based on two interrelated principles or values: *Race* and *Personality.* With respect to these two principles, Adolf Hitler has definitively stated:

[13] It was, in fact, the traditional German-nationalist element which was behind almost all the attempts against the Leader's life, including those of November 8, 1939, and July 20, 1944.

[14] On September 16, 1919, Adolf Hitler joined the German Workers' Party, formally beginning his great work.

"...The [National Socialist] philosophy finds the importance of mankind in its basic racial elements. . . Thus, it by no means believes in an equality of the races, but along with their difference it recognizes their higher or lesser value and feels itself obligated, through this knowledge, to promote the victory of the better and stronger and demand the subordination of the inferior and weaker in accordance with the eternal Will that dominates this universe. Thus, in principle, it serves the basic aristocratic idea of Nature and believes in the validity of this law down to the last individual. It sees not only the different values of the races, but also the different values of individuals. From the mass it extracts the importance of the individual personality, and thus, in contrast to disorganizing Marxism, it has an organizing effect. It believes in the necessity of an idealization of mankind, in which alone it sees the premise for the existence of man."[15]

The National Socialist principles of Race and Personality rest on a common foundation, namely, that of *human inequality,* which in turn is part of a universal inequality evident everywhere in a hierarchic cosmic order.

In relation to that order, National Socialism may be simply described as a revolutionary world view, revealed by Adolf Hitler, based on *racial idealism,* and calling for a natural hierarchy in human affairs—that is, seeking to promote the victory of quality over quantity in all things.

The Aryan Principle. In a subjective application of the racial idea, National Socialism postulates the *Aryan Principle.* Just as National Socialism is inseparable from the personality of the *Führer,* so it is firmly linked to the destiny of Aryan man on this earth. It is the indispensable ideology, or world view, without which our race cannot continue to exist and thrive on this planet.

National Socialism proclaims the superiority of the Aryan and focuses its attention on serving the needs and interests of this race, particularly those involving its physical survival and self-defense, its freedom and independence, and its racial and spiritual advancement. All other considerations it relegates to a secondary position.

The central position that the Aryan Principle occupies in the National Socialist doctrine is manifested by the adoption of the swastika as the Symbol of our Movement. Adolf Hitler has stated:

". . . In the swastika [we see] the mission of the struggle for the victory of Aryan man and, by the same token, the victory of the idea of creative work, which, as such, has always been and always will be anti-Semitic."[16]

As this quotation indicates, a corollary of the Aryan Principle is absolute, uncompromising anti-Semitism. National Socialism recognizes the Jew as the antitype and mortal enemy of Aryan man. It consequently views the struggle between Jew and Aryan as inevitable and total. As long as the Jew continues to exist upon the face of this earth, it will remain impossible to consistently uphold Aryan values without being anti-Semitic.

National Socialism, as the ideology of Aryan man, has emerged at a crucial juncture in the history of our race. On the success or failure of its struggle now depends the whole future of our people. With its Aryan Principle, the National Socialist philosophy restores to Aryan man his true *sense of identity,* thus enabling him to mobilize morally and spiritually for the greatest and most desperate phase of his race's long struggle for survival. It provides the one, true bond for a world-wide solidarity among all branches of our race. It gives to all a *common racial ideal.*

A New Faith. It is commonly asserted that we National Socialists have unnecessarily made it difficult for ourselves by adopting the "hated" Doctrine and Symbol of Adolf Hitler. Instead, it has been suggested, we should tone down our ideas and programs so as to expose ourselves to less popular hostility and ostracism.

That our day-to-day work would be less difficult and less dangerous were we to abandon

[15] Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf,* II, chap. 1.

[16] *Ibid.,* chap. 7

our National Socialist creed cannot be denied. There are certainly easier ways to achieve transitory political success.

But our task is much greater than this. We have been called upon for a higher purpose—for a mighty work embracing centuries and millennia. We are now laying the foundations for the greatest revolution this world has ever seen. We are, in fact, living at a time when a whole, new world is being born.

Those who think that we are fighting for some passe, German phenomenon fail to grasp the fundamental significance of the Truth which Adolf Hitler revealed to the world nearly 50 years ago. For we are part of a unique development, such as may appear but once in the history of a race. Our goal involves far more than the realization of some superficial political or social scheme. It entails a universal transformation of ideas and things, an upheaval of unprecedented magnitude. That our doctrine is bitterly hated does not alter this fact one bit. Adolf Hitler has taught us:

". . . The greatest and most enduring successes in history tend for the most part to be those which in their beginnings found the least understanding because they stood in sharpest conflict with general public opinion, with its ideas and will. . ."

The *Führer* went on to declare: *". . . A movement that wants to renew the world must serve not the moment, but the future."*[17]

The early development of Christianity offers confirmation of these truths. The fact that it was hated and persecuted did not prevent its ultimate triumph. Indeed, the martyrdoms suffered by the Church—as an expression of the intensest hatred by its enemies—merely served to nurture its growth.

That National Socialism is so intensely and actively hated is living testimony that it is far more than an empty gesture or artificial, intellectual concept. It is a total world view relating to every aspect of life and existence: spiritual, moral, and ethical, as well as political, social, and economic.

Ultimately, the National Socialist doctrine assumes the dimensions of a racial faith. By incorporating Adolf Hitler's great revelations of eternal Truth and by establishing a whole new basis for making value judgments—that is, by providing moral and spiritual direction relative to the needs of Aryan man in the contemporary world—National Socialism has, in fact, all the attributes of a dynamic, new Aryan religion.

Adolf Hitler has clearly set forth the vital importance to man of a religious creed:

"By helping to raise man above a bestial level, faith contributes in reality to the securing and safeguarding of his existence. Take away from present-day man his education-based, religious-dogmatic principles—or, practically speaking, his ethical-moral principles—by abolishing his religious indoctrination without replacing it by some equivalent, and the result will be a grave shock to the foundations of his existence. We may, therefore, state that not only does man live in order to serve higher ideals, but that, conversely, these higher ideals also provide the premise for his existence."[18]

Without such a religious foundation man becomes hopelessly lost in the mire of egoism, from which the whole process of decadence and degeneracy ensues. Only within the context of a historic entity extending far beyond his own immediate existence can the life of an individual achieve meaning and purpose. In selfless service to his race—encompassing all its past and yet-unborn generations—a man transcends the narrowness of individual existence, realizing his full human potential and identifying with that higher Will which orders the universe.

Only through such idealism is a genuine renewal on this earth possible. It alone can make possible that physical and spiritual evolution toward an ultimate state of perfection of which Adolf Hitler spoke:

"And so the [National Socialist] philosophy of life corresponds to the innermost will of Nature, since it restores that free play of forces which must lead to a continuous mutual higher breeding, until at last the best of mankind, hav-

[17] *Ibid.*, chap. 7.

[18] *Ibid.*, chap. 1.

ing achieved possession of this earth, will have a free path for activity in domains which will lie partly above it and partly outside it."[19]

Inner Structure of the Movement

A Monolithic Organization. National Socialism is not only an Idea; it is a Movement, consisting of men and women sharing that Idea. The Idea and the Movement are, in fact, inseparable. The Movement is the instrument for the realization of the Idea. Without the Movement the Idea would be sterile, just as without the Idea the Movement would be meaningless. The two form a unity of thought and action.

The first task of the Movement is the struggle for *power.* For without power the Idea cannot become reality. Adolf Hitler has said:

". . . The realization of philosophical ideals and the demands derived from them no more occurs through men's pure feeling or inner will in itself than the achievement of freedom through the general longing for it. No, only when the ideal urge for independence gets a fighting organization capable of achieving power by military means can the pressing desire of a people be transformed into glorious reality."[20]

In this matter we must have no illusions. We face awesome odds in a struggle against an entrenched enemy. Such an enemy will never of its own accord surrender any of its control, domination, or prerogatives. The struggle will accordingly be protracted over a considerable period of time and will be beset by innumerable difficulties, setbacks, vicissitudes, and uncertainties. For every 10 steps forward we may be forced to take nine steps backward.

The difficult nature of the struggle thus determines the character our Movement must assume. To survive and overcome all the storms of adversity and to accomplish our historical mission will require the development of a tightly knit, *monolithic* organization, inwardly and outwardly fortified for *total war.*

The Movement must assume the shape of a military-like hierarchy of authority coupled with a tradition of obedience, discipline, and loyalty. It must be reinforced by a strong sense of unity of purpose and a fanatical will to power.

In *Mein Kampf* Adolf Hitler spoke of those anti-Marxists who fancied they could prevail over Bolshevism by propounding their ideas in an undisciplined, individualistic manner:

". . . Actually, we find hardly a one of our newer political formations which does not base itself in one way or another on [the völkisch] *world view. And, by its very existence in the face of the many others, it shows the difference of its conceptions. And so the Marxist world view, led by a unified top organization, is opposed by a hodge-podge of views which even as ideas are not very impressive in the face of the solid, hostile front. Victories are not gained by such feeble weapons! Not until the international world view—politically led by organized Marxism—is confronted by a* völkisch *world view, organized and led with equal unity, will success, supposing the fighting energy to be equal on both sides, fall to the side of eternal Truth."*

And again the *Führer* stated:

"What gave the international world view success was its representation by a political party organized into storm troops; what caused the defeat of the opposite world view was its lack up to now of a unified body to represent it. Not by unlimited freedom to interpret a general view, but only in the limited and hence integrating form of a political organization can a world view fight and conquer."[21]

It is generally recognized what the Communists have accomplished through iron discipline and religious dedication to their cause. To suppose that such an enemy can be defeated and National Socialist goals attained by less dedication and discipline, by blase hobbyism, egoistic individualism, or half-hearted dabbling is utterly asinine and foolish. To accomplish the historic, revolutionary goals of National Socialism we

[19] *Ibid.*

[20] *Ibid.*

[21] *Ibid.*

must not only be twice as dedicated to our cause, but we must also be twice as disciplined.

Without the existence of a monolithic fighting organization, the struggle for an idea cannot be successfully waged. The construction of such a monolithic movement, in turn, is impossible without an inner cohesiveness and inner discipline based on a common will, a common purpose, a common outlook, and a common faith. And this inner discipline and unity can only come from a coherent spiritual doctrine, about which the Leader spoke when he declared:

"This transformation of a general, philosophical, ideal conception of the highest truth into a definitely delimited, tightly organized political community of faith and struggle, unified in spirit and will, is the most significant achievement, since on its happy solution alone the possibility of the victory of an idea depends. From the army of often millions of men, who as individuals more or less clearly and definitely sense these truths, and in part perhaps comprehend them, one *man must step forward who with apodictic force will form granite principles from the wavering idea-world of the broad masses and take up the struggle for their sole correctness, until from the shifting waves of a free thought-world there will arise a brazen cliff of solid unity in faith and will."*[22]

To the extent that such a faith and such a doctrine are lacking, all genuine discipline and unity are weakened, and the monolithic construction of the Movement is rendered impossible.

A Dynamic Orthodoxy. The key to the monolithic inner construction of the Movement lies in the insistence upon an essentially religious orthodoxy of doctrine. Not only is such orthodoxy necessary for that specific purpose, however. It is absolutely essential to the very existence and development of true National Socialism. Without it, the whole authority and integrity of the Movement would be undermined, causing it eventually to disintegrate and disappear.

Every dynamic force in history produces centrifugal tendencies. This has been true of the Christian church and the Marxist sects as well as of the National Socialist movement. Unless such tendencies are checked, they inevitably weaken and destroy the entire body.

It is the function of orthodoxy to forestall and counter such deviations. It must keep the Movement from straying off onto various tangents away from the central Truth by focusing the attention of its adherents consistently on the objectives of the Cause. By properly directing their energies, it thus provides the basis not only for success in the day-to-day struggle, but for the achievement of the *Movement's* long-range goals as well.

A National Socialist orthodoxy must accordingly begin with a fundamental recognition of *one* historic National Socialist movement based on the infallible teachings of Adolf Hitler as given, both explicitly and implicitly, in his book, *Mein Kampf*. These teachings are absolute and immutable. They form the cornerstone of our faith.

The dynamic development of the Movement, however, is a process which demands the adaptation of the political manifestations of that faith to the imperatives of time and place. As the milieu changes, political programs and political activity—every public manifestation of the Movement, in fact—may also change. The dynamism inherent in this adaptation is vital to the life of the Movement. Without it the Movement would stagnate and become a sterile, fossilized, historical relic.

Here it is important to make a fundamental distinction: The principles of National Socialism must always be adapted to—never modified by—a given historical imperative. Times will change, environmental circumstances will change; but the truths of National Socialism will remain eternally and universally valid for our race. For those principles to be tampered with would lead to an opportunism which would cause the eventual disintegration and destruction of the Movement. Adolf Hitler himself has stressed the importance of such a dynamic orthodoxy:

"The truth is that the most essential substance must never be sought in the outward formulation, but only and always in the inner

[22] *Ibid.*

sense. This is immutable; and in the interest of this immutable inner sense, we can only wish that the Movement preserve the necessary strength to fight for it by avoiding all actions that splinter and create uncertainty."[23]

Nothing could be plainer. Not only does Hitler stress the significance of a doctrine's inner substance, but he also relates it to the necessity for a dogmatic, creedlike, *unified* formulation which will preclude endless debate, uncertainty, and confusion, and which will correspond to the needs of *"a solid, unshakable, inwardly unified organism."*

One note of caution should be expressed here. We must not interpret the necessity for a dynamic outer formulation as an excuse for indulging in capricious changes based on a shortsighted view of things. In particular, we must never allow ourselves to be beguiled into accepting outward changes which will create openings or tendencies leading to changes in inward substance.

In this regard, the *Führer* has posed the question: *"For how shall we fill people with blind faith in the correctness of a doctrine, if we ourselves spread uncertainty and doubt by constant changes in the outward structure?"*[24]

It has been suggested by many, for example, that the National Socialist movement abandon its sacred Symbol and its very name for reasons of momentary expediency. But these persons fail to grasp the real, historic significance of our Movement. By attempting to accommodate every suspected popular whim and fancy—by compromising the moral integrity of the Movement—they would not only undermine the National Socialist cause, but they would also forfeit forever the one chance for a great, revolutionary change on this earth. It is the role of National Socialist orthodoxy to forestall such a contingency.

The proper test of correct, orthodox development lies in the absence of doctrinal contradiction. Such contradiction can only arise from an incomplete and imperfect comprehension of the teachings of Adolf Hitler. The final arbiter in matters relating to doctrinal interpretation must be the central authority of the World Union of National Socialists.

Only in this manner can the historical continuity and the doctrinal integrity of the National Socialist movement be assured, as part of a larger task of assuring the continued existence of our race on this planet. The function of orthodoxy is accordingly but a means toward the ultimate end of securing and building a new world for Aryan man.

[23] *Ibid.*, chap. 5.

[24] *Ibid.*

Dr. Joseph Paul Goebbels

FROM KAISERHOF TO REICH CHANCELLERY

by Joseph Goebbels

Translated from the German by Kurt Fiedler

Fortunately for posterity, Dr. Joseph Goebbels was a diligent diarist. Throughout his adult life he kept a brief daily record of his experiences and thoughts. Shortly after the advent of the Third Reich, he allowed that portion of his diaries covering the year 1932 (and the beginning of 1933) to be published in book form.

In a preface to the book he notes: "The National Socialist Revolution has imposed personal and material sacrifices on leaders and men of which the public up to now has no idea. The peaceful unrolling of events often leads those who took no part in them to suppose that power fell into our laps like fruit, without our doing anything about it. This supposition is unfortunate in that it ignores the wealth of sacrifice which the Movement, following its own compulsion, was bound to exact, and might even lead to the idea that we had not really deserved to come to power. The express purpose of this book is to dispose of such errors once and for all."

For us its main value lies in a forceful reminder that revolutions, just like everything else in this world, don't just happen. Events can only be forced to man's will through detailed planning and relentless effort. Let this record, by one of the greatest National Socialists, inspire us all to renewed efforts of our own.

The first half of the book is presented here. The second half will follow in the next issue of NATIONAL SOCIALIST WORLD.

January 1st, 1932.

The year has ended as it began, with work. Up to the last day worries and difficulties. Reading, writing, and endless conferences.

At 12 p.m. motor out to Spandau, where the first great struggles of our party took place, to visit the Storm Troopers. Great jubilations at midnight. I address them earnestly but full of hope and confidence. 1932 must be the decisive year.

It will be a year of hard and inexorable struggle. Only a strong man who takes his stand on firm ground will see it through. Main thing: always to be amidst one's men. One must never fall out of touch with the people. The people are the beginning, middle, and end of all our endeavours.

The first day of the new year brings some respite. But it is merely the hush before the storm. We must toughen ourselves to weather crises ahead.

The day after tomorrow work begins again.

One soon tires of protracted rest. One can no longer imagine life worth living which doesn't go with vim and swing.

January 2nd, 1932

List of the candidates for the new Reichs- and Landtag completed. These were only selected from the old guard, who are absolutely to be depended on, especially for character and loyalty. That is the chief thing, even if a comprehensive grasp is lacking here and there. A man of

good character without necessarily great insight into things is always better than an intelligent man without much character.

January 4th, 1932

Animated interviews with the staff of the paper. One must everlastingly be keeping them up to the mark, otherwise they slack off. Just the same in Germany: a few flames burn brightly; the others only reflect their light.

The papers are in the worst shape. We have the best speakers in the world, but lack writers of experience and skill.

What curious things crop up! An SA leader asks me whether a man who had committed suicide could be buried under our flag. I said yes, provided his breakdown was attributable to the stress of the times. It is not everyone who can bear the terrible strain. He agreed, feelingly, with that.

Märchenbrunnen: general meeting of the members for the Department of the East. Closed by the police.[1] The year begins well. Nearly all of these are workmen, whom we have wrested from "Red" Berlin after many a hard struggle. He who has the workmen has the people. He who has the people, has the Reich.

January 5th, 1932.

We are planning a widespread campaign for the Berlin elections with the slogan, "Go for the Factories!" SA, SS, Press, Party, and Propaganda will press the attack. We must entrench ourselves strongly in the factories. Only from such vantage point are working classes to be won over.

Seen the Leader. Gröner has telegraphed for him to come to Berlin.

We discuss the state of affairs within the Party. There is one man who belongs whom nobody trusts. There is a certain danger of him dissociating himself from it at a critical moment and seriously and irretrievably damaging the cause. He doesn't understand party loyalty and can therefore be true to nobody. His name is Gregor Strasser.

January 6th, 1932.

Assemble the District Leaders. Give them hell because our work for the collection of donations is getting on so indifferently well. Money is wanting everywhere. It is very difficult to obtain. Nobody will give us credit.

Once you get the power you can get the cash galore, but then you need it no longer. Without the power you need the money, but then you can't get it!

One of the vital questions in the building up of a purposeful organization is the definition of spheres of action. If that is not made absolutely clear, even among people of good will, it is hardly possible to carry on with cordial cooperation.

Each day brings its own pleasures and worries.

The papers are horribly impudent. A sure sign that we are going the right way to work everlastingly worrying on the heels of the Government.

January 7th, 1932.

Everything on the move once more. The Leader has been to see Gröner. Gröner tried to get his assent to parliamentary sanction for the prolongation of the term of office of the Reich President. That would be feasible, but in this case the Presidency is not really in question. Brüning only wants to stabilize his own position indefinitely and that of his cabinet. The Leader has asked for time for reflection. The situation must be clarified from every viewpoint. For the moment a series of constitutional difficulties have first to be removed. No doubt Brüning is trying to bring off his big coup. And yet he will fail.

The contest for power, the game of chess, has begun. It may last throughout the year. It will be a fast game, played with intelligence and skill.

The main point is that we hold fast and waive all compromise. We ought then, by all the rules of things, to come off victorious.

At the office. Everybody is working at

[1] *Polizeilich gesperrt,* i.e., closed by the police when the room is full to capacity, for fear lest overcrowding lead to casualties.

full speed. The Christmas interlude is over and the political camps are preparing for great and decisive struggles.

Speak in Hamburg. Sagebiels Hall packed to the roof. The crowd in excellent spirits. Heaps of people who could not get seats waiting in the street. Discuss the situation with the Hamburg leaders up to a late hour. In the Hamburg Party also, confidence and optimism hold sway. Everybody feels, or even knows, that the final decision is drawing nearer every day.

The Hamburg Press is at least neutral. Only the Berlin gutter Press seems to lend itself so immoderately to lies and baseness. Just as I returned to Berlin I read in the papers that the Leader has struck at the System[2] in its most vulnerable spot. He has seen Brüning. The Press is kicking up a row. They are accusing us of national untrustworthiness. The venerable personality of the President of the Reich is shamelessly being drawn into the fray. We shall have to be very careful!

At the office: Bad news. *Der Angriff*[3] banned for a week. The ban signed by Dr. Weiss. Reason: Defamation of the Jewish religion! That may well mean the end of our paper; but from a political point of view it is opportune enough. One more weapon to use against Brüning.

Kaiserhof: The Leader has been to see Schleicher. Everybody scuttling hither and thither like ants in an anthill. The Government has completely lost its head.

Discuss details of my speech in the Sportpalast with the Leader. Something has got to be said today; best to come out with the truth in its entirety. That always freshens things up.

The Leader is leaving for Lemgo, to deliver an address there. He is in excellent form, as usual on these occasions.

January 8th, 1932.

The Sportpalast closed by the police since seven o'clock. The crowd was seething with fanaticism. The police had challenged it from the outset. I spoke for only a few minutes. Then an officer of police got up and declared the meeting at an end, simply because I had mentioned the name of Isidor Weiss[4] in a perfectly harmless connection.

The audience, 15,000 strong, stormed and raged. It was a crisis any moment of which might have issued in tragedy. But we managed to master it. No amount of provocation was going to get the better of us. In twenty minutes the hall was empty.

Start for Essen, where I have to speak.

January 9th, 1932.

Everything in a muddle. Universal speculation as to what the Leader intends to do. People will be amazed.

Meet the old members of the Party at Essen; men who have stuck to their posts since 1923. They are absolutely reliable.

Deliver an address to the leaders of industry in the afternoon. The more desperate their situation, the better they understand us.

Speak to the working classes in the evening. The SA takes forty minutes to march in.

Marvellous sight! Nearly all of them workmen! Rising of the whole nation. The hall crowded! I feel wonderfully fit. Huge success!

Get back to the hotel thoroughly tired. An hour's rest, and home to Berlin by the night train. Long conversation with the sleeping-car conductor. You sometimes learn more through a chat of this sort than by talking to the great of the land.

In Berlin everything still pending.

January 10th, 1932.

In the evening the Leader pays us a visit. He had a long conference with Brüning last Saturday. Very reserved. Brüning's tactics were not good. He wants to turn the Presidentship into a mere business affair, and the price of our help is to be the acknowledgment of the legal constitution of our Party. The Leader rejected the

[2]"Weimar System" includes all the Governments of the Weimar Constitution.

[3]Dr. Goebbels' own paper.

[4]At the time Vice President of Berlin Police.

Für die Unterdrückten! Gegen die Ausbeuter!

Einzelpreis 20 Pf.

Der Angriff

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Das Deutsche Montagsblatt in Berlin

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Vor einem Kommunistenputsch?

Warum Angriff?

Prozeß gegen den Vorwärts

Aufstand

Schlächterei — in Schweden

First issue of Der Angriff

proposition briefly and coldly. Brüning attempted to recall his suggestion, but it was too late. Now everyone is scuttling about the Wilhelmstrasse like a lot of distracted hens. Brüning's position is seriously endangered. All sorts of pressure and countering forces are being brought to bear. But it is we who hold the ace of trumps.

The Leader is going to bring about a dissolution of the Reichstag. This is the crux of the matter. The decision lies with the people. We alone can emerge victorious. This is perfectly well known to Brüning and constitutes the reason why he wants to avoid this issue. He will have to give in, or the struggle for the Presidentship will develop into a struggle between us and the System.

Great pity that the venerable Marshal von Hindenburg is being dragged into all this! But it is not our fault.

Hugenberg is merely the odd man.

We spend the evening with a little music, always more soothing than anything else after a hard day's work.

January 11th, 1932.

In the organization I struggle against being snowed under by so many papers and so much red tape. One has to see so many people every day. One of the most difficult things is to be always concentrating upon new subjects and new faces.

The Leader has presented a memorandum to President Hindenburg through Meissner, containing objections based on the constitution against Brüning's proposal. A solution of the problem could be found if the old gentleman would declare unfeasible Brüning's proposal to prolong his Presidency by parliamentary decree. That would about finish Brüning, although for political reasons he would probably be retained until the Lausanne Conference.

The Leader is overladen with business. Goering is a valuable help to him.

January 12th, 1932.

Tension is acute. Hindenburg's reply is awaited optimistically or pessimistically as the case may be.

The *Angriff* is free again. Brüning tries to ingratiate himself with us; Isidor Weiss has had to climb down.

Phone call from the Kaiserhof. I promptly betake myself thither.

Hindenburg has declined, we have lost the first game. Brüning triumphant once more. The Leader is in high spirits. He has strong nerves and good staying power.

Departure for Munich. Silence reigns in the Kaiserhof. I dictate an article. The typist takes it down. This defeat must at once be made good. We must get to work once more, gather our forces together, agitate!

Only a downright gesture of defiance has any effect upon the System.

January 13th, 1932.

Working full speed. Writing a memorandum on the reorganization of our Press. This is of first necessity.

Deliver an address at Friedenau [suburb of Berlin]. The problem of tactics and strategy occupies the foreground in the public eye.

A Herr von Bonin insults Hitler in the most insolent manner in the *Acht-Uhr Abendlatt* [Berlin newspaper]. By a bit of harmless telephonic trickery we succeed in getting the creature to eat his own words, and even to put in an appearance at the office and offer to retract them publicly. "I must," he says, "have been crazy to write such a thing."

January 14th, 1932.

Am writing a stinging article on Brüning's foreign policy.

He *must* be overthrown. He stands in the way of Germany's revival. Only after he has gone shall we be able to breathe freely. Berlin shrieks with laughter at the ridiculous Don Quixote, von Bonin. But only a few have any idea how we resolved this "hero" into a clown.

January 18th, 1932.

The Leader composed a memorandum to Brüning. An extraordinarily clear and logical illustration of the political situation.

January 19th, 1932.

Return to Munich with the Leader. It is delightful to be alone with him, when he can speak freely and naturally. He is the best storyteller I know. His own account of his youth is most interesting. He does not seem to have changed, but always to have remained much as he was.

Tuesday. Brown House, Munich. Discussed the measures to be taken for the coming elections with the staff of the Propaganda Department. Composed a short memorandum, containing everything essential.

Talked over the *Reichspräsident* question with the Leader. I report as to various conversations. No decision has as yet been reached. I strongly urge him to come forward as candidate himself.

January 21st, 1932.

We leave for the country house of a good friend at Tegernsee. There one is far from the hubbub and able to think over important questions in peace. The Leader is in top form. Some members of the Deutsche Volkspartei[5] come to see him, to discuss the question of the Presidency of the Reich.

He has shown them the cold shoulder. No other way offers but to appoint our own candidate. A difficult and disagreeable struggle, but one that has to be carried through.

Back to Munich by night in a dense fog. The Berlin Press lies shamelessly. Every time an SA man is killed, it declares that the victim and not the murderer is guilty! There is one good thing about it all: we are getting so steeled in the furnace that none of us run the risk of giving way or weakening later on.

January 22nd, 1932.

By Thursday got through the remaining work in Munich. Discussed the future with the Leader, especially my proposed department, defining its tasks and limits. The idea is to organize a ministry for the education of the people, comprising control of the cinema, of broadcasting, new educational establishments, arts, culture, and propaganda generally.

The Berlin Press is insupportable. It is beginning to asperse our private life without a glimmer of truth in its assertions. Those Jews are not only insolent and mendacious, they have not the slightest respect for the privacies of life.

Leave for Chemnitz on Friday morning. During a long railway journey I sometimes manage to read a book. The habitual turmoil of work as a rule leaves no time for that. And then to sleep! One has to sleep in order to be able to think clearly and work smoothly.

Thousands of people awaiting us at the station at Chemnitz. We have entirely conquered this city. A marvellous parade of the SA. And that in what used to be "Red Chemnitz!" I remember with a shudder the year 1925, when I spoke here. During a riotous meeting at the Marmorpalast we had one dead and one hundred and fifty seriously injured. The Communists had occupied three-quarters of the hall, and we were in a hopeless minority. That was the beginning; today these "Red Fortresses" are at our feet.

Addressed three meetings. Lastly the SA, speaking to whom I appreciate most. Back to the hotel, tired to death. Endless political discussions with officers of the police. At Chemnitz nearly all these are National Socialists. It must be a poor system of Government indeed that is depending upon so undermined a foundation.

Saturday: Impossible to continue reading the Berlin Press! Our SA men are assaulted with heavy casualties and even fatalities, and the Press mendaciously reports them as having attacked a peaceful suburban garden settlement. The fact that SA men are being accompanied home by their comrades, since they would be shot if they went alone, is represented in the Press as an armed attack on the part of our men. The Communists are the innocent victims, and we are accused as the aggressors. That the Jews are such liars is not surprising, as they hang together from the *Berliner Tageblatt* to the *Rote*

[5] A *bourgeois* party between the "Right" and the "Middle." Lost most of its significance in the 1932 elections.

Fahne [Red Flag], but it is scandalous that even our so-called "National" papers should give in to this campaign of misrepresentation. One would like to spit at them.

I have to go to court as witness in the Kurfürstendamm[6] case. The Press is making a big sensation out of it. One has merely to cough to set the leaves of the Press forest rustling. The gutter Press lies in wait for me to discover a chink in my armour when I speak at Moabit,[7] but I shall proceed after my old and approved system: attack before the adversary has had any chance to get in his blow and confine him to defensive tactics and fight him until he's done!

An anonymous spy, it seems, declared that I, together with Count Helldorf, devised the plan for the affray in the Kurfürstendamm. I riposte by attacking the Headquarters of the Police, and refuse to give evidence until the spy's name is made public. Whereupon the blows on either side follow each other in quick succession.

Brüning has sent a reply to the Leader's memorandum. It is lacking in convincing arguments and conclusive force. One can only regret that Fate has provided us with no more redoubtable an adversary.

I *must* break off a little just for an hour's rest.

January 24th, 1932.

A small boy of the Hitler Jugend has been stabbed at Moabit [Red suburb of Berlin]. First they hunted the child down, then some fiendish individual brutally plunged a dagger into his breast. The boy managed to crawl into a doorway and cried weakly for help. The marks made by his little blood-stained hands, when he tried to raise himself up for the last time, can still plainly be seen on the white wall.

Just now we must keep steady; must avoid imprudence; stave everything off until the day of revenge. Work, agitate, reinforce ourselves, and persevere.

I dictate a lead article, however, full of indignation at this murder. It will have the desired effect.

Our staff is working splendidly again. Press and propaganda are playing into each other's hands in complete unity. The elections are prepared down to the minutest detail. It will be a struggle such as the world has never before witnessed.

Reading a pamphlet written by a democrat on "Hitler's Way." It is beneath notice. The bourgeois world does not, and surely cannot, understand us. Its arguments always just miss the essentials of our Movement.

January 25th, 1932.

Discussed with the leaders the employment of SA organization in the coming election.

Issue new instructions to the Press.

Prepare for the election campaign also in Berlin.

The Jew Weiss has prohibited me from speaking in public on account of my demeanour recently in Court. The right of free speech seems to depend in this most liberal of all democracies on a certificate of conduct to be given by the Headquarters of the Police.

May the day come when we enter the Headquarters of the Police, knock at the Jew's door, and inform him that his day is over!

The District Leaders of Berlin have not been inactive. The financial question has been more or less solved. In the evening nearly all the district officials assemble, and I explain the political situation to them. The Party is tremendously alive and ready for action. I was going to address the SA at midnight at the Spichernsäle, but was prohibited by the police. An SA leader spoke in my stead. The effect was more telling than if I had not met with this opposition. Once fire the people and none of this muzzling will be fire-hose enough to quench the conflagration.

[6]As a witness for the accused. Count Helldorf, SA Leader of Berlin, had taken upon himself to thrash some Jews for improper conduct toward women in this fashionable thoroughfare.

[7]Suburb of Berlin where courts and prisons are situated.

January 26th, 1932.

The electoral campaign in Berlin will outdo everything of the sort hitherto known. I am looking forward to it immensely. Everything, roughly, is prepared. I publish a telling article against the *Eiserne Front* [Socialistic fighting organization]. Public speaking on my part will be prohibited during the next weeks. I send a formal complaint to the Minister of the Interior, Gröner, but he has not enough courage to oppose the Marxists.

We attend the funeral of our SA comrade, Professor Schwartz, murdered at the Kolonie Felseneck. Stirring and heart-rending scenes. In the churchyard by the graveside I give full vent to my grief and indignation.

I pass the spot in Moabit once more where the Hitler Youth boy, Norkus, was stabbed. The bloody fingermarks of the dying child show like a "menetekel" on the white wall.

Then home, and with boundless ardour to work again. Fatigue and pessimism vanish. It would seem as though this cruelly spilt blood flowed again in the veins of each one of us, prompting us to new effort.

How long will this nerve-racking strain go on?

Cold, grey winter outside.

Something decisive must be done. If it lay with the people we National Socialists would have long attained office.

January 29th, 1932.

We bury the *Hitlerjunge* Norkus on a biting cold day. From the bottom of my heart I speak to the children and the men gathered round the narrow coffin. The boy's father, a simple workman, is brave beyond words. Grief-stricken, with an ashen face, he raises his hand in salute to the strains of the "Horst Wessel Lied," and sings with bitter pride and deep wrath, "*Die Fahne hoch!*"

Outside the churchyard gates the Red rabble stands waiting for its victims. This plague must be exterminated like rats.

The Sportpalast is overcrowded, but I am not allowed to speak. Only a short note is read, in which I define my attitude regarding the presidential election. The police immediately intervene. Somebody in the audience cries: "Hitler!" and the whole crowd rises and gives the Leader a prolonged cheer. The voice of the people!

The Hindenburg Committee is sitting.

Now we must acknowledge what we have up our sleeve.

January 30th, 1932.

Worry and trouble with our Press.

The Prussian Ministry of the Interior has extended the muzzling order against me to include the whole of Prussia. With the exception of the Reds, one thing alone reaps any benefit from this—my voice!

The situation is once more critical. Our dailies are well written. The Party is by no means downhearted! Another prohibition is about due! Hardly has this thought had time to cross our minds than the *Völkischer Beobachter* is again suppressed for a week.

That is always the Reds' last straw. When they do not know what to do next, they flourish this prohibition cudgel.

I consult a lawyer in order to transfer my library to another person's name. Who knows if a bailiff will not suddenly turn up and confiscate it, because in the eyes of the Government it might be of assistance in preparing a revolution.

Simple birthday festival at the home of Prince August Wilhelm at Potsdam. I sit with the SA men and they tell me about the hard work they have of it in the north and east of Berlin. They are fine boys, heroic even, ready for anything, who do not make any fuss about their feelings. They have imbibed the spirit of Horst Wessel. They have lost the fear of death.

January 31st, 1932.

The Stennes-Ideology[8] still obsesses some of our intellectuals. They have a wrong-headed idea altogether of the significance of our Movement. It is not individuals that matter, but the life and the wel-

[8]National Bolshevism.

fare of the Party. He who deserts the Movement can no longer figure in our ranks. To be disloyal to it means deserting the colors. Sometimes one has to harden oneself to allow an innocent person to suffer, rather than permit the basis on which we all stand to be undermined.

Great debates in the Press on the Presidential election. The Leader's decision is to be expected on Wednesday. There can be no further doubt as to what it will be.

February 2nd, 1932.

To Munich by night express. The chance of rest gets slighter and slighter, as one must get necessary reading done at night.

In Munich details of the election campaign are all settled and the vast plan arranged. The Brown House is a beehive of activity. Everybody is worked up to fever pitch. On Friday everything has to be ready. It will be an unprecedented campaign.

Strasser has reported himself sick.

Long conference with the Leader at noon. He outlines his views on the presidential election. He decides to come forward as a candidate. But first the opposition must expose its hand. What the Social Democrats do will clinch the matter. Then we come out with our decision.

The whole thing teems with worry; but one naturally expects that. The Leader makes every move without undue haste and with a perfectly clear head.

In the Brown House we make simultaneous arrangements for the Prussian elections. Everything is on the move. I am convinced of success.

Conference of Department Leaders with the Leader. He sums matters up as usual, crisply and logically. All are in agreement. No one could demur; his exposition is so masterly. Everybody recognizes the seriousness of the situation. Brüning has to be checkmated. The future, immediate and remote, is at stake. Brüning's Cabinet must fall, too. The question is whether to attack him directly, or one of his Ministerial colleagues.

The situation will only be clear when Brüning has been effectively dealt with. The Nationalists and the Stahlhelm are, for the time being, kept in suspense. Our candidate will only come forward at the last moment. Perhaps somebody else will stand in place of the Leader at the opening of the election, so as to defer the critical moment until the second phase. I enter a short description of the technique and methods of the campaign.

We discuss all kinds of present and future problems till late at night. The Leader's fine and unerring instinct is always to be marvelled at.

February 3rd, 1932.

Day given to departmental reports. The District Leaders hope to hear what is decided as to the Presidential candidature, but they wait in vain. In chess one does not announce one's moves; one makes them.

There is a good deal of dissension in the departmental conferences. Everybody is nervous and overstrung.

In the afternoon more speeches and debates. Telephone calls from Berlin; the Party is restless and strung up but awaits events in silence.

After a long, hard day's work, it is recreative to go to the theatre or the cinema in the evening. We go to a Greta Garbo film and are much impressed by it. Garbo is unique; the greatest living actress. Many of the other stars are mere beginners in comparison with her.

Late at night many brave old members of the Party come to see me. They are discouraged at not yet having heard anything decisive. They fear the Leader may wait too long. This fear, however, is less well founded than ever. I do my best to cheer them up; appeal to their discipline. They went away much heartened.

February 4th, 1932.

In the afternoon I talk over the final plan for the coming campaign with the Leader. He is splendid to work with, and belongs to those few who, once having given their confidence, leave one to carry on freely by oneself, untrammelled. In the same way as he claims authority for him-

self, he accords the right of authority to everybody to whom, in his turn, it is necessary. The hostile Press depicts him quite falsely and gives rise to a very erroneous idea of him. There is nobody in the world less qualified for the role of tyrant than Hitler.

The lines of the election campaign are all laid down. We now need only press the button to set the machine going.

We visit a Munich studio and watch a renowned sculptor at work. We look over Professor Troost's sketches for an additional building to the Brown House. It is marvellous to note how surely and unerringly the Leader adjusts himself to coming power. He has not the slightest doubt about it, but speaks, acts, and feels as if it were already ours. This confidence of his imparts a wonderful feeling of security to everyone about him. Without the Leader the whole National Socialist Movement would be unthinkable.

In the evening he goes over the whole position again with District Leaders. He makes no secret of its seriousness. But he expresses conviction that we can become masters of it with energy and care.

Everyone thereupon sets to work. My contribution to the foregoing session is an essay on electioneering tactics. I hope it will be explanatory and useful throughout the country.

In the evening we see *Die Fledermaus* at the National Theatre, a well-produced classical performance full of charm and feeling for style. The enchanting music stirs one's heart. The heavy weight of daily care is lifted as one sits and listens to it.

The Leader confers with Hugenberg. He does not mince matters.

The Reaction attempts to delude our Movement. It will not avail. Never yet has the past triumphed over the future, although at times it may have seemed to do so. The future is for youth, and youth is in the right.

Back to Berlin by night. Got a lot of reading and writing done right into the small hours.

February 5th, 1932.

The Old Guard of the central district of Berlin have assembled. I see all the dear, well-known faces of 1926. These men have always stuck to the Movement faithfully and have never forsaken the Leader. It always gives me the greatest pleasure to find myself in their midst and to chat with them over the past—how the Movement has grown under Divine protection, and all that was had to be, so that we might reach the point where we are now.

These brave old companions have led National Socialism in Berlin victoriously against all obstacles. Once this Red bulwark [Berlin] is taken and the capital of the nation reconquered for the German nationality we shall have them alone to thank for it.

One can well understand that they are proud of having fought on our side from the beginning. It required very real patriotism at that time to espouse a seemingly hopeless cause for no sake but its own.

February 6th, 1932.

Thoroughly discussed the election campaign in Berlin with the District Leaders. Tactical, financial, and organizing problems. The whole thing going to be magnificent. All officials are called together for tomorrow. Then the machine starts up!

Dictate a report for our administrative periodical, *Will and Way*. Here one can more or less call a spade a spade.

February 7th, 1932.

We have appointed this Sunday in the whole district of Berlin for an emergency rehearsal. At nine o'clock in the morning the word is passed round, and at twelve o'clock sharp the six thousand officials have assembled in two overcrowded halls. Eight hundred more, who have not been able to get in, wait outside. The thing worked splendidly. The spirit of the men is steadily on the rise. The Party is determined to fight, and not only that, it seeks to join battle. It would be curious if an organization that is prepared for a struggle and brought up to fight should funk such a test.

Off and on a bourgeois crosses our path who is unable to understand the present situation. He uses arguments that merely enter at one ear and go out the other. It is useless trying to discuss things with him. A chasm severs men born in two such utterly different worlds. One is a natural, born fighter; the other has no use for these methods. Impossible to reconcile the two. One of them must carry the day and the other must succumb.

Even those well disposed toward us miss the essentials of our Movement. One must be a born National Socialist. Some only realize the fact late in the day, but National Socialism has been right there in the bottom of their hearts all the time. Others have actively associated themselves with our Movement for years without fundamentally understanding it.

February 8th, 1932.

Write a cutting article against Brüning. Knowledgeable people hold that the oftener you treat a subject, the more indifferent the public grows to it. That is not the case. It depends on how the subject is handled. If one can contrive always to show it in a new light, always to pile up the evidence against it, and to bring fresh arguments on one's own side to bear, public interest will never flag; on the contrary, it will increase.

In the evening at the Hotel Prinz Albrecht. I address a small circle of invited guests. Here, also, problems of National Socialism are beginning to attract interest, although these people approach them in their own manner, with a slight degree of hauteur, and from a considerable distance.

They seem utterly unable to grasp that we really embody something essentially new, that we cannot and will not be compared with any other party, that we are aiming at a totalitarian State, and must attain to absolute power in order to achieve our aims.

I have inserted a row of SA men among these specially invited people. It is as well for the former to realize that one speaks exactly the same before either audience.

First I deal a blow at Brüning. The audience is reserved. But in the end I persuade them to our side. The evening is a great success. This kind of success is evidenced less by figures than by the increasing influence of the Movement.

February 9th, 1932.

The Leader is back in Berlin. More discussions at the Kaiserhof as to the presidential election. Everything is in suspense.

The Stahlhelm is undecided. We go on waiting. I am snowed under with work.

Fifteen thousand SA men have formed up in the Sportpalast for the roll call. An overwhelming spectacle—the fruit of six years' work!

The SA of Berlin is first rate. What opposition and persecution these men have had to endure! They have become steeled through terror and repression. Now, imperturbably, they await the signal to act.

An evening at home with the Leader. First we discuss the political situation and then have some music.

February 10th, 1932.

The Leader delivers an address in the evening to the SS, Hitler Youth, and officers of the Party Organization in the crowded Tennishalle. The meeting forms a counterpart to the SA roll call at the Sportpalast the day before. The Leader is in top form. He holds a general review of his Berlin troops before he throws them into the fray.

In the evening SA and SS leaders rejoin him at the Kaiserhof. It is wonderful how one draws renewed strength and courage from these steady men.

A few of us remain with the Leader until dawn. We discuss further plans as if power were already ours.

The Chief of Police in Berlin, Grzesinski, in a speech at Leipzig, demanded to have the Leader driven out of Germany with a horsewhip. That is what the Opposition calls fair play. We intend to let the people know about it. That cowardly profiteer will never be forgiven for such a threat. It will be flung in his face for months, and then we shall see who is to be driven out of Germany with a horse-

whip, the Leader or Grzesinski.

February 12th, 1932.

Go through figures once more with the Leader at the Kaiserhof. We take a risk, but one that has to be.

The decision is at hand.

Leave for Hannover, where I am speaking. The festival hall is packed with six thousand people. It required endless machinations to procure permission for me to speak. But having got it, I can let myself really go, after so long a silence.

Back to Berlin the same night.

The Leader is in Munich again; the publication of the decision is put off a few days longer.

February 15th, 1932.

Hindenburg comes forward as candidate. The Presidential committee publishes a proclamation. Now we have a free hand. The elections are definitely to take place. Now we need not keep our own counsel any longer.

February 16th, 1932.

Talk things over with an influential Nationalist member of the Reichstag. He makes some ridiculous speculations on the issue of the Presidential election; thinks Thälmann stands more chance than Hindenburg. It is dreadful how far this type of man is from any real understanding of the people.

Talk by the hour to three leading American journalists and try to convince them of the necessity of our course of action. Although they are sceptical, they are in the end persuaded that the Leader will head the poll.

I work as if the election were already in full swing. The thing is not all plain sailing, as the Leader's candidature is not yet officially proclaimed.

February 17th, 1932.

Today I am to be unmuzzled: I can speak in public again.

As I am not going to meetings of an evening I make the most of this short interlude to visit a theatre or two. I find Puccini's beautiful music always enchants and affects me. He was a born musician. The moderns must hide their heads before the richness of his musical invention.

February 18th, 1932.

I was unmuzzled on Monday. Placards and pamphlets hastily being designed and dictated. The Press had already received enormous quantities of stuff. The moment the candidature [Hitler's] is officially proclaimed the campaign begins within the hour.

Talk to a prominent Italian Fascist, Forges Devanzati. We talk for two hours on the essential problems of National Socialism. He hasn't a scrap of sympathy to waste on the narrow-minded philistine or the profiteer. "Strike hard!" he bids me as I leave for the Hotel Prinz Albrecht, where I am to address some specially invited guests again. Fascism recognizes that the German question dominates at the present moment. Only after this has been resolved will world affairs take the stage again.

The Hotel Prinz Albrecht is crowded. I make the most of the occasion radically to expound National Socialism. Upon that, I bring the whole thing to bear on the immediate situation.

Great success.

To the Kaiserhof. The Leader has arrived. The Stahlhelm and the German National People's Party have also now arrived at a decision. They are bringing forward their own candidate. Düsterberg, forsooth!

Let them carry on! They will have to pay the piper in the end.

We must make up our minds to live dangerously.

February 20th, 1932.

Went into technical matters about the election campaign with the Propaganda Department. Placards, pamphlets, and sheets are ready. Four large designs for posters are being prepared. The designers are busy. We lack men with the brains to put ideas into shape.

I hope to achieve a masterpiece in the way of propaganda for this year's elections.

Count Helldorf went to see Schleicher, who feels secure and believes National Socialism to be only a symptom of the times. He will probably find himself much disappointed as the year goes by. We've only got to go on working. Good thing that finessing is over.

The coming contest will be a final settling of accounts with Brüning and a general clearing up of fourteen years' national corruption.

First, we have to stiffen up our own wobblers and those who are likely to lose heart.

February 22nd, 1932.

Our placards are excellent. The propaganda is managed splendidly. The whole country will sit up and take notice.

At the Kaiserhof with the Leader. Frick and Buch are there, too. I sketch my ideas for my speech in the Reichstag. The Leader approves them. I hope that I shall be in good form. The Leader holds a long discussion with us on our future foreign policy. Finally, we once more go into the question of the Presidential candidate. The chief thing is now to break silence. The Leader gives me permission to do so at the Sportpalast tonight. Thank God!

Now it is possible to elaborate my announcement for the great assembly. I impart the news to the SA and to political leaders. All are enthusiastic about it.

Sportpalast packed. General meeting of the members of the northern, eastern, and western districts. Immense ovations at the very outset. When after about an hour's preparation I publicly proclaim that the Leader will come forward as candidate for the Presidency, a storm of deafening applause rages for nearly ten minutes. Wild ovations for the Leader. The audience rises with shouts of joy. They nearly raise the roof. An overwhelming spectacle! This Movement is bound to be victorious. People are indescribably delighted. At last Count Helldorf confronts the microphone and in the name of the SA swears allegiance to the Leader. Devotion to him rises higher and higher. People laugh and cry at the same time. Some are quite beside themselves. For the first time one feels that this means a real resurrection of the nation.

Late at night the Leader rings me up. I tell him all about it, and he comes along to our house. He is glad that the announcement of his candidature has been such a success. He truly is, and always will be, our Leader!

Whether we like it or not, we have to come to grips now for the first time with the Reaction. They delegate Düsterberg. So the decision rests with us alone. That is just as well. It compels us to mobilize all our forces.

The Leader tells us a bit about his war experiences. On this subject he is always enthralling. When he goes, an almost solemn silence holds the few of us in thrall.

February 23rd, 1932.

Eventful day! A departmental meeting in the morning. Frick makes a report on the situation. The formal naturalization of the Leader is to be effected tomorrow. Even in this matter the German National People's Party at Brunswick make difficulties.

Long conferences at the Kaiserhof. Klagges has arrived. I hope he will soon accomplish his task.

The spirits of the sub-leaders are excellent. All are persuaded that somehow we shall soon reach our goal.

Reichstag session crowded. Gröner makes a short speech. Then it is my turn. Everybody interested. I begin more or less academically. The Reds try to drown my utterance. I manage to make myself heard in spite of it. Sharp settling of accounts with Brüning, who sits next to me with his arms folded. I make use of the expression "party of deserters," whereupon the Socialists rage for a quarter of an hour. The whole House is in an uproar. When the sitting resumes I am excluded from it. A wild exhibition! They have falsified the minutes so as to misconstrue my attack on the Socialists into an insult to the President of the Reich.

The struggle begins all round.

Speak at the Sportpalast to the members of the middle and southern districts. Meeting again closed by the police because of being overcrowded. The temper of the audience is indescribable.

Afterwards the Leader, Epp, Frick, and Helldorf come to see us.

February 24th, 1932.

Reichstag. Gröner pronounces the Government's censure upon me, based on the minutes of yesterday's session, in which my meaning is wholly distorted by the addition of two words. Strikes an attitude. Declares that I had insulted the President of the Reich! Always the same old game: the System hides behind the imposing figure of the Field Marshal. But we shall yank it out!

Not before I am on my way to Breslau can I catch a glimpse of the papers. The Press is raging indescribably against me. Gröner is praised to the skies as *the* great man. One must really congratulate a general on having gained the sympathy of the *Berlin Tageblatt* and of the *Vorwärts!*

I am completely hoarse from so much public speaking.

At Breslau twelve thousand people, densely packed. What a blessing—fresh air at last after the parliamentary fug! I inhale deep breaths of it!

Our speeches act like salvos of great guns.

Immediately after the meeting I catch the night express.

In Berlin the *Völkische Beobachter* and *Flammenwerfer*[9] have been confiscated. These are Government election tactics.

I am not going to give in in the Reichstag, but mean to mount the platform a second time and summon Herr Brüning to answer before the tribunal of the people!

During my stay at Breslau things have been pretty hot in the Reichstag. Rosenberg was also excluded from the session. We must keep cool and go on fighting without flinching; everything is at stake!

[9]Two of the National Socialist papers.

February 25th, 1932.

Another great day in the Reichstag. Our propaganda has already worked splendidly, although it is badly cramped by official oppression.

Brüning makes a very feeble speech and takes refuge in foreign politics. Then, annoyed by our noisy interruptions, he indulges in the sharpest invectives against us. We shout him down. He has an unfortunate day; the entire gamut of his sins is put before him by our interjections. Wild scenes ensue. He loses his nerve.

A few more speakers, and then it is my turn to address the House. I wipe out the previous day's score; am in good form, very matter-of-fact, but relentless. Brüning is sitting next to me so that I apostrophize him with every sentence. He turns perfectly yellow with rage. Our side supports me vociferously. The opening, which looked so poor to begin with, is in pretty good shape now.

The Press is furiously angry. What else is left for it?

With the Leader at the Kaiserhof. Just at this moment news comes through that he has been appointed a high official in Brunswick. We are extremely glad that this vital question has thus been solved.

In the evening I speak five times in the East End of Berlin. All assemblies overcrowded.

February 26th, 1932.

Sitting of the Reichstag from ten o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock in the evening. A few weak speeches by way of a swan song. We spar with the Democratic Minister, Dietrich. But all this is of no importance.

Late in the evening I motor to Dresden. The roads are terribly slippery. We arrive at eleven, after a crazy journey. Zirkus and Exhibition Hall are overcrowded. The audiences are delighted that we managed to come at all and are quite content with a few words. Everybody is sure the decisive moment is at hand.

Slept for a few hours, then back to Berlin by train.

Examined posters and designed new placards and handbills. Dictated an essay

in between times.

Bad news: *Angriff* banned for a week again, on account of alleged disrespect towards the Republic. I write sharply to Brüning. Gröner is to apologize to me in the Reichstag, as his insulting statements were based on a falsified document. If he does not take them back I shall bring the whole thing out into the open. The Leader's military papers have come from Austria. A clear refutation of Grzesinski's defamations. The entire Party is furiously angry at the constant prohibitions. We shall have to make a big appeal to the public, or else go under.

February 27th, 1932.

The Leader speaks in the Sportpalast and the Tennishalle. Both are incredibly full. The Berlin National Socialists give him a splendid reception. He flings his challenge in the face of the System in a great speech. The Sportpalast is in an uproar for an hour. Once more the Leader has the upper hand.

Final speech at the Tennishalle at midnight. The same thing happens. The fight begins. The Government goes to work with prohibitions, we with brains and energy. Fate will decide between us. We need not worry.

At the Kaiserhof. The Leader, in an open letter to the public, defines in what a chivalrous contest consists.

Speak at Zirkus Busch at noon.

February 29th, 1932.

Our propaganda is working at high pressure.

The clerical work is finished. Now the technical side of the fight begins. What enormous preparations are necessary to organize such a vast distribution!

Reported to the Leader at noon. I gave him details as to the measures we are taking. The election campaign is chiefly to be fought by means of placards and addresses. We have not much capital, but as the Party is working gratuitously a little money goes a long way.

Fifty thousand gramophone records have been made which are so small they can be slipped into an ordinary envelope. The supporters of the Government will be astonished when they place these miniature records on the gramophone!

In Berlin everything is going well.

The *bourgeois* are attacking me without reflection. But I shall pull through. We shall eventually master the situation.

Nothing can be done with Reactionaries.

We notice that the Communist Party has tapped our telephone lines. An overzealous spy will interrupt a phone conversation with the cry, "Red Front." We have our wires inspected. Of course nothing wrong with them can be detected.

My appeal to Brüning has been of no avail. So I publicly attack Gröner; that is to say, I have the official Reichstag minutes photographed and publish the original in so much of the Press as is still at our disposition.

Our partisans are undisputed masters of propaganda. Five hundred thousand placards have already been distributed all over the country. The organization of the campaign is working out magnificently.

The tide is coming in.

March 1st, 1932.

Motor to Magdeburg.

Phone to Berlin.

An ambassador has been sent to Gröner. Nothing yet about the suppression of the *Angriff.*

One danger: our chances of success are being overestimated in the Party. We must be careful lest failure should cast it into a dangerous state of dejection.

March 2nd, 1932.

Angriff ban not lifted.

Long-distance calls with Berlin. The avalanche has begun to slide. Our campaign suffers from pitiless repression. Grzesinski has taken in hand the censorship of all placards published in Prussia. He was appointed by General Gröner. Comment superfluous. Our Berlin department works splendidly.

March 3rd, 1932.

Cologne. Addressed 20,000. The Party so confident one can only fear a disappointment on March 13th. I believe it does

not take the adversary into serious enough consideration. But to be certain of victory has its own value.

Our electoral tour is a triumphal march.

Our position is good. We only have to keep on working stubbornly.

March 4th, 1932.

The Leader addresses 60,000 people at Breslau.

With such propaganda one really can put up a good fight.

At Düsseldorf in the evening. The Tonhalle is sold out since six o'clock.

Back to Berlin by express. Got heaps of work done in the train. One just burrows through piles of papers. At Hannover more masses are handed me. I have just about finished when we get into Berlin.

March 5th, 1932.

Prohibitions upon prohibitions! The Opposition spikes our guns. Our best placards and pamphlets are of no use. By these means the Reds hope to prevent our success. Moreover, Gröner writes an insolent answer to the Leader. We prepare for the final week. The newspapers are one mass of lies.

Speak at Marienfelde and Lichtenrade late in the evening. The halls as crowded as ever. At midnight in an SA hall. Our SA men always form the best audiences.

At a bourgeois national meeting the Leader is attacked for being a "Romanist."[10] This is the result of Harzburg Front activities here. We shall have to put a stop to it. At my writing table till five in the morning. Nearly fall asleep over my work.

March 6th, 1932.

Speak at Spandau in the afternoon. Then at home dictate an incisive answer to Gröner. Pamphlet against those who would sow dissensions among us.

Düsterberg has no chance whatever.

The campaign of personal calumny has reached its climax. We must take good care to stand shoulder to shoulder. We've got to get through this last thing somehow. For the most part, it is such a tissue of misrepresentation it can be rejected in the lump.

We've just got to stick it out.

March 7th, 1932.

The war of the placards is raging. Although we have not as much money as the others, we have better ideas. A thousand pities that our funds do not permit a campaign on a large scale. We have to make up for the lack of money by having top-notch ideas.

Speak three times in the evening: Märchenbrunnen, Pankow, and Wedding. Overcrowded halls as usual.

March 8th, 1932.

Dictate two articles and heaps of handbills. The placard war has reached its climax. Up till now we lead in the race.

Interview with the *Popolo d'Italia.* I describe our methods and means of propaganda. The representative of this influential Italian paper is positively dumbfounded.

The Communist Party has held a demonstration in the Lustgarten with enormous swing and go, and a great following.

Today it's our turn.

Speak at the Zirkus Busch and the Tennishalle.

During the night put through a long-distance call to the Leader at Stuttgart. He is passing from triumph to triumph.

Everybody is worn out by these innumerable meetings. The public has no idea of the burden of work devolving on every speaker.

March 9th, 1932.

Lustgarten. A marvellous sight in spite of snow and frost. Eighty thousand have assembled. Indescribable enthusiasm. We have routed all the others. The crowd swears, with hands held high aloft, never to forsake the great cause. What a wonderful picture, this teeming multitude! The individual disappears in the mass.

For the first time we have conquered for ourselves this historical meeting place, and in overwhelming measure.

[10] I.e., Roman Catholic.

The Jewish Press is a mere concoction of lies. It publishes falsified photographs to prove to its readers it has no occasion to be afraid of us.[11] We don't mind in the least. The more easily they think we are to be tackled, the less careful they will be. The more they leave us in peace, the surer we shall come up on top. For want of better arguments the Jewish Press has initiated a campaign of personal calumny against us. That is the hardest thing of all to stand.

But in the long run one becomes thick-skinned.

Late in the evening at the Sportpalast.

Settling of accounts with the entire Opposition. I get in a few good blows.

March 11th, 1932.

Last propaganda conference. Now everything is in perfect order. The election campaign is in full swing.

Police raid at the office. Police swarming all over the place. It is sought by every means to outlaw our proceedings, which are not in the least illegal.

Phone to the Leader, who is at Godesberg. As always, he sums things up pretty well. He has had a great success in the Rhineland.

I intend to fly from Tempelhof to Hamburg. Am not allowed to take off! Chicanery of the police! Wait for hours, and finally leave by train in the evening.

Address the assembly by telephone from the train. Fourteen thousand wait at Sagebiels Hall until midnight. Am greeted with cheers, and speak till two o'clock.

Discussions with party members until far into the morning. Endless fantastic rumors are going about as to plans for an insurrection of the "Iron Front."

People are so worked up that the danger of nervous overstrain generally is imminent. The upshot may very well be that the Opposition will succeed in upsetting us altogether.

One hour's sleep. Then into the train for Nuremberg.

At Nuremberg everything O.K. Say goodbye to Streicher and board the night express dead tired.

Berlin. Talked over instructions for the next few days with the commanders of the SA and SS. Deep uneasiness is rife everywhere. The notion of an uprising haunts the air.

The houses of prominent Party members are guarded by Storm Troopers for the next few weeks. Everything that is humanly possible has been done [to safeguard ourselves].

Rumors are afloat that we are to be taken into preventive custody.

The Leader rings me up from Hannover. He is to be in Munich on the decisive day, and I in Berlin.

The first bout is practically over. Our job now is to scotch the worst of the campaign lies. For instance, a proclamation by the Leader that he resigns his candidature!

March 13th, 1932.

The decisive day has arrived. Things must take their own course. We have done our duty. At the office at midday private information to hand that an attempt is planned on Brüning's life. I go at once to the Home Office and draw the Secretary of State's attention to the matter. In any case I have to safeguard the reputation of the Party. One never can tell what's going to happen.

Everyone confident of the victory. I remain sceptical. Large party in the evening at home. Everybody who has got any legs to come on, young and old, seems to have turned up.

We listen to the results of the election on the wireless. News comes slowly trickling through. Things look queer for us. At about ten o'clock the situation receives a general summing up. We are beaten; awful outlook for the future! We have not so much miscalculated our own votes as underrated those of our opponents. They only lack 100,000 votes to have secured an absolute majority. The Communists have failed completely. We have gained

[11] I.e., photographs showing a small, instead of a big, audience at the Lustgarten, with the inference that Hitler's following was not so big after all.

86 per cent since September, 1930, but that is no consolation. The Party is deeply depressed and discouraged. Only a bold stroke can retrieve matters.

Phone to the Leader late at night. He is entirely composed and is not at all upset. I never expected anything else of him. We had set ourselves too difficult a task; nevertheless it was all to the good to have been through this experience.

It is better to lose a battle than to fight shy of it. If now we stubbornly set to work again we shall retrieve the setback.

The Leader at once decides to do so. He does not hesitate for a moment to face the fight once more. That gives us all new courage. If the Leader does not weaken neither will the Organization. He is masterly at a crisis. I have never seen him waver.

The attitude of the Press toward us has sunk to the lowest personal level. There is nothing for it but to shoot this type of journalist.

At two o'clock tonight our dream of power has for the moment vanished. Everybody present is dreadfully depressed. I have difficulty in raising their spirits once more. But a whole campaign does not turn on one engagement.

March 14th, 1932.

Two hours' sleep. I feel better again. Only work helps one at a time of depression. We must buckle to immediately.

To Munich by air. I take a few of the chiefs of the Propaganda Department along with me.

A terrible flight through everlasting squalls and heavy storms. Only after we leave Nuremberg the weather clears a little.

Munich is still decked in snow. I go at once to see the Leader. Strasser is with him. A few leaders of the Party presently arrive.

With exception of Strasser we all look at things from the same point of view. We must go on with the fight.

Hugenberg,[12] and the whole reactionary front led by him, is slackening. That is to the good. Our defeat can be turned into moral success if we don't give in.

The second phase of the election begins on April 10th.

The Marxist Government has fixed April 24th for the elections in Prussia, Anhalt, Württemberg, and Bavaria. They believe that we shall be demoralized by this passing wave of discouragement and give up of our own accord. They will be bitterly disappointed.

So, here goes! To work! This time we shall go in for all sorts of publicity by means of airplanes and placards and proceed systematically against our opponents' campaign of calumny.

The Leader stands fast. He is just like a Commander-in-Chief rallying his forces after a defeat.

We work until late at night. Everyone is full of vim.

Thank God the leaders have not caught the infection of the Party's depression. Their morale is intact, and nothing will suffice to sidetrack them.

The adversary knows little of us. In any case we shall overthrow him.

I don't get back to the hotel till daybreak. I set to work at once. Not a moment to rest.

We have to conduct the second election campaign on quite new lines. Only so is there a possibility of our thrashing it out successfully.

March 15th, 1932.

Leave quite early for Weimar with the Leader and Frick. Discuss a series of sketches to be utilized in this second campaign, with the draftsmen and poster designers.

There can be no question whatever now of a coalition. One does not seek peace after defeat, but only after victory! If we were bourgeois, this would be the moment to give in. But the Leader stands firm as iron.

March 16th, 1932.

Back to Jena during the night. We all return to Munich together. The details of the second phase of the election campaign are worked out there until Saturday. Then

[12]Former President of the *Deutschnationale Volkspartei.*

there is a meeting of the District Leaders. Back to the front once more on Sunday.

The first Jewish papers arrive from Berlin. I avoided reading them last Monday and was glad to be able to leave for Munich at once. They almost make me feel ashamed to motor through the streets.

They triumph at the moment. It may be just as well. The more they anger us the better we shall carry out our attack. They are chortling too soon!

The general scheme of our new propaganda is carefully considered from all points of view. We have learnt a lot through the first election and intend to correct mistakes.

I was at the Chancellory at midday. They declare I was there during the night after the announcement of the results of the election. The point of this is to make out I meant to betray the Party to the Government. It is perfectly sickening to wade through the mire of all these calumnies. Although the Secretary of State has sent me a written apology he has no intention of publishing it. That means that he personally wants to do the decent thing, and yet he will publicly expose a political adversary to the aspersions of contemptible journalism.

Phone to Berlin: all is well again. Our people are working enthusiastically. Am already devising the new pamphlets. All the best methods of publicity are being carefully considered. Many original proposals have to be discussed. It is difficult to bring them all methodically to a common denominator. The Leader is, as always, tirelessly at work.

In the evening we motor out to Tegernsee to go on with it there a bit, far away from the turmoil of the city.

March 18th, 1932.

Strasser has come; as usual, a trifle downhearted.

Write pamphlets. Discussed the proposed election tour, which is the main thing at present.

The Leader is brimful of new ideas and suggestions. It will be our job to work them out in detail.

News is showering in from various parts of the Reich. Now one derives an optimistic impression of things, and then again everything seems contradictory.

One has got to keep cool.

A critical innovation: the Leader will conduct this next campaign by airplane. By this means he will be able to speak three or four times a day at various places as opportunity serves, and address about one and a half million people in spite of the time being so short.

It would be the devil to pay if we should not succeed at least in maintaining our figures and, if possible, increasing them by securing the votes of the Reactionaries.

March 19th, 1932.

District Leaders' assembly in Munich. Strasser addresses them. But his words lack fire and fail to kindle. The whole assembly is weighed down by depression.

I go ahead and freely develop plans for the second election, already discussed with the Leader. They are wholeheartedly and enthusiastically accepted by everybody.

The Leader delivers an address in the afternoon. He speaks clearly, with spirit, admitting no possibility of compromise. He thoroughly dresses down the fainthearted.

In the evening, conference with the people of the Propaganda Department. We have, no doubt, made many mistakes during the first election. We must learn to profit by them. But they aren't inclined to see things in that light. Nobody readily owns up to having made a mistake, but that cannot be helped; they will have to toe the line.

The Leader had an interview with some representatives of the Deutsche Volkspartei. Nothing is to be made of them. They only pat themselves on the back no matter what befalls. They're a hopeless case.

I go into details of our election campaign with the Leader. He agrees to everything. We can go ahead full speed. Late at night we leave for Tegernsee.

March 20th, 1932.

Lovely day at St. Quirin. Spring sun-

shine.

I talk over the newspaper side of things with the Leader and Amann.

Back to Munich in the evening, where we all take the night train to Berlin. Worked in the sleeper until daybreak.

Heaps of mail and papers await me in Berlin. Work is the best means of scotching uncertainty.

March 23rd, 1932.

The *Angriff* again banned for a week. Our other papers have already been banned during the last few days. That means that our entire Press is suppressed.

On the top of this comes the Easter breathing space, but license to speak in public is still withheld. We are condemned to absolute silence.

All the better; we can devote ourselves to organizing the final week of the election campaign.

Dictated three essays for the last few decisive days.

Judged posters and corrected pamphlets. Brisked them up here and there; put finishing touches.

Discussed records. Produced films.

Work keeps one fit.

March 27th, 1932.

Motor into the mountains, one of a long trail of cars. Berchtesgaden lies dreaming and still. Up to Obersalzberg in sleighs. The clear, starlit night embraces us.

We are very hospitably received at the house [Wachenfeld]. We are famished and fall eagerly upon the frugal meal. Then to sleep, sleep, sleep!

In the morning the lovely countryside is clad in deep snow.

The mountains stand out as clear as crystal above the sleepy little town.

Glittering Salzburg greets us from afar.

News comes from Berlin that Severing has beaten a retreat. Gröner has written him a letter. The news gets better and better as the days go on.

Dictated some announcements for the Press yesterday.

Today is Easter Sunday; we lay aside all work. A day of complete rest. We shall go ahead again all the better tomorrow.

Had a long discussion with the Leader. Politics dog us like our shadows. We concoct a new Weekly Illustrated for the elections. It will raise Cain.

We spend the evening in the midst of a large party assembled downstairs sitting round the table in the room furnished like that of a local farmhouse. We listen to music and hold desultory discussions.

It is wonderful to sit alone quietly with the Leader talking over the future.

The Jews calumniate us in the most disgusting way, but they won't succeed in putting us out of countenance.

March 28th, 1932.

Worked out plans. Practice with a pistol. The Leader is an absolutely sure shot.

Up here in the mountains work goes wonderfully well. One is away from the noise of the city. One's nerves are in much better order. I begin to understand why the Leader loves being in the mountains. Here it is possible for him to arrive at momentous decisions without being disturbed and distracted by the rush and hurry of life in a great city.

The Leader is writing a comprehensive manifesto for the elections, addressed to the German people.

Dispatch a large packet of finished work to Berlin.

Outside everything is enveloped in dense fog. The limit of visibility is about ten meters.

March 29th, 1932.

We have been dictating the whole afternoon. The Leader is still at work composing his manifesto.

I designed seven placards for the final week.

Discussed candidates for the Prussian Landtag.

In the evening the Leader tells us all about November, 1923. The Party was much more severely defeated then than now. It sounds like a thrilling historical novel. And yet the Party managed to gather itself together again. It depends how one reacts to a defeat. The Leader

expounds some novel ideas about the position of woman. These ideas are important now that the elections are coming on, since the Party was severely attacked on the subject of its attitude to women during the last election. Woman is, always has been, and always will be the complement and helpmate of man. Even in the present economic situation this cannot be altered. Formerly woman worked in the fields, now she works in the office. Man organizes life, and woman assists him to its fulfilment.

These are modern ideas, and miles above the sex touchiness of the old-fashioned German Nationals.

We don't get to bed until five in the morning.

March 31st, 1932.

Back in Berlin.

Great propaganda conference. Our directions have already been put into practice.

The author, Hans Grimm, openly announces his allegiance to the Leader. Seven university professors do the same.

Hugenberg publishes an article against us. There really is nothing to be done with him. Press prohibitions upon Press prohibitions. The Government stifles our vast Press campaign. The election terror is in full swing. But we shall fight our way through somehow.

Gröner definitely squashes our Press. That is an open breach of the Constitution. We have hardly any means left us whereby to fight the campaign.

April 1st, 1932.

The list of candidates for the Prussian Landtag is complete. We had some trouble about it. It is very difficult to choose fairly from the lists of those belonging to the political side of our Organization, and of those belonging to the SA. But with a little goodwill one comes to terms here also.

I can well imagine that the whole organization of parliamentary parties stands or falls on some such point.

Propaganda has received final instructions.

The Jewish Press publishes a falsified bill of the Leader's at the Kaiserhof. It is impossible to induce the Republican law courts to defend our honor.

April 2nd, 1932.

We keep the courts busy in all sorts of matters.

Long conferences with the Leader. We have set the Kaiserhof-bill business to rights.

Each day brings forth more scurrility against one or other of the leading members of the NSDAP. Perfectly sickening!

A decent judge at Hannover forbids Herr Noske to go on suppressing the distribution of additional editions of our papers. That is a blow for the Republicans.

The police search our house for three hours. We do all we can to irritate and annoy them. It doesn't matter what comes of this.

The SA getting impatient. It is understandable enough that the soldiers begin to lose morale through these long-drawn-out political contests.

It has to be stopped, though, at all costs. A premature push or, worse still, an overt gesture of compulsion would nullify the whole of our future. Nobody would be more delighted by this false step than Herr Severing and the Marxist Government.

April 4th, 1932.

Leave for Frankfurt and Wiesbaden at daybreak on Sunday morning. Speak three times at Wiesbaden. All halls packed. We have contrived to raise the spirits of the Party once more.

Motor back to Frankfurt. Speak at the Festhalle in the evening. A few long-distance calls to Berlin. Ask if I should return during the night. At last the Leader himself decides in the affirmative.

So three hours' sleep, and back to Berlin.

April 5th, 1932.

For the moment our propaganda chiefly consists in contradicting lies. A disgusting task, but it has to be done. We carry

Election rally in Frankfurt a.M., 1932.

on the poster war in Berlin pretty cleverly. Our demonstrations, principally the Leader's airplane election tour, are highly successful!

Speak at Weimar at the new Thuringian Hall. Afterwards at Jena in the Volkshaus. Each meeting is packed. Our fears of any slackening of interest in the elections have been groundless.

April 6th, 1932.

Address the members of the Center Party[13] at Aachen. Things are better than I had thought.

Money matters are still a grave preoccupation.

The Press continues to spread an incredible number of lies.

April 7th, 1932.

This campaign of personal slander causes us a lot of bother.

At all hours of the day fresh misrepresentations and wrongful imputations continually crop up.

Attack follows attack in breathless haste. If this sort of campaign was to be waged for six months, we should all be fit for the madhouse!

The Leader's great tour all goes according to plan. Doctor Frick and I speak at the Sportpalast in the evening. The Berlin public is the best at following one through intricacies. It is a pleasure to address such an audience.

April 8th, 1932.

We must invent new posters for Prussia. The old ones have, one and all, been prohibited by Grzesinski.

In the evening I speak at the Tiergartenhof and at Zehlendorf. Afterwards work until late at night.

April 9th, 1932.

In a last conference as to propaganda, discussed our chances and settled details of the Prussian election. We have excellent sketches for the posters. The text is also ready.

[13]The Catholic Party.

The entire Movement is swamped by a flood of lies: one is almost crushed by them. Weird and alarmist rumors are being spread in the city. But in election time it is always so.

All of us are dead tired, but we have to carry on.

Sportpalast in the evening. The public is tremendously worked up. Directly afterwards in haste to Stettin where 12,000 people are waiting for us. I arrive not much before midnight and in my speech direct an attack on Brüning.

Home at two in the morning. At six snatch two hours in bed.

April 10th, 1932.

The day has not begun propitiously. Up to midday we only participate twenty-five per cent in the election. Our chances are estimated as being very poor. Weather rainy and foggy. The Leader rings us up from Nuremberg.

There we are doing better. The day is one of feverish tension. Motor through Berlin. Nothing to be seen but Swastika flags, or red rags. In spite of everything we seize the opportunity of this being Election Sunday to prepare for the campaign in Prussia.

In the evening the results come trickling in. Presently, to our great satisfaction, we can affirm that our numbers have everywhere increased. We come far short of defeating the enemy but have managed to rope in nearly all the votes of the conservative parties.

Thälmann has failed miserably. His defeat is our greatest success.

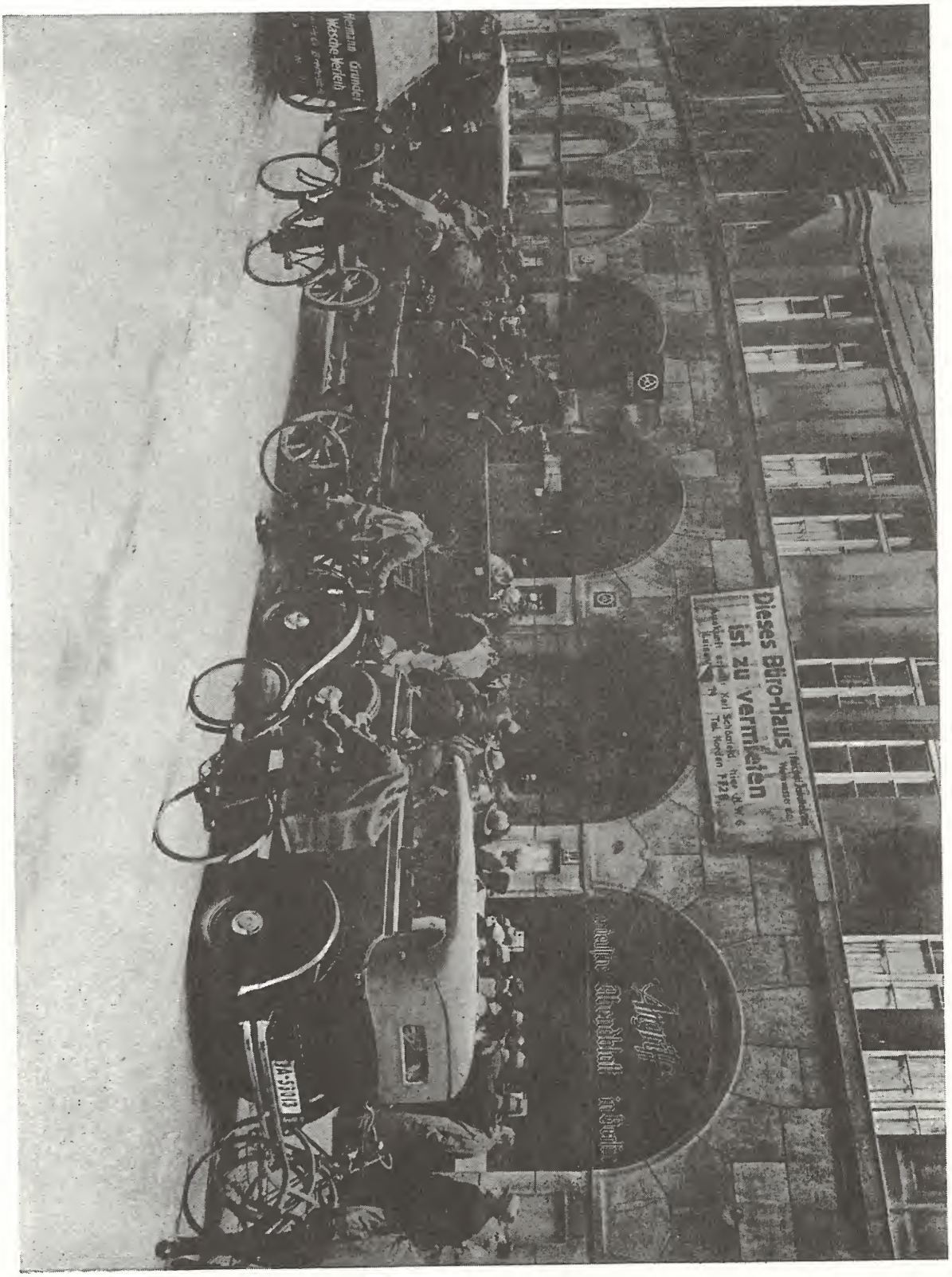
In Berlin alone our following has increased by 200,000 votes. Some really amazing figures are quoted. The Leader is delighted. His decision to hold out has been splendidly justified.

Drive to the office late at night.

Everybody is in good fettle there. The whole staff of the *Angriff*, the propaganda staff, and those in the upper ranks of the District Leaders are assembled.

We lose no time, but proceed at once to plan our campaign for Prussia.

At dawn I am still writing a leading article and proclamation to the Berlin



The Berlin headquarters of the SA is evacuated, after the SA is outlawed by the Social Democratic regime.

Party. They have fought stoutly.

The public will stand for anything except cowardly giving in.

April 11th, 1932.

The Prussian campaign is prepared. We go on without breathing space. The Press has to be informed, and the course laid down. With only a fortnight at our disposal, we mean to work wonders in the way of publicity.

Meeting of District Leaders. All ready for the fray. Everyone eager to do his very best.

Gramophone records are being prepared, talking films made, posters and placards designed.

In the evening all sub-leaders assemble in Die Neue Welt. We have a better platform to speak from than a month ago. The Party goes its accustomed way. The sub-leaders alone manage to collect among themselves a sum of 4500 Reichsmark in a single evening. A simple workman comes up to the platform and hands me his wedding ring. It is a wonderful people for whom we are fighting!

In such a mood work seems easy. At home I return to my desk at once. Sometimes we work on for eighteen to twenty hours a day without interruption.

Late at night I have to ring up the Leader. The Government is planning the wholesale prohibition of the SA throughout the Reich. That is Gröner's doing.

We are prepared for all and any possibilities. Now let them come, in God's name! One is worn out to the point of collapse.

April 12th, 1932.

Address 8,000 to 10,000 workmen at Elbing. Am received by hooting. When I leave there is either silence or applause.

Motored to Königsberg.

In East Prussia our affairs are going well. The Haus der Technik packed. I am in form again. My machinery goes at full speed.

Back to Berlin at night. Read papers and mail in the train.

In the morning the conductor comes into the compartment and rouses me. I had fallen asleep over my work.

April 15th, 1932.

We have not enough money to enable us to make propaganda on a large scale. The leader has made a suggestion as to an armistice with the parties, including the *Wirtschaftspartei*, which is to last until April 24th. One need not hope much from it, but anyhow it would afford us a little breathing space.

During our council upstairs, a detective confiscates my car parked in front of the hotel entrance. That is too much, and I thoroughly lose my temper. Regardless of consequences I create a scene in public in front of the Kaiserhof, shout at the Marxist detective, and incite the mob against the Government, with the result that an order comes through from the Police Headquarters to leave my car alone!

In the evening the Leader pays us a visit and leaves for Munich directly afterwards.

April 18th, 1932.

I am offered some information which could be used with devastating effect against the Socialist Party. It is expensive though, and I decline to buy it, as I do not think much of it. It is better to combat a great organization on broader lines than these. Personalities generally lead to more trouble than they are worth.

I content myself with a warning in the Press which Herr Severing cannot possibly mistake. If the Socialists do not drop their campaign of defamation I publicly declare that we shall hit back without compunction. The threat was eminently successful. How bad must be the conscience of these gentry can be gathered from the *Vorwärts*, which has trimmed its sails and suddenly altered its course altogether. I have foozled the whole of the Press: it is full, now, of mysterious and intriguing hints. I can well imagine that Herr Severing is having a pretty bad time. He has no idea that we are decent folk to have to do with after all, and would scarcely demean ourselves to expose his little peccadilloes.

Our Press is above criticism.

April 19th, 1932.

Am bringing an action against the *Acht-Uhr Abendblatt*, which has unforgivably insulted me. Sooner or later an example must be made. Perhaps the best way would be to have one of these scurrilous scribblers dragged out of the office by some SA men and publicly flogged.

The campaign has reached its peak. Make four speeches at Neukölln, Rudow, Karlshort, and Niedershöneweide. Audience consists almost exclusively of workmen.

At home a new flag with the hooked cross is being made for the all-important day. It is the ambition of every member of the family not to buy a flag but to make one. It will be dedicated tomorrow morning and will be hung from our window on the Leader's birthday.

April 23rd, 1932.

To epitomize [the past three days]:

Thursday: Am entirely run down. Caught the flu badly last night. Have to stay in bed all day. Dash it all! Just now during the election campaign!

Temperature up to 40 degrees [centigrade] in the evening. To make matters worse the doctor diagnoses ptomaine poisoning. It makes me wretched to have to lay off work.

In the evening I have to get up and go to a meeting in the Pharussäle. I've just *got* to do it, not to let the Party down. If I don't appear the Red Press will fly out at me and it for cowardice.

So: out of bed! I feel perfectly rotten. Anyhow, I take a doctor and one of the SA leaders along. Two cars full of SS men follow us.

In spite of all I achieve the round. Although I cannot speak for more than a few minutes at each place, people are glad that I managed to come at all. Kaulsdorf, Mahlsdorf, and Marzahn. These places are far enough off to visit when one is shaken with fever and can hardly keep one's eyes open. Sometimes one feels as if one's heart had stopped. The confounded fever doesn't abate a bit.

Finally we got to Wedding [a part of northern Berlin]. These streets swarm with the riff-raff of the city. At the entrance of the Pharussäle we are received with booing. Even so, things are very different from our first appearance here five years ago. For the rest I feel so ill I hardly take notice of the yells and cat calls.

The entire courtyard of the Pharussäle is occupied by an excellent SA *Standarte*. Both halls are overcrowded. I am received with enormous applause which does me a bit of good.

I give an address in each of the two halls. The audience has no idea how bad I feel. And at last we get home, where I drop into bed. Am in high fever all night.

On Friday morning I am still very ill, and to make matters worse I am not allowed a moment's rest; the telephone is going all the time. I am wild at being checkmated in bed, just when things are at the climax.

The Leader passes through Berlin on his trip by air. From Tempelhof he goes on directly to Neuruppin. In the evening, when he comes to see me, I am feeling a little better. He gives a wonderful description of his tour, which has really become very extensive. In East Prussia the people have risen as a whole.

Now he is speaking in the Sportpalast. The Berliners are quite beside themselves with enthusiasm and are eager for the fray. I feel slightly better and manage to get some sleep for the first time in three days. On Saturday morning I am more or less myself again.

The Leader flies to Schleswig-Holstein.

At noon I hold a last big conference from my bed. Everything is in perfect working order. The flags of the Party bedeck the streets. The Swastika is victorious. We are well to the fore again.

I am able to read and write once more.

The Leader is unable to return to Berlin on account of a thunderstorm. I pass another bad night, and then my illness abates. I wake on election day after a refreshing sleep.

In the evening the results come through. An amazing victory for us! We have obtained one hundred and sixty seats and have thus become the strongest party in the country. In Prussia alone eight mil-

lions of voters have declared for us. The Nationalists only managed to obtain thirty odd seats. The negligible parties have been defeated. The Center has more or less preserved its average. The Socialists have had a bad knock, and the Communists are out of it compared to us. The former coalition[14] is in a hopeless minority. We *must* shortly come to power, otherwise our victory will be a Pyrrhic one.

Late at night I drive to the Sportpalast dog-tired. The crowd there in a frenzy of joy. I speak a few words, and then they let me go home.

Phone to the Leader, who is in Munich. In Bavaria, in Hamburg and Württemberg the situation is the same. But in Anhalt our figures suffice for the formation of a Government. Now we must have our wits about us and keep our heads screwed on particularly tight. This is the time to test what sort of stuff one is made of.

April 26th, 1932.

The Press is very reserved. We have a difficult decision to make. Coalition with the Center and power, or opposition to the Center minus the power. From a parliamentary point of view, nothing can be achieved without the Center—neither in Prussia nor in the Reich. This has to be thoroughly thought over.

From Leipzig[15] I am indicted for high treason. The accusation covers forty pages. A bothersome affair! Nothing is to be done but to put it off as long as possible. It is a glorious hotchpotch of prevarications and misstatements. False witnesses can get anyone imprisoned. But what is worse than my personal fate, that of the Party is at stake. By fair means or foul they mean to prove the illegality of the Party.

Count Helldorf has been to see Schleicher again, who wants to alter the political course. A change in Prussia, however, is only possible if it takes place in the Reich at the same time. They say that the Center is ready to tolerate us in Prussia. I don't believe it.

Intermediaries are acting an obscure part in all this. But we shall probably soon see through them.

Their object seems to be to detach the Leader from the Party; a childish plan, and one only to be envisaged by those who have not the slightest conception of the National Socialist Movement.

Report to the Leader again. It is beastly to be between the hammer and the anvil.

There are rumors of an attempt on the Leader's life. We have to proceed with the greatest care.

April 27th, 1932.

I am working through the Leipzig document. One hardly knows how to deal with it. Herr Severing's accusations are so very farfetched.

April 29th, 1932.

The organization is being recommissioned. We shall soon have it in marching order again.

The SA man, Udo Curth, is going to be buried this afternoon. He was shot on election night. It will be a very sad funeral just now. The countryside is in its full spring beauty, the birds are singing, and here a man, young and untarnished, is being consigned to his grave.

The Leader pays us a visit in the evening, and we talk things over. He is strongly against the idea of coalition with the Center. That is satisfactory, anyway, even if as yet we do not see a way out of the difficulties. He who adheres firmly to the position he has once taken up will finally succeed. The prelates can be left in suspense for a little while. It will only tend to sober them.

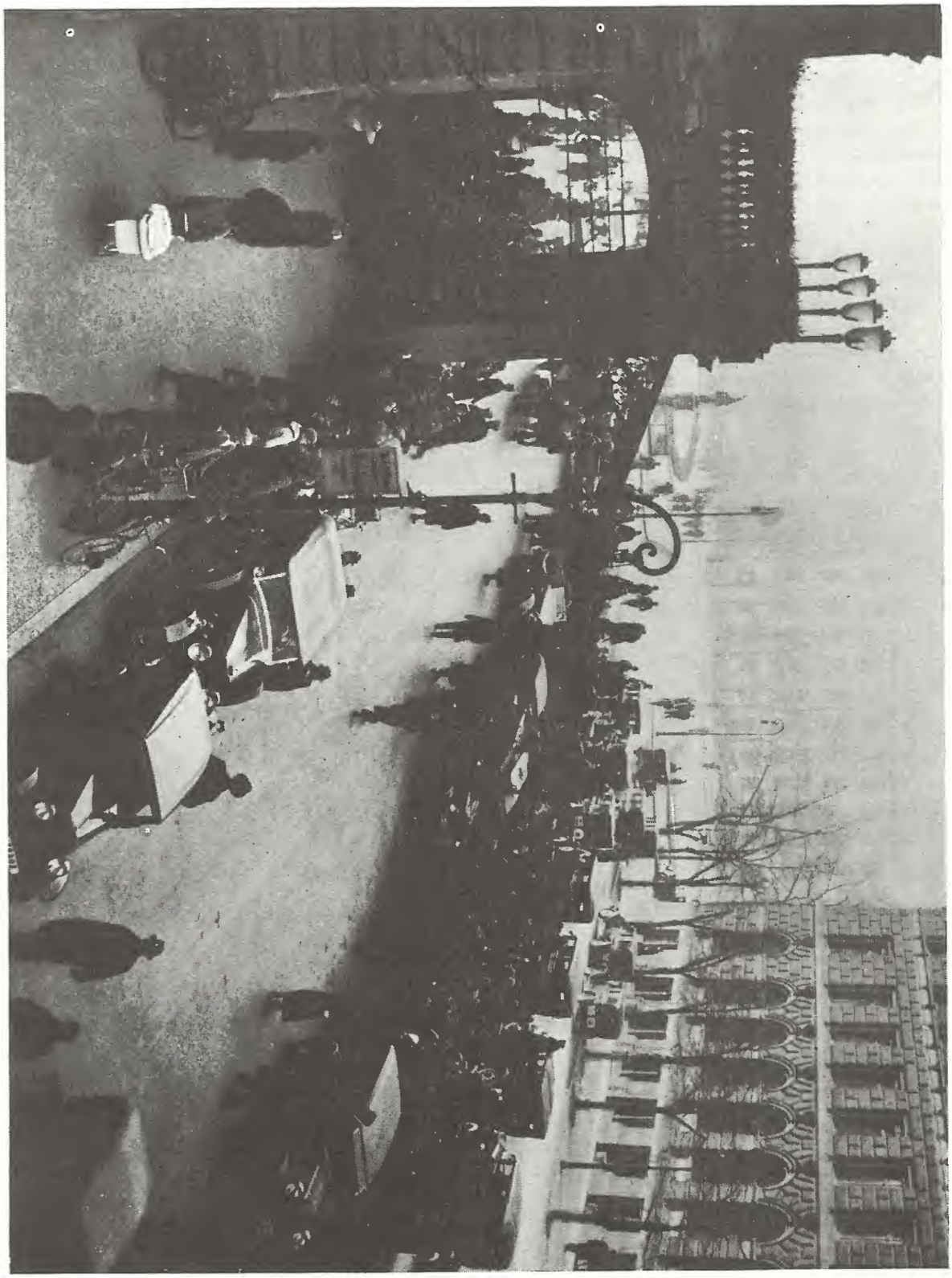
April 30th, 1932.

I have accepted the mandate in the Prussian Landtag. So I am immune and protected for the time being against fresh attacks from Leipzig.

We have established our Headquarters once more at the Kaiserhof. There is

[14]The Black-Red coalition (Catholic Center Party and Socialists) reigned in Germany since 1919.

[15]I.e., from the Supreme Court in Leipzig.



Entrance of the Kaiserhof Hotel, the Leader's Berlin headquarters.

nothing more disagreeable for the Government than to have the enemy living opposite.

In the evening I speak to the old members of the Party in the Bock brewery. One meets the old, well-known figures there. It is heartening during these weeks of suspense. All are there, the old friends of our first beginnings. They are the most reliable and the most faithful. Here one can speak freely and unburden one's heart.

May 1st, 1932.

The Red parties are holding demonstrations for May 1st. But that is no longer of any importance, and it will probably be for the very last time. Next year, possibly, we shall be showing them how May 1st should be celebrated.

May 3rd, 1932.

On Monday, delightful spring weather. We take the cars and drive out into the country. Picnic in the woods. A short holiday at last! Daily worry falls away. But the good time soon comes to an end. The sky becomes overclouded and it begins to rain heavily. We stop at Plauen. The Leader is greeted with loud cheers. All over the country the pick of the folk are for him.

By night and in rain we arrive at Berneck, where Siegfried Wagner's four children await us. They have grown considerably.

We talk to Frau Winifred Wagner about the Bayreuth Festival. Next year they are going to produce the *Meistersinger.* I hope we shall be in office by then. We can run Bayreuth then according to our own taste. Early to bed and for once a good sleep.

Tuesday: As we take our departure the whole little town of Berneck gathers in front of the hotel cheering Hitler. At Bayreuth the streets are thick with people. The news that Hitler is passing through the town has spread like fire. We drive past the Wagnerhaus. In the park behind it the Master lies at rest. We salute him in silence, with gratitude. . . .

. . . . The route lies through Franconia. The charm of German romance envelops us. We descend into the Teufelshöhle. Icy coldness and silence. Motor on through rain to Nuremberg.

In the evening Streicher comes to visit us, and we talk politics till late at night. Unanimous opinion: not to approach the Center under any circumstances whatever. The matter must ripen by itself. It is always advisable to hold oneself a bit aloof. The others are already floundering into our nets.

At midnight we stroll back to our hotel through the silent streets of Nuremberg.

May 4th, 1932.

From Nuremberg we motor to Munich. The way is bright and sun-smitten. The air is as clear as crystal.

In Munich it is everlastingly raining.

I discuss with the staff changes in our Propaganda Department. For the next few months the main burden of the work will rest on them. Our technique has to be worked out to the minutest particular. Only the most up-to-date and expert methods will help us to victory. New difficulties are always cropping up, as only very few realize what is really in the wind. The Center is seeking to get into touch with the Leader, but he is making himself particularly elusive.

In Munich I hold a few conferences and then am off to the mountains.

A report comes from Berlin that some of Hitler's mines are beginning to explode. That is fine, and we rub our hands with satisfaction. The first to be blown up must be Gröner, and after him Brüning.

On the way to Berchtesgaden we meet with storm and rain. High up in the mountains with the Leader we feel at home again.

May 9th, 1932.

Opening of the Reichstag. Session of the factions.[16] Most of our members have

[16]In Germany all members of the Reichstag belonging to the same Party formed a *Faktion.* Before the general session of the Reichstag each *Faktion* had a session of its own in which everything was discussed which would be voted upon in the Reichstag. The leader of the *Faktion,* or Party, decided which way its members were to vote.

no idea of what is up our sleeve. I inform my nearest colleagues in haste and then go for Brüning once more hot and strong. I hope it will be for the last time.

It is high time we came to power. The Reds are tampering with our rank and file. A lot of agitating and intriguing is going on, but we keep a watchful eye on it all.

Phone to the Leader. The Hessian Diet is dissolved. A new chance to give us a trial.

The Leader is going to confer with the President of the Reich. Things will soon be set in motion. A colorless temporary Cabinet will make way for us. Its composition must not be too strong, so that it can readily be dissolved. It is of capital importance that our liberty of action be restored.

Late in the evening I motor out to Tegel where I deliver an address on the present situation to two crowded meetings. The most important news has as yet to be reserved.

May 10th, 1932.

Reichstag is sitting. Strasser speaks. A little too long and without any special effect. Queer, how little opposition he meets with in the House. Of us all he is the most popular with the enemy. That tells strongly against him.

The debate in the Reichstag meanders on like a babbling brook. Then Goering gets up to speak. He strongly and vehemently attacks Gröner. His success is surprising.

Gröner answers. Such an exhibition of ineptitude and helplessness has never before been witnessed. We overwhelm him with loud interruptions, so that the whole House is convulsed with laughter. At last one can only pity the man. He is done for and has sung his swan song.

One of us puts forward the motion to have this part of his speech broadcasted. He is excluded from the House, and the sitting is adjourned. But then his exclusion is rescinded again. The whole House swarms like an anthill.

I telephone a report to the Leader.

He cannot bear to remain away. In the evening he is already back.

We discuss the parliamentary situation. He then leaves Berlin again and motors to Leipzig.

May 12th, 1932.

A mad day! The Reichstag begins at ten o'clock. The debate continues, and then comes the decision.

The Cabinet obtains a majority of thirty votes.

Outside in the corridor the slanderer Klotz is being flogged by a few hefty members of the Party. Loebe impertinently wrests this into a matter of State importance. The Council is convened, an hour's interlude is arranged, all the old rubbish of parliamentary procedure is fished out again, and finally four of our members are ordered to be ejected. They refuse to budge. Loebe adjourns the House.

In the evening the long-expected news comes through that Gröner has resigned as Minister of the Reichswehr. That is the first result. He stumbled into his own trap, and we have tightly closed it.

The President of the Reich leaves for Neudeck. The great crisis is adjourned until next week. A respite for Brüning. I wonder if he will make use of it.

One studies the Press minutely, for it is possible to detect between the lines how the opponents estimate their own chances. We have a slight advantage. Gröner's downfall is thought to be the beginning of the end. Late at night I give the Leader a description of the whole thing. He is extremely satisfied.

May 13th, 1932.

We have news from General Schleicher; things are progressing according to plan. During Whitsuntide nothing further can take place. We leave for Nuremberg. Arrive there at three o'clock in the morning. The papers say that our Members who flogged the slanderer Klotz have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

They will certainly never undergo it.

Lovely Whitsuntide weather. We go on to Munich.

May 14th, 1932.

Give the Leader a full account at

Munich.

May 17th, 1932.

Whitsuntide is over. At the Brown House work is in full swing. The Department of Propaganda is being substantially enlarged. I hold a prolonged discussion with my collaborators. We must arm for the beginning of the struggle.

May 18, 1932.

Back in Berlin. The feeling of Whitsun is still in the air. For Brüning alone winter seems to have arrived. His position is becoming untenable. And the amusing part of it is that he does not seem to notice the fact. We've only to peg away! His Cabinet shrinks visibly, and he can find no substitutes for his losses. Nobody cares to espouse a hopeless cause. The rats flee from the sinking ship.

The organization in Berlin is recommissioned. The *Angriff* has a good standing. That is reassuring. I decide on the policy once more with the editorial staff. The next steps to be taken in the district are discussed from the point of view of organization and propaganda. We are prepared for everything. Brüning is being severely attacked by our Press and propaganda. Fall he must, whatever the cost.

He is being secretly undermined. He is already completely isolated. He is anxiously looking for collaborators. "My kingdom for a Cabinet Minister!" General Schleicher has declined to accept the Reichswehr Ministry. From the Strasser side a sort of guerrilla warfare is in process. But we lay counter-mines. It is not at all easy to attain power. Once it is ours, however, we can congratulate ourselves that we have deserved it. I accidentally and indirectly hear that Strasser intends to have a word with Brüning. That would be quite like him. We succeed in scotching the possibility!

Our mice are busily at work gnawing through the last supports of Brüning's position. The Press is groping in the dark. One fine day the whole building will crash.

Delightful May weather. The Leader has arrived in Berlin. I shall supply him with a few items of valuable information. Especially in the Strasser matter.

May 19th, 1932.

The Leader has seen through everything long ago. He will intervene just at the right moment. Emissaries from General Schleicher; they are already drawing up the list of Ministers. A matter of no great importance: it has only to do with the transition period. Our faction of the Prussian Landtag assembles at the Hotel Prinz Albrecht. The Leader speaks with remarkable confidence.

It is amusing to note how the Jewish Press, generally so well informed, is groping in the dark. It still believes we are hob-nobbing with the Center. Harmless idiots!

The Strasser clique is doublecrossing us through the parties and trade unions.

We have to keep a sharp look-out lest harm befall the Party.

The Leader makes a short trip to Idar, where he is speaking, but he will soon be back in Berlin.

May 28th, 1932.

A few hours' work in Berlin. Put in a short appearance at the Landtag. Kerrl has been elected President with the support of the Center. The nervous tension and excitement are so great that an explosion occurs in full assembly.

The Communists arraign one of our members as a murderer. The Bolshevist faction leader, Pieck, is speaking from the rostrum and becomes insufferable. One of the Communists hits a Party member in the face. That is the signal for a general settlement. It is short, but to the point, and is fought out with inkpots and chair legs for weapons. Our faction is left alone in the hall, victorious, in three minutes. The Communists have been driven out; the parties of the Middle have already taken to flight. We sing the Horst Wessel song. The casualties amount to eight seriously wounded. That should be a warning: it is the only way to ensure respect. The Council Chamber is a scene of wreckage. We remain victorious amid the ruins.

In Session. The facts are set forth. We immediately dictate the report for the

Press. We must, to forestall the others. The only thing to make any impression is to retort upon the Communists and their deliberate provocation, by blows. The Jewish journalists handle the situation somewhat gingerly. I wonder what they really make of it.

Pack in haste at home. Speak at the Tennishallen. They are overcrowded with workmen. The affray in the Landtag has rather relieved everybody's feelings. Hitler waxes enthusiastic as I phone my report. Blow after blow crashes down on the System.

When will it collapse?

Thursday: Motor to Oldenburg.

Go on at once from Oldenburg to Horumersiel. Meet the Leader on his way to a meeting. Give him the particulars, briefly, on the road. Speak in a huge riding school at Morien in the evening. After that, twice at Nordenham. All halls are closed by the police.

We get back to Horumersiel after a dreadful, roundabout journey.

How lovely! Sea air here! The Leader is already waiting for us.

Things are looking bad for Brüning. His fate will be decided on Sunday. Perhaps he can defer the end for a few days yet, but it will be of no avail. He already belongs to the politically defunct.

Friday: We go for a walk along the beach with the Leader. He expounds his ideas on the future course of German politics. Clever as usual, and very clear and logical. Rust comes over from Oldenburg. Out on the beach they are practicing shooting. In the afternoon everybody departs to the various meetings. Speak at Wildeshausen before a numerous gathering of farmers; the crowd overflows into the street. It is a real treat to speak here.

Also at Oldenburg the assembly is overcrowded. There is a feeling in the air as though everyone was strung up, waiting for something definite to happen. And yet they know nothing whatever.

Get back to Horumersiel at two o'clock in the morning. It is wonderful to be with the Leader and a few intimate friends here in this God-forsaken spot, and sit and talk till dawn.

Saturday: We have all had a good night's rest. The Leader has left already. We shall meet again in Mecklenburg next Tuesday.

We take a last look at the sea here and then to Wilhelmshaven, where the cruisers and torpedo boats are stationed. We visit the *Köln*. A miracle of technical perfection! The Germans are not to be outdone. We make the tour of the whole ship under the expert guidance of a few officers. One is filled with pride and admiration. The Navy is sound. The officers and men are unanimously on our side. They all read the *Völkische Beobachter* and *Angriff*. An officer comes over from the *Schlesin* and invites us to dinner.

Animated discussions during the meal. The lieutenants are fine, tall boys, soldierly young figures. All support us.

Pity the Government! I hold long conversations with our hosts and answer every question. The Navy is all right! A few officers in mufti accompany us to the meetings.

First I speak at Jever and then at Ruestringen. The Communists stage a counter-demonstration, but they make such a poor show of it they are not worth mentioning.

Back to Berlin at ten o'clock by night train.

May 29th, 1932.

Heaps of work waiting for me in Berlin.

At noon Brüning is to call on Hindenburg. A decision will be reached. Even yesterday he gave an address in which he made light of the rumors of a crisis. But he will soon cease smiling. Nevertheless we still have some slight misgivings. We have been disappointed so often, we can hardly believe things will turn out well this time. I shall only feel secure when the victory is actually ours.

Good news late in the evening: we have carried off an absolute majority in Oldenburg. We have obtained twenty-four of the forty-six mandates. That is the first great coup! If it goes on like this all over the country there will be no stopping us.

May 30th, 1932.

The bomb has exploded. Brüning has presented the resignation of the entire Cabinet to the President at noon. The System has begun to crumble. The President has accepted the resignation. I at once ring up the Leader. Now he must immediately return to Berlin.

Discuss the situation at a great district and Press conference. Everybody overjoyed.

Meet the Leader at Nauen. The President wishes to see him in the course of the afternoon. I get into his car and give him a good all-round summary. We are enormously delighted. The whole country is relieved.

Pay our SA at Wilmersdorf a short visit. The Leader is already waiting for me at home. The conference with the President went off well. The SA prohibition is going to be cancelled. Uniforms are to be allowed again. The Reichstag is going to be dissolved. That is of first importance.

Von Papen is likely to be appointed Chancellor, but that is neither here nor there. The poll! The poll! It's the people we want. We are all entirely satisfied.

May 31st, 1932.

The parade of the Skagerrak guards[17] leads to violent clashes with the police. There is some shooting and street-fighting. The Regime's last throw!

The crowd is mad with enthusiasm. In Unter den Linden I accidentally get into the thick of it on my way to Mecklenburg.

A fine scrimmage. The police lay about them as hard as they can. Splendid! The blows that fall on men's heads can be mended, but those dealt to the System are incurable.

Short deliberation at the Kaiserhof. The Leader comes back from a conference with Papen. Everything is clear. The question of the prohibition of the SA has not yet been tackled. Still less that of the dissolution of the Reichstag. We must not weaken on these points.

Papen is already installed.

Tear to Mecklenburg. On the way the farmers of the Mark of Brandenburg stop the Leader's car at the roadside to grasp him by the hand. Awakening Germany!

Our dear Severin! Here we feel at home. The Leader motors to Wismar, and I to Güstrow. All the meetings are, naturally, overcrowded. We get back to Severin at midnight and busy ourselves with fresh plans until four in the morning. The elections for the Reichstag are now all to the fore. It is already daylight when we get to bed.

June 2nd, 1932.

We wait for news from Berlin all through the morning and afternoon. It arrives at four. The Opposition demands a written undertaking from the Leader that he will work smoothly with Von Papen even after the election. Such a statement cannot be made. Speak at Parchim in the evening. Enormous enthusiasm.

After the meetings we have long consultations with the Leader. He has no intention of writing either a letter or memorandum. The chief thing is dissolution and re-election.

We must contest the election unhampered by any such pledges, if it is not to miscarry.

On the opposite side, too, there are men who require to be tackled with circumspection. Intrigues are everywhere afoot. We are playing a risky game. So much the more must the dissolution of the Reichstag be a *sine qua non.*

The Leader estimates his opponents very exactly. He is very logical and an amazingly quick worker.

June 5th, 1932.

Go over to Caputh for the day. My collaborators from Berlin and Munich assemble there, and we go into the details of the course of action to be taken in the forthcoming elections. It is being planned on a

[17]Every year, on the anniversary of the Battle of Skagerrak, a guard of marines marches through the Unter den Linden to mount guard over the grave of the Unknown Soldier. On the date in the text the National Socialists cheered the guard and the Communists booed it. A clash ensued. But the Red Police attacked the National Socialists because their cheering "provoked" the Communists!

grand and imposing scale.

The list of Berlin candidates is drawn up; that is always a disagreeable task. Get through a lot of work in the afternoon. We have finished in the evening and drive back to Berlin together.

Speak at an SA meeting at Schöneberg. On this occasion I can confidently assert the spirit of the people to be excellent.

A long conversation follows with a few partisans on the tactics of the coming revolution. We must dissociate ourselves at the earliest possible moment from the temporary bourgeois Cabinet. And we must not take any responsibility whatever upon ourselves in Prussia. Either we attain to power or we remain in opposition.

These are very delicate questions. But in such matters instinct is not deceived.

June 6th, 1932.

The Mecklenburg election has turned out well. The optimists in our ranks had expected even more, and perhaps we might have attained more if our tolerant attitude toward the Papen Cabinet had not already told a lot against us.

The list of candidates is drawn up. In times like these dozens of men always put themselves forward as candidates for the Reichstag. Names one has never heard of. They generously place themselves at the Party's disposal!

In Prussia they are trying to fasten responsibility upon us. Papen and Schleicher have invited the Nationalists and the Center Party to the Chancellory. They want to get us to come, too. That is disquieting: the Center Party's solicitude would appear suspicious. Thank God the Leader is beyond reach.

On the occasion of a conference with Papen one of our deputies states that the Prussian finances are in a deplorable condition. So we are supposed to clear up other people's muddles. It is all the better, then, to remain in opposition till we attain to undisputed power, so as to be able to take energetic measures when the right time comes. That is the Leader's idea. Accordingly we decline the invitation.

In a leading article I show what a distance lies between Papen and ourselves. This exposition is necessary, otherwise we should get into the shade and fall out of the fighting line.

The date of the Reichstag elections has been fixed for July 31st. That is the first grave error the Cabinet commits. The longer the contest beforehand, the better for our adversaries.

We shall have all our work cut out to make good this loss of time.

June 10th, 1932.

Design placards, write handbills, commission films, and finally dictate a sharp article on the Prussian question.

June 11th, 1932.

The candidates for the Reichstag are taking an oath to the Leader. They must obey blindly, as the Party will have severe things to go through.

We have achieved an absolute majority in Mecklenburg.

June 12th, 1932.

Sunday is entirely my own.

June 13th, 1932.

The Leader has arrived in Berlin.

Discuss the situation at lunch. The Papen Cabinet has already lost quite a lot of ground. It has no drive. The Ministers allow themselves to be outrageously insulted by the Red Press.

After the first rebuff the Socialists and Communists are in spirits again. The provinces are preparing for an attack. If it were not for us it would be a matter of a short time when the Bolshevist revolution would break out. But there is really no object in coming to the assistance of bourgeois-minded politicians. They do nothing but find opportunities to make fresh blunders.

The leader confers with Von Papen. He takes him seriously to task about his misgivings. Demands the reversal of the SA prohibition more urgently than ever.

At noon he leaves Berlin again by airplane. I motor to Caputh and write a savage article against the Cabinet under the headline: "Stiffen up, Papen!"

Indignation at the procrastination of this

Government is increasing all over the country. The resentment is especially directed against the Minister of Interior, Von Gayl, who would like to treat us exactly like the Communists. But perhaps it is well that it should be so. The weaker the bourgeois Cabinets show themselves to be, the more necessary it will appear to the masses in general that we should replace them.

June 14th, 1932.

Have a long conference with General von Schleicher. I call him to task for all the resentment and discontent that has grown up in our ranks. This Government is irresolute and slow. If we let ourselves be made responsible for their doings, we shall lose all our chances. The Reds are growing arrogant in the face of the fact that the Government lets things slide.

General von Schleicher hardly knows what to say to all these remonstrances. But it seems improbable that any change will take place.

Minister of Interior, Von Gayl, is the first unsuitable appointment made by this Government. This pale aesthete is not the man to maintain order and security in these disturbed times. He must go. Otherwise the Reds will outgrow him and us beyond all measure. That fact has also to be taken into account in the electoral propaganda. It is up to us to remove ourselves as soon as possible out of compromising touch with these half-baked bourgeois politicians. Otherwise we are lost. I attack the Papen Cabinet in the *Angriff*. This is noticed by the Opposition with growing resentment.

The SA prohibition has not yet been cancelled. The Leader rings us up half a dozen times daily and is so furious at last that one only wishes the Government itself could overhear one of these phone conversations. Nothing remains but to go for them, hell for leather!

Speak to Goering in the evening. He had just been to see Von Gayl and receives the same impression of him as we all have. Von Gayl is weak, irresolute, lacking initiative, and unwilling to assume responsibility. From fear of publicity he postpones the cancelling of the SA prohibition as long as possible. So away with him; oppose him! I agree with Goering in all essentials and as to what should be done.

Strasser broadcasts. To my notion not aggressively enough.

The Opposition Press describes this speech as "politically clever." That really is the most damning verdict a man can imagine.

In the evening I enter a large restaurant in the Potsdamer Platz, accompanied by forty to fifty SA leaders wearing full uniform, in spite of the prohibition. This is done expressly to irritate the authorities. Our purpose is to get ourselves arrested by the police. We wish Von Gayl joy of the business. Such a scandal would perhaps rouse him out of his complacency.

Unfortunately the Alexanderplatz,[18] which has already rendered us many a good service, does not grant us this satisfaction. At midnight we proceed quite deliberately across the Potsdamer Platz and up Potsdamer Strasse. But nothing stirs. The policemen accord us a doubtful glance, and then turn shamefacedly away.

June 15th, 1932.

On my way to Frankfurt. The Cabinet has issued its first emergency decree. It is strongly capitalistic and specially hard on the poor. The only course left to us is to fight. Further toleration is out of the question.

We are off to the election campaign in Hessen. The journey thither from Frankfurt is extremely beautiful. To Nidda. The farmers are getting in the hay. They salute us from the fields with hands uplifted.

At Nidda they line up by thousands. It is unbearably hot. One continues making addresses, though, in spite of it.

June 16th, 1932.

Delightful ride straight through the Taunus. Wiesbaden-Mainz. Deliver an address at the overcrowded Stadion. To Bingen at top speed. There the audience consists almost exclusively of members of

[18]Headquarters of the Berlin Police.

the Center Party. I sharply attack that section of the clergy which concerns itself too much with politics.

On my way back at Frankfurt visit the Leader, who is breaking his journey there. The SA prohibition has been cancelled. Now the prohibition of meetings must also be cancelled. It is typically bourgeois to do everything by halves, or too late. Nothing is improved by this. Things only get worse.

June 17th, 1932.

The delightful part of an election week like this is that during the day one can rest, sit in the sun, laze about and think. In the evening one attends meetings.

To Alsdorf. Great SA parade. Brown Shirts to the fore again after so long. A wonderful, stirring sight, which deeply affects one.

At Lauterbach the market-place is overcrowded. A few Red hecklers have stationed themselves in the background of the demonstration and rather spoil things with their shouting. Our leaders there are astonishingly slack. There is nothing for me to do but to give the District Leader a good blowing-up in front of everybody. Then I take a few stout-hearted SA men and soon make an end of the disturbance.

Here again is proof that a few people who stick together are worth more than a thousand who let themselves be bullied.

June 20th, 1932.

As we pass through Meerfelden our car is bombarded with stones. The meeting at Gross-Gerau is marvellous. On our way we run the gamut of Red demonstrations for twenty minutes. Although everybody shouts, "Down with them," nobody recognizes us. All the better for us. The villages are all in a state of excitement. The Hessian election is over. Frankfurt—Fulda. As arranged, we meet the Leader's car ten kilometers from Fulda. Flashlights signal it from a distance. We are all glad that the effort is over. We snatch a picnic lunch, as we are all famished, and then hurry on to Weimar.

When we arrive it is already daylight.

Sunday: We had for once hoped to have our sleep today. But instead of our being able to do so, a girls' choir posts itself in front of the hotel at eight o'clock in the morning, by way of serenading us, and renders folk songs with great enthusiasm. It isn't every one of us who is able to appreciate this rightly. The Leader and I each deliver a short address at the Weimar hall to the Party officials of Thuringia and then go on toward Berlin.

June 22nd, 1932.

Tuesday: Have an afternoon with the Leader at Caputh. The Prussian question is settled at last; we are not going to take the responsibility for it. We want power, but we are still in the midst of the fight to get it. Quite an array of our adherents cannot yet see our point. But the future will prove it right. The Leader remains inexorable in this matter.

Wednesday: Discussed propaganda with the Leader. A subject always speedily handled as the Leader has such a fine instinct and absolutely unerring feeling for propaganda. It is going to be a tremendous struggle.

News comes through that Severing wishes to resign. He would like to shuffle off responsibility. Reason enough for us not to take it from him. Some of us are of opinion that we ought to compromise with the Center Party in Prussia. We oppose this false conclusion with all our might.

Kerrl is definitely elected President of the Landtag. The Presidency is unpolluted with Marxism.

The conference of the provinces ends in compromise; Von Gayl has proved to be the weakling we held him for.

The Bolshevist reign of blood is assuming unbearable proportions. The Government remains completely inactive against it. Nothing remains for us to do but to defend ourselves.

The Leader has left for Nuremberg.

I am composing a fine diatribe for the next Sportpalast meeting. There I shall get my indignation off my chest.

June 23rd, 1932.

Little profitable work is being done in the Landtag. But one's presence is neces-

Election rally in Weimar's historic marketplace, 1932.

sary lest the Reds put us into an awkward corner by an unforeseen division. Time there is uselessly frittered away. One lounges in the corridors and, at best, takes part in a few discussions. Parliamentary procedure is an organized political "much ado about nothing."

At the Sportpalast in the evening. Here indeed there is quite a different atmosphere. The Sportpalast is the great political platform of the capital, and we have made it into what it now is. There is something quite unique about it. When one enters it on an overcrowded occasion one is immediately affected, as it were, by the mass emotional content of the place.

This evening it is filled with excited people standing shoulder by shoulder. An enormous enthusiasm has them in sway. They all feel that the time is critical. The band strikes up and the dear old flags and uniforms march in again.

To address such an audience is a real treat. One forgets time and space. I speak for two and a half hours or more and launch attack after attack against the Cabinet. It all ends with prolonged cheering.

Von Gayle ought now to be ripe for his fall.

A strange experience to leave the seething ocean of humanity at the Sportpalast, drive through the wildly cheering crowd in the Potsdamerstrasse, and to find oneself sitting in the quiet of one's home a few minutes later. One arrives late and tired, and tumbles into bed like the dead.

Before dropping off to sleep I read in the papers that the Communists have erected barricades at Moabit. The revolvers and machine-pistols are firing again. The Red front is returning the right answer to Von Gayl. If this sort of man was in office for a year Germany would be ripe for a Bolshevist revolution.

We must dissociate ourselves from them as soon as possible, otherwise we too will be dragged into the whirlpool of their shipwreck. This is especially necessary in the election. Otherwise people would not know what to make of our integrity.

June 24th, 1932.

The Landtag is dying of its own tediousness. We must not take part in this parliamentary business. The experienced members of the Middle Parties conduct it better than this. We are not to be beaten on our own ground, but the moment the others lure us over to theirs we begin to stumble. It is an especially delicate matter dealing with experts. He is always considered an expert who knows a thing inside and out, who can prove his case by figures, dates, and statistics. But he knows so much he generally overlooks essentials, and in principle he is open to manifold errors.

My speech at the Sportpalast has provoked storms of indignation in the bourgeois Press. Jewish journalism is in a cleft stick. On the one hand it would like to pin us down to the present Government and its doings, and on the other play the old game of accusing us of blind radicalism. That, too, is no longer feasible.

Deliver an address at two overcrowded meetings at Wittenberg in the evening. The mob creates an uproar outside, and serious disturbances immediately ensue.

The Government is still debating, however, whether National Socialism ought to be treated differently from Communism. The same night in the editorial office we discuss making a strong attack on the Berlin Vice-President of Police, Isidor Weiss. His downfall has to be brought about by all means. I have been fighting him for six years. For every Berlin National Socialist he represents "the System." Once he goes the System will not be able to hold out much longer.

The Landtag resolves to appoint a commission of inquiry about him. We dub it the "Chicago Commission."

Vengeance is a judgment to be appreciated in cold blood.

June 25th, 1932.

Every day heaps of letters arrive full of threats, insults, and blackmail. Most of them, as would appear from their style and jargon, have been written by Jews. Only a Hebrew makes use of such abuse. Between the lines one detects a thirst for revenge

like that of the Old Testament.

We have composed placards which, unless they are forbidden, will turn the entire city upside down. The Headquarters of the Police have "killed" the *Angriff* for five days as the result of our attack on Weiss. He is obviously in difficulties and does what he can to save what little prestige he still enjoys.

Is Herr von Gayl still Minister of Interior? If so, what does he intend to do in the case of *Angriff*?

We enter a protest against it, but this is only a formality.

The Red terror is increasing to an intolerable extent. Our men are in despair. A violent explosion may break out at any moment. We are completely powerless to do anything about it, if it does.

Bavaria objects to the cancelling of the prohibition to hold demonstrations. Those smug religionists would prefer to see us defenselessly delivered up to the murderous Reds. The more of us are done away with the less difficulties we can put in the way of the Bavarian People's Party.

At noon we bury our murdered comrade, Koester, in a churchyard outside Berlin. Our SA men are pale with rage and indignation. Every one feels that something has to be done. I express all the hatred and rage that weighs upon my heart. Ten thousand people listen with boundless resentment.

Back home and to the writing table. Write placards and proclamations in the hot haste of my anger. Speak in the evening to overcrowded meetings at Schlachtensee, Grünau, and in Frankfurter Allee. The workmen are always the best audiences. There is still so much endurance in them.

On the drive home through out-of-the-way, empty streets one espies files of Red murderers slinking along by the walls of houses in the darkness of night. Who may it be who will have to pay with his life, this time? It is enough to drive one mad; one dare not let one's thoughts dwell on it.

A group of SA men coming from the funeral is fired upon from out of the *Vorwärts*[19] building. Two seriously injured. So it has come to this already! And a National Cabinet stands at the head of the Reich!

June 27th, 1932.

Short night's rest. Munich. The election campaign is prepared. Outline it generally to the District Leaders. After a short conference every one goes to work again.

Strasser delivers an address to the District Leaders in the afternoon. He takes the attitude of a "good fellow."

As usual he makes a depressing effect. Then the Leader comes and speaks. He is strongly opposed to Bavarian Separatism. In the question of the unity of the Reich he has tremendous ideas for the future. He confronts the Bavarian People's Party with our watchword for the election: "For the German people, unity; and for the Reich, strength and force."

Afterwards, I have a short conference with him. The effect of this is that one goes away strengthened and refreshed, as always. On our way home in the evening I have another good talk with Helldorf on the subject of the measures to be taken in Berlin against the Red terror. We are not going to let ourselves be senselessly butchered. If no other way offers, we shall present the Government with accomplished facts.

June 29th, 1932.

The *Angriff* sustains the fight against Isidor Weiss. But that thick-skinned fellow impudently sticks to his post. In the evening I hold a last general meeting of the administrators for the election.

Off we go!

July 1st, 1932.

Once more eternally on the move. Work has to be done standing, walking, driving, flying. The most urgent conferences are held on the stairs, in the hall, at the door, or on the way to the station. It nearly drives one out of one's senses. One is

[19] A Red newspaper.

carried by train, motor car, and airplane criss-cross through Germany. One arrives at a town half an hour before the beginning of a meeting or sometimes even later, goes up to the platform, and speaks.

This audience generally has no idea of what the speaker has already gone through during the day before he delivers his address in the evening. Many of them, surely, imagine that he has nothing to do but make speeches! They misjudge him if he is tired or not quite in form. They regret that his oration leaves something to be desired, that he is not particularly witty, and that his choice of words is not happy. And in the meantime he is struggling with the heat, to find the right word, with the sequence of a thought, with a voice that is growing hoarse, with unfortunate acoustics, and with the bad air that reaches him from the tightly packed audience of thousands of people. And then some bright pen-pusher, stuck in some obscure corner at the meeting, making an occasional jotting, presumes the next day (with a warning forefinger) to regret that the speaker lacked his accustomed fire! The critic has never observed this brilliance when it was present, but never fails to draw attention to its absence.

To Hamburg by train. From Hamburg to Kiel on bad roads in a prehistoric car. The only satisfaction is the chance of having a two hours' talk with honest Schleswig-Holstein partisans.

At Kiel the whole town displays our flags. The large hall is packed with fifteen thousand people. The heat is tremendous, and one has to pull oneself together lest one should break down in the middle of the speech. To take and hold occasionally a bowl of crushed ice in both feverish hands is helpful. After the address is over, one feels as if one had just been dragged fully clothed out of a hot bath. Then one gets into the car and has another two hours' drive over rough by-roads back to Altona.

One gets there at two o'clock at night, talks over urgent Party matters with the Altona members, and travels back to Berlin again at six in the morning. It shortens the long journey pleasantly if a fellow passenger should initiate a chat.

In Berlin one pounces on the morning and midday papers. The Cabinet is doing us more harm daily and costing us millions of votes. The Reds have cleverly managed to make us responsible for Papen's emergency edicts. To make matters worse, the Herrenklub issues a circular, in which they pompously declare that the Leader endorses and approves the Cabinet's measures.

The thing is published in the *Vorwärts.*

If that is not enough to drive one wild! We drudge our life out, slave all night, exhaust our lungs, shrink from no hardships, and these fine gentlemen destroy everything with a single blunder!

It's no good to bark unless you bite. I immediately instruct our Press brusquely to reject the indiscretion of the Herrenklub, without a moment's consideration.

We shall have to fight our way out of this tight corner at all costs. We must not remain in an ambiguous situation.

Herr von Gayl demands of the Prussian Minister of Interior, Severing, the prohibition of the *Vorwärts* and *Kölnische Volkszeitung.* Severing refuses to comply with this request. Von Gayl takes the refusal lying down. That's an "authoritative" Government!

In a few days' time the election campaign will be in full swing. Four difficult weeks lie ahead. A secret circular of the Socialists has fallen into our hands. According to this we may expect all kinds of things.

On the way back to the office from the Lehrter Bahnhof, it occurs to a high-spirited Socialist official violently to insult us in the open street. He receives a good box on the ears, which seems to have a sobering effect.

The *Angriff* is celebrating its five years' jubilee. Its reminiscences are full of wit and good-humor. We have never lost our morale all that time; but what an enormous amount of work, worry, and trouble lies buried in this half-decade! We need not be ashamed of the struggle.

Our position is obviously deteriorating—through the blessed activities of this Government. We are already forced into an attitude of defense. This is so unfamiliar

to us we hardly know how to maintain it.

We must do all in our power to reverse affairs.

We must attack; then we shall succeed.

July 2nd, 1932.

We have to collect our SA in self-defense. It is impossible to go on like this. With diabolical insolence the Red murder columns fall upon our comrades. At Wedding we had one killed and ten seriously injured again. The hospitals refuse to take in our wounded. We have erected our own infirmaries but lack the necessary funds to keep them suitably equipped.

It is a daily dread lest one or another of our SA groups loses its head and drops a spark into the powder. The situation is strained to breaking point. The Government hardly lends us any support whatever.

July 5th, 1932.

Did nothing for two days but dictate posters, handbills, and articles until I was thoroughly exhausted. Then a speech for the radio, "National Character as a Foundation of National Culture." With this Government one has to go like a cat on hot bricks. Every outspoken word is forbidden; one must not call a spade a spade.

July 12th, 1932.

We fight our way through the seething mob at Düsseldorf and Elberfeld. A wild trip! We had no idea that the situation would turn out to be so serious. Innocuous, we drive into Hagen quite openly, uniformed, and in an open car. The streets are swarming. Full of the mob and Communist rabble. They block the thoroughfare so that we can neither advance nor go back. There is nothing for it but to drive straight ahead at full speed and give them to understand we don't care a fig for them! We dash straight through. Each of us has his revolver ready and is decided to pay for his life, if needs be, as dearly as possible.

But here also audacity carries the day. The noisiest brawlers disperse the moment the car starts. And then we drive on through the streets with increasing speed. Policemen stand about, with their hands in their pockets, indifferently. When we ask them the whereabouts of our meeting place their only answer is a shrug of the shoulders. It is a miracle that we get through unhurt.

The meeting place lies on a hill with a wood in the background. The Communists have ingeniously set fire to this wood, so that the holding of the meeting is rendered impracticable. But speeches are delivered, in spite of this. The enemy is not to have the fun of beating us. Ten thousand are present on the hillside. Our SA men blanch with rage.

As we drive off we are followed by a bombardment of stones. We manage to leave the town by roundabout ways. The drive into Düsseldorf is attended with a certain amount of danger and difficulty. But again we manage to force our way to the meeting hall. There 15,000 people are already waiting. Drive from Düsseldorf to Krefeld. Here 40,000 stand in the open till after midnight waiting for an address and an explanation of the situation.

At two o'clock in the morning one tumbles into bed like the dead.

July 13th, 1932.

The Red campaign of murder is raging throughout the country. The Government is inactive.

Seventeen killed in a few days! What the outcome of that will be is sufficiently obvious.

This election in midsummer is disastrous to the health of the speakers. It is to be doubted whether they can go on with it.

The Government has the best of it. It remains quietly in Berlin, but we have to go stumping the country trying, more or less, to patch up its blunders.

Gelsenkirchen 15,000, Essen 15,000, Dortmund 20,000. I am quite hoarse already..

The example of Hagen has been a warning to us. We are continually passing groups of Communists lying in ambush. It is hardly possible to get into Dortmund. We have to travel by secondary roads so as not to fall into the hands of the Reds, who have blocked all principal thorough-

Goebbels at the microphone.

fares.

Again one sinks into bed, dead beat.

July 15th, 1932.

In front of the hotel the Red mob is howling. The police refuse to intervene as they do not consider it their duty to protect politicians in opposition to the Government. That is how things are in Germany.

If it were possible, one would like to take Herr von Gayl by the ear, deposit him in the midst of the howling rabble, and loudly announce: "Gentlemen, this is Herr von Gayl!" Perhaps that would wake him up!

There is nothing left for us to do but fetch reinforcements of our troopers and have the street cleared. That, of course, is not achieved without bruises. Our men are passionately incensed. I have to clear out of my native town like a criminal. Sworn at and insulted, spat at and showered with stones.

The Stadion at Cologne is full up. It is pouring steadily. That seems to have sobered the Communists.

At Bonn our partisans have erected a large tent which holds 10,000 people. It is more agreeable to speak there.

I do not reach Coblenz before 1:30 a.m. Two halls there are overcrowded; here, too, the speeches last till three o'clock. The audience staunchly holds out.

Back to Berlin without stopping. In a small village on the way we hale a good-natured innkeeper out of bed and I am allowed to change in his parlor.

He gives us sandwiches, soda, and milk, and with these provisions we hurry on. Straight on through the Siegerland. Just before we reach Paderborn the day breaks.

Dead tired, we go on without stopping to Berlin. We chew coffee beans to keep ourselves up.

Arrive at Berlin at five in the afternoon.

At eight I am already on the platform of the Sportpalast delivering an address.

But one longs for only one thing: sleep, sleep, sleep!

July 16th, 1932.

In Greater Berlin raised 55,000 marks for the election campaign. So now we can set to work.

The *Angriff* banned again. The Red murder campaign is still raging. The moment we defend ourselves the Jewish Press makes a fuss. It is a miracle that no explosion is brought about. Addresses at Lichterfelde, Lichtenrade, and Neutempelhof in the evening. One has to steel oneself to go on. If one paused for a moment, one would be done for.

July 17th, 1932.

By car to Wittenberge. It is pouring with rain. Drenched to the skin, one ends one's first speech. We have dinner with the farmers. On our way to Rathenow we are met with disconcerting rumors of threatening disturbance. But we meet a few trucks full of SA men, whose businesslike demeanor causes the Communist forces to beat a retreat into sidestreets. Potsdam is an idyll in comparison with Rathenow. A dreamy retreat, every stone marked by tradition.

Work till late at night. Terrible news from Altona. The Communist assault our SA on the march in an organized attack. Fifteen dead and fifty seriously injured. That is open civil war. When will the Government intervene?

July 18th, 1932.

We send envoys to General Schleicher. The Government is completely inactive. Its only answer to the "bloody Sunday" at Altona is to issue a prohibition to hold further meetings. This Government punishes good and bad, decent folk and ne'er-do-wells, supporters of State and destroyers of State, with the same stupid and thoughtless severity. A hopeless case!

This Government attacks us because the Communists fire at us. It forbids us demonstrations because the destroyers of the State and of civilization might be upset thereby.

The whole System is a miserable farce. "What is about to fall should be knocked down," well applies to it.

Speak for the first time over the radio. But I feel somehow the speech is not effective. The censor appointed by the

Ministry of Interior has maimed it. One cannot fly without wings, nor can one bite without teeth.

July 20th, 1932.

Deliver a short address at Apolda. Then at Jena, to a packed hall. A dash to Gotha. The Communists have held their great demonstration at Erfurt, and now for a full hour before getting to Weimar we drive past marching groups of Communist demonstrators. We are in constant anxiety lest we be recognized.

Abuse is hurled at us from all quarters, but only about the car, not against its occupants. Ten kilometers before Gotha a group of men blocks the road and holds us up. We believe the decisive moment has come. A man steps up to the car. We recognize his uniform. It is a major of the police force, who asks: "Dr. Goebbels?" "Yes!" "Heil Hitler!" comes the answer promptly. An honest Thuringian partisan this, who has driven to meet us with a detachment of policemen to clear the way for us!

The square in front of the castle at Gotha is filled with a seething ocean of people.

We drive back again immediately after the speech. Again, through endless groups of Communists till we are nearly in sight of Weimar. At five o'clock we are back in Berlin. At this moment the Reichswehr marches into the capital with armored cars and machine guns. A reassuring sight.

The situation is good. Peace and order safeguarded. There is no longer fear of immediate danger.

July 27th, 1932.

Hannover and Bremen.

Spend the night in a lonely inn on a wide heath. This quiet is a boon to the weary. Drive through Hamburg and Altona next afternoon. Both cities are strongly Red. Will it ever be possible to make a change here?

Cuxhaven. Back to Altona. An hour's sleep.

Berlin. Things look as if they might be getting serious during the next few days. We must be prepared to leave home if necessary and go elsewhere.

Late in the evening the Leader addresses an audience of 120,000 at the Grunewald Stadion. The greatest open-air demonstration ever held by the Movement. He is greeted with indescribable ovations.

Prolonged conference afterwards. The Leader is filled with a steady distrust of this Cabinet. In any case, it is best to let caution guide us.

July 28th, 1932.

Fighting the last battle against falsehood.

Our nerves will soon be done for. If the Government had been wise this election campaign would have only lasted four weeks, and everything would have been over long ago.

Stolp and Colberg. A breath of sea air. Next morning the holiday-makers sit dozing on the beach. Lucky people! They can read what goes on in the world in the papers. We have to rush back to Berlin through the pouring rain. There our red placards are flaming from the *Litfassäulen.*[20] National Socialism leads.

The election campaign has reached its climax. My work is done, so to speak. Now the machine can run alone.

July 29th, 1932.

The end grows near. But our strength is at an end also.

Speak at Weissensee. The Reds post a villainous placard against the Leader.

Finish off with Siemensstadt. The last electoral address. Speak as best one may. There is no more delightful experience than to fall into bed after such a contest with the knowledge that no alarm clock will buzz next morning, and that one can have one's sleep at last!

July 30th, 1932.

Saturday is a holiday. Motor to the Teupitzsee all by myself, sit there quietly in an easy chair the whole afternoon, and rest. It is a great relief.

When I get back in the evening the

[20]Round advertisement pillars on the pavements, so-called from their originator.

gigantic city is not yet out of the throes of the election.

Tomorrow the result will be out.

An attempt on the Leader's life at Nuremberg has fortunately miscarried. He was entirely unhurt.

July 31st, 1932.

First record my vote, and then leave at once for Munich. At the Brown House in the evening. Indescribable hubbub. Result: two hundred and thirty seats. We have gone back a bit in Berlin, due to the Reds' campaign of lies. Consequence: our coming to power more necessary than ever. We have gained some votes since the last Presidential election. That is rather astonishing, considering the politics of the Government. But for the moment it is impossible to make head or tail of it all. It is the Leader's task to do that, and there is time enough for that.

We think of nothing but that the election is over. We will allow ourselves now a few days' rest and enjoy them to the full and be a normal creature again.

It is for the Leader to decide the future policy of the Party.

To be continued . . .

DEFIANCE

by Savitri Devi

This is the third article by Savitri Devi to appear in NATIONAL SOCIALIST WORLD. *It has been excerpted from her book of the same title, which was privately published in Calcutta more than ten years ago. Lighter reading than her masterwork,* The Lightning and the Sun,[1] *it describes the circumstances under which a substantial portion of that book (and also her* Gold in the Furnace[2]*) was written. We hope that our readers find this narration of her experiences as interesting as we did.*

THE ARREST

The tall young German, Herr W., walked by my side along the underground passage in the Cologne railway station that led to the platform from which I was to take my train. It was the night of February 13, 1949. I had met the man a few hours before at the Catholic Mission of the same station, and we had talked enough for him to become convinced that he could trust me. He stopped for half a second and looked around to see if anybody was following us or if any passerby could possibly have overheard my words. But we were the only people in the long, gloomy corridor. I pulled a poster twice folded in four out of my pocket and put it into his hand.

"Don't stop to read it now," I said, "but wait till we get into the train and then go and read it in the toilet, where nobody can come and disturb you. See if you think such papers can be useful, and tell me so quite frankly. If you want more, I still have plenty left."

The young man hid the precious paper in the inner pocket of his coat and continued to walk by my side in silence, helping me to carry the little luggage I had. We reached the platform. The train was there, practically empty, for it was not to start till an hour later, at 1:12, if I remember well. A fierce wind was blowing, and it was bitterly cold. The young man helped me to lift my suitcase into the railway carriage and then stepped in himself and went to read the poster in the best hiding place, as I had suggested. The words he read, printed in large capital letters below a black swastika that covered about one third of the page, were the following:

GERMAN PEOPLE:

WHAT HAVE THE DEMOCRACIES BROUGHT YOU?

IN WAR TIME, PHOSPHORUS AND FIRE.

AFTER THE WAR, HUNGER, HUMILIATION, OPPRESSION;

THE DISMANTLING OF THE FACTORIES;

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORESTS;

AND NOW—THE RUHR STATUTE!

HOWEVER, SLAVERY IS TO LAST BUT A SHORT TIME MORE.

RESIST OUR PERSECUTORS!

HOPE AND WAIT.

HEIL HITLER!

The paper was signed "S. D.," i.e., with my own initials.

The young German came back. There

[1] *National Socialist World*, 1 (Spring, 1966), pp. 13-90.

[2] *National Socialist World*, 3 (Spring, 1967), pp. 59-71.

was a strange light in his bright grey eyes and a strange assertiveness in his voice. "Give me as many of these posters as you have. I shall stick them up for you!" he said. He was no longer the lonely, hungry, dreary prisoner of war who had just returned home after four long years of ill-treatment at the hands of Germany's enemies. He had become once more the soldier of a victorious Germany—of an invincible Germany—and the herald of Hitler's eternal Idea; once more his old self, that nothing could kill.

I took out of my bag a bundle of some four or five hundred posters, concealed in fashion magazines, and gave it to him. He hid it carefully in his clothes. "That is all?" he asked me.

I smiled. "No, but leave a few for the rest of Germany, won't you?"

"When and where can I meet you again?" he said.

"I have no permanent address," I replied. "But if you care to leave yours—when you have one—at the Catholic Mission of this station, I shall find you. I shall come back here after exactly a week—sometime next Saturday night—and ask your address from that place. You'd better get down now, while nobody is watching. I'll see you next week. But for Heaven's sake, be careful! *Auf Wiedersehen.* Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler!" replied the young man, returning my salute. He got out of the train and went his way. I watched his tall figure disappear in the bitter-cold night.

A week later I returned to Cologne. Some vague presentiment warned me I had better go straight to Coblenz. But I overcame that feeling. I got down from the train and, after leaving my things at the cloakroom, went straight to the Catholic Mission, where I asked the woman on duty what seemed to me a most noncommittal question: "Would you be kind enough to tell me the address of Herr W., who was here a week ago in search of a room? He told me he would leave his address with you."

I did not know that Herr W. was already under arrest, nor that, for the last four or five days, the police were searching for me all over Germany.

The woman on duty—who perhaps knew—looked a little embarrassed, "Herr W.?" said she. "Are you quite sure it is that name?" She was turning over the pages of a notebook in which were written down the names and addresses of many people who had obtained lodgings through the Mission. But she did not seem to me to be seriously trying to find the name. Still I replied to her question.

"Yes, Herr W.," I said. "I met him here, in this place, exactly a week ago. I could not say whether the Catholic Mission has managed to find him a room or not. But he told me he would leave his address here, wherever he went. It surprises me that he has not done so. Would you be kind enough to look carefully?"

I had no time to say more, for at that moment a policeman stepped in. He walked straight to me and said: "May I see your papers, please?"

It was not the first time I had shown my passport to a German policeman. Generally, the man had a look at it and gave it back to me at once, without any comment. This man did not give it back to me, but said: "Would you follow me to the police station? We have some point to make clear. Leave your things behind; no one will touch them."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I entered the police station—a bare, whitewashed room in which there were two other men in police uniform (one, obviously of higher rank than the other, seated at a desk, near a telephone) and a prisoner, seated in a corner. The man at the desk offered me a chair. I sat down. Then the policeman who had brought me in handed over my passport to his superior, who examined it with utmost care for a long time.

"You have travelled quite a lot, I see from the visas on your passport," he said. "What prompted you to come to Germany?"

"I came to gather firsthand information in order to write a book," I replied—and it was true; I was, in fact, writing my *Gold in the Furnace*, a passionate picture of National Socialist Germany in the clutches of

her persecutors, and at the same time a personal profession of faith in Adolf Hitler.

"You are a writer?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We want to know if you have anything to do with a certain leaflet-and-poster affair ....."

I pretended not to understand the German word for a leaflet, the word *Flugblatt.* "What sort of thing is a *Flugblatt*?" I asked, not without repressing a tendency to laugh.

"A paper with some propaganda written upon it, intended for distribution," replied, this time, not the man at the desk but the other one—the policeman who had brought me in. And he added, drawing a swastika upon a blank page and handing it over to me: "If you do not know what a *Flugblatt* is, do you know, at least, what *this* is?"

"A swastika," I said; "I believe everybody knows that."

"The symbol of National Socialism," he emphasized.

"And the immemorial symbol of the sun," I added. "In India it has been looked upon as a sacred sign for thousands of years."

"And do you also look upon it as a sacred sign?" asked the policeman. I gazed at him with defiance—and a pinch of irony. I knew I was playing with fire, but I enjoyed it. I naturally enjoy defying danger.

"Surely I do," I said. "I, too, am a worshipper of the sun."

The man at the desk addressed me again: "You know a certain Herr W., a former SS officer, don't you?"

And for the first time I realized—I knew, as clearly as if the man had told me so—that Herr W. had been arrested. I felt my blood go cold, for I knew (from others, who knew it from direct experience) to what extremes of brutality the present-day masters of Germany—or the Germans in their pay—can go when dealing with one of Hitler's faithful ones caught red-handed in the act of defying them "Poor, dear comrade!" I thought; "I do hope they have not been torturing him. Anyhow, I'll take all the responsibility on myself if it comes to the worst."

"I have met him," I replied, paling a little.

The police officer was watching me with hard, scrutinizing eyes—the eyes of an expert interrogator. "Go and fetch her things," he ordered the other policeman; "bring them all here."

The policeman left the room.

"So you met him," said the man at the desk, turning to me and speaking once more of Herr W. "Where and when did you meet him?"

"Here in Cologne, some time ago."

"Here, in this railway station, exactly a week ago," replied the man. "And you had an appointment with him. You said so when you were asking for his address at the Catholic Mission just now. Do you imagine you are not observed? What business had you with that young man?"

The other policeman did not take long to come back. He was holding my travelling bag in one hand, my handbag and my attache case in the other. He put the former in a corner on the floor, the latter two upon the table. Then he pulled out of my handbag one of my leaflet-posters twice folded in four. (There were a few there, as I had been distributing them in the train on my way to Colgne.) He unfolded it and laid it before the officer at the desk. "Exactly the same as those found on W." said he. "Those Nazis! More active and more arrogant than ever, if you ask me! What do you think of that?"

The man at the desk did not reply to him, but read the paper and spoke to me: "How do you account for the presence of of this in your bag? Did Herr W. give it to you? Or someone else?"

I knew it was now useless to try any longer to hide the truth from the police. This time I would not get away with it. And the more accurately I would tell the truth, the less would Herr W.'s responsibility in this affair appear in comparison with mine, and the lighter would be his sentence—the sooner he would be free. He deserved to be free, after all his years of service during the war and his four years of captivity in a horror camp in the middle of Africa. I could afford to go to jail. Perhaps I deserved to go, for not having come

back to Europe before the war; for not having been, during the war, as useful as I might have been in Europe if I had managed to come. Moreover, even if these considerations had not arisen, and even if it had been not Herr W. but someone else who had worked with me, I should have felt it my duty to take the entire responsibility for any action for the National Socialist cause in which I had played a part, however small. That responsibility was an honor that I could not fail to claim.

I looked straight at the man at the desk and replied clearly and firmly, almost triumphantly: "Those posters are not Herr W.'s; they are mine. I wrote them. And it is I who gave Herr W. all those he had—I alone."

The man had expected me to accuse Herr W. and do everything I could to shun responsibility. He had forgotten, apparently, that we are not democrats. He gazed at me with surprise and with interest—as someone gazes into a shop window at some object that has not been seen in the market for many years and that one never expected to see again. But he made no comments. There were no comments he *could* make. He simply told me: "I am sorry—very sorry—to have to inform you that you are under arrest."

"I am happy," I said, "for this opportunity to bear witness to my lifelong ideals." And the three people present could see that I was not lying or putting on a show. I felt so happy that I must have looked it.

It was about two o'clock in the morning.

"Have you any more of those posters?" asked the policeman who had come back with my things.

"Only a few," I replied.

"Give them all to us."

I asked for my bag, took a key out of my purse, and opened the attache case which the man had laid before me. I pulled out several old French fashion magazines, took twenty or thirty leaflet-posters out of each one, and put them on the table. The policeman counted them. He handed them over to the officer at the desk who counted them in his turn but did not find exactly the same number.

"That is all you have?" the policeman asked me.

"Yes," I answered, lying as calmly and naturally as I had, up till then, told the truth.

"Surely you had more than that!"

"I had, indeed," I said, "but I have distributed them all."

"How many did you distribute?"

"Of this sort, four thousand, and six thousand of a smaller size, bearing a longer text," I said—which was perfectly true. What I most carefully hid was the fact that I had three thousand more of these latest posters in a trunk which I had left at somebody's house, somewhere in the French Zone. For nothing in the world was I going to say a word about that trunk. Fortunately, the name and address of the friend in whose care I had left it were nowhere to be found in my papers.

"Have you any more of your leaflets of the former sort?" asked the policeman.

"Only one or two, which I was keeping as a remembrance," I said. "They are somewhere in my bag, I believe. The rest I finished distributing weeks ago."

"I see you did not waste your time in Germany!"

"I hope not."

"Who paid you?"

"Paid me!" I felt a wave of indignation swell my breast and nearly choke me. "Nobody ever paid me," I burst out, furious at the thought of having been mistaken for an ordinary mercenary agent. "On the contrary, I gave practically all I possessed for the Cause I love and would have given the little I have left, had I remained free in Germany."

The policeman who had brought my things in spoke in his turn: "A German could have done what you did for the Idea alone, but you are not a German."

"And yet," I said, "I insist upon the fact that I have not acted for money, or for any manner of personal profit, but solely for the principles that I have always professed. It is true that I am not a German. Yet I have identified myself with the cause of Aryandom—of higher mankind; the only cause worth living for, in our times; at least, the only one in which I am suffi-

ciently interested to live for entirely."

"Where did you get this stuff printed?" asked the policeman, pointing to my hundred and twenty posters that lay upon the desk before his superior.

"Somewhere outside Germany," I answered.

"We ask you where," insisted the policeman.

"Somewhere beyond the boundaries of this unfortunate country," I repeated. "Maybe in Kamchatka. The world is wide. Search the world."

The man at the desk was looking at me with apparently increased curiosity. The policeman, whom my answer seemed to have irritated, again spoke to me. "Never mind," he said with a wry smile; "don't tell us now if you don't wish to. You will tell us later on. We have methods to force such ones as you to talk."

I shuddered, for I knew what this meant. Not only had I read about those few cases of "confessions" of so-called "war criminals" extorted by torture which have been, now and then, among thousands of others of which nothing was ever published, brought to the notice of the English-speaking world in English and American official reports since 1945, but I knew of many more concrete instances of that nature from my own comrades—people who had themselves had a taste of the above-mentioned "methods" or who had seen them applied upon their closest friends. I was faced with the torture chamber in all its horror. And for a second or two I felt my blood go cold and my heart weaken.

I was taken, in what they call in London the "Black Maria," to the Headquarters of the Criminal Department of Cologne. The prisoner who had been sitting in the corner with his custodian all through my first interrogation at the police station travelled with me.

The Black Maria stopped in a part of the town I had never seen. I got down, accompanied by the policeman who had taken charge of my luggage, and I was ushered into another white-washed room, very simply furnished. A short man in civilian clothes opened the door and bade me roughly to follow him. He took me to a long flight of steps leading underground and, pointing to it, he shouted to me: "Down!"

The stairs led to a long, dimly lighted corridor with a row of heavy doors on each side. The man took me to one of those doors, which he unlocked, and ushered me into a small, cold, and perfectly dark cell, in which a woman was already lying upon two or three planks of wood that rested upon iron supports. (I could vaguely see her form upon that primitive bed, as a little light from the corridor fell into the cell when the man opened the door.) Pointing to the form upon the planks, the man said to me: "If you wish to lie down, ask this woman to make a place for you. You have no bed to yourself."

"Couldn't I lie on a rug on the floor?" I asked.

"As you please," replied the little man. And he took me to a corner under the stairs, where there were a few rugs. I picked out one—they were all as ragged and dirty as could be—and came back. The man shut the door of the cell upon me.

As my eyes slowly grew accustomed to the darkness, I inspected the place. It contained nothing else but that primitive bed on which lay the motionless woman, apparently asleep. It was pitch dark but for a tiny slit at the top of the wall facing the door. And the cold, less bitter than out of doors, was more penetrating—less bearable; it entered into one's bones. And the walls were damp, and the floor—of bare earth—was muddy. I spread the filthy rug in a corner and lay upon it on my side, my knees up to my chin in the position of an unborn baby, so as to keep myself as warm as I possibly could. To sleep was out of the question. I let my mind drift where it pleased.

The cold soon forced me out of my reflections. The dampness of the muddy ground had penetrated me, through the rug on which I was lying. I shuddered from top to toe, and my teeth chattered. I shook myself out of an icy-cold sensation that felt like a touch of death. "Pull yourself together, Savitri," thought I, as though speaking to myself. "You can't afford to get ill—not in these people's clutches.

You have better to do. You mean health, resistance, invincible youth—the National Socialist spirit. You need your strength to show them who you are; to defy them." This thought acted upon my body as a cup of strong, hot coffee. Although I had had nothing to eat since eight o'clock in the morning and had travelled all day and a part of the night and had not slept, I suddenly felt light and active, even aggressive—ready to fight once more. I got up, sat against the wall, took a small comb out of my pocket, and started to comb my hair, regretting that I had no looking-glass—and no flashlight. I should have liked to have a wash, for I felt sticky and dirty.

Did I make any noise while trying to find, in the darkness, a safety-pin which I had dropped? Or did the woman asleep upon the bed of planks wake up by herself? I could not tell. But she moved, stretched, and asked at last: "A new one here?"

"Yes, a new one," I replied. "I am sorry if I disturbed you."

The woman paused a minute and again asked me: "Where did 'they' get you?"

"At the station, just as I had come out of the train."

"That's bad luck. And may I ask. . ."—she hesitated a little as she spoke, but curiosity overcame her hesitation—"may I ask you what you had done?"

"Nazi propaganda. I have been distributing tracts against the Occupation and sticking up posters with a swastika as big as 'that' at the top of them," said I, delighted to relate my exploit to a listener who might be also a sympathizer. And instinctively, although we were in the dark, I made a gesture showing how large the holy Sign was on each one of my latest papers.

The woman rose at once and sat up on the planks. Her interest in me had increased immensely. "Good for you!" she shouted, heartily congratulating me. "I am entirely on your side. In Hitler's days we had plenty to eat; since these swine came we have been starving. I am here for having 'pinched' someone else's ration card."

"This one's loyalty to the Leader is rooted in her stomach," thought I with amusement and, I must also say, with a little contempt. Still, I could not help liking the perfect innocence with which she admitted it, as though it were the most natural form of loyalty in the world. And I was grateful to her for her sympathy. "How long do you think we are to stay here?" I asked the woman.

"I can't tell. They'll come and call us when it suits their convenience. They will question us and send us to some other place—send *you*, at any rate, for I hope to get away with it. I know what story I shall tell them, and I am sure it will work."

Time dragged on. I could guess there was sunshine in the street. But the cell was as cold and practically as dark as ever. The woman, although she said she was no longer sleepy, had gone to sleep again—out of sheer boredom. I was pacing the narrow space between her "bed" and one of the walls, my hands in my pockets, happy, although I was cold and hungry. I deliberately refused to think of my discomforts. What were they, indeed, compared with the atrocious conditions in which so many of my German comrades had lived for months on end? I recalled in my mind the fact that in Darmstadt—one of the post-war anti-Nazi extermination camps under American management—the thermometer had reached 25 degrees below zero centigrade *within the cells*, during the winter of 1946-47. And I thought of the systematic starvation to which National Socialists had been submitted in Schwarzenborn, in Diez, in Herstfeld, in Manheim, in camp 2288, near Brussels, and a hundred other places of horror. I had nothing to complain of, surely.

I heard someone walk down the steps and unlock one of the cells near mine and call a prisoner's name. I heard him lock the cell behind him as he took the prisoner away. At last, after a lapse of time that to me seemed endless, my cell was unlocked. I saw the stout little man who had brought me down standing in the corridor. He took me upstairs and past the room to which I had at first been brought the night before, up another floor or two, and then through long corridors on each side of

which there were doors.

I was taken to a room in which several men, some in police uniform, others in civilian clothes, were standing or sitting. One of them, seated in a dark corner opposite the door, was the *Oberinspektor* to whom particulars about my case had been given on the telephone from the police station, already before my arrest—a good-looking man, rather stout, with the most pleasant manners. He asked me if I would mind answering a few questions, and after taking down my name, age, etc., he bade me relate to him "what I had done in Germany from the start." My statement, he said, would serve as evidence in my trial. Of course, I was not compelled to make any statement. I could, if I liked, refuse to reveal anything of my history until the day I would appear before my judges. But I was only too pleased to speak about myself, provided I could do so without harming people who were on our side. "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb," thought I. "Let me have the pleasure of informing these people of the fact that the persecuted Idea means more to me, a non-German, than all their 'humanitarian' twaddle ever will mean to anybody, including themselves!"

"I first came to Germany from Sweden," I said, "and distributed over five hundred leaflets which I had written myself. Then, after a short stay in England, I came back through France, crossing the frontier this time at Saarhölzbach, and distributed over six thousand other leaflets, the text of which I had also written myself."

The *Oberinspektor* interrupted me. "Your first leaflets were printed in Sweden?" he asked me.

"They were not printed at all," I replied. "I wrote them in my own handwriting, four or five at a time, making use of carbon paper, and spent the two nights before my departure doing so." It pleased me to mention that detail—which is perfectly accurate—and thus to impress upon the bystanders the double fact that I had acted upon my own initiative and that I was not to be discouraged by physical hardships.

"And where was your second supply printed?" asked the *Oberinspektor.*

"I have already declared at the police station that on no account would I answer that question."

"All right; continue to relate your journeys to and fro. This is just a voluntary statement of yours, in which you can be as brief as you like."

I resumed my story, informing the police that, for the second time, I had gone to England in December, 1948, "to spend Christmas with old friends" and that, after my third journey back to Germany, I had distributed a supply of about four thousand papers—those precisely in the possession of which I had been arrested—which could be used both as leaflets and as posters. Again I carefully avoided mentioning a single detail susceptible of rousing suspicions about others than myself. My two hands in my pockets, I spoke with ease, with concealed amusement and a secret feeling of superiority. I selected without difficulty what I wished to say, as a grown-up girl who thinks, while speaking to a lot of first-form schoolboys: "*This* I can tell them; it is of no importance—and if I don't tell them someone else will, anyhow. But *that* is none of the kids' business."

A tall, slim, fairly elegant man, who had not yet spoken, started a discussion with me on purely ideological grounds. A mistake, from his point of view—for any such discussion between a democrat and a National Socialist only serves to show how weak the former's position is, compared with that of the latter.

"To sum up," he said, after an hour or two of conversation with me, "it is your own philosophy of life, your essentially aesthetic attitude to religious and social problems, and your interpretation of world history that made you a National Socialist?"

"Nothing *made* me a National Socialist. I always was one, by nature, by instinct, and could not have been anything else even before I knew what to call myself. But it is true that the factors you mention—and others too—have helped me to become more and more conscious of my Ideology."

"What 'other factors,' for instance?"

"My awareness of the Jewish danger on all planes, and not merely in the economic sphere; my strong sense of Aryan solidarity; my inborn hatred of moderate views and of half measures."

"Personally, I like your ancient Greek stuff well enough," he said, "your Spartans and your Olympic games and what not. But couldn't we have that without National Socialism?"

"No. It is impossible."

"But why impossible?"

"If you cannot yourself see why, it just means that you grasp nothing at all of the real Hellenic spirit, or nothing of National Socialism—or perhaps nothing of either," I replied.

My words were taken down. None of the men present made any comments. I was told that I would appear on that very afternoon before the Lower Control Commission Court, but that my final trial would probably not come before several weeks' time. They would first have to sort out and read the numerous books, papers, letters, and notes that were in my luggage, and of which many would constitute evidence against me. "Evidence in my favor," thought I, taking a longer view of things, and also well knowing that the police authorities would find in all that written matter more than enough to impress them about my absolute sincerity. I remembered there were in my bag two letters addressed to me during one of my short stays in London by Mr. B., a very fine English friend of mine—the inmate of an anti-Nazi concentration camp in England during the war. Both ended with the sacred formula: "Heil Hitler!" The police would not be able to harm the gentleman, at any rate. There is no law forbidding a British subject, writing to another British subject in England or within the British Commonwealth, to end his letters with those two words. Moreover, the address in the corner of the page was no longer his.

But why speak of Mr. B.'s letters? There was, in my attache case, the beginning of my book, *Gold in the Furnace*, that fiery profession of faith written in my own handwriting and dedicated "to the martyrs of Nuremberg"; and there was the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, a philosophical book that I was writing slowly, along with the other, and that is—perhaps even more than the other, for those who can read between the lines—the expression of all we stand for, the justification of all we did. I was convinced that they would destroy the unfinished book—I surely would have destroyed any equally eloquent anti-Nazi writing that would have fallen into my hands if I had been in power, and, which is more, I would have destroyed the writer with it. I felt profoundly sad at the thought, for I loved that book of mine, the youngest and fairest child of my brain. In none of my former writings had I so passionately poured out my whole being as in this one. Had they sworn to me that they would spare it on the condition that I should be killed or tortured, I would have chosen death or torment without hesitation—anything to preserve the sincerest words I have ever written.

I would, I thought, do my best to save them. So I went up to the man who had just told me about my trial, and spoke to him. "My own writings will serve as evidence," I said, "but may I ask if they will be given back to me after the trial is over? Or can I be again tried on account of them, specially of a certain book which I was writing?"

"In this trial, you are charged with distributing tracts and sticking up posters, not with writing books. Your leaflets and placards are the only things with which we are concerned."

"Then, my unfinished books will not be destroyed?" I asked, hardly daring to be hopeful.

"That, I cannot tell you. It all depends upon the court. If the court judges your writings subversive, it will order their destruction; otherwise not," replied the man, somewhat impatiently.

I, who knew how "subversive" were the three first chapters of my *Gold in the Furnace*—even the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, of which the spirit is no less Nietzschean—felt all hope abandon me.

"Would you not care to help us a little by telling us who printed those posters of

yours? You can be quite sure nobody will ever know that you gave us the information. Moreover, we assure you that no harm will be done to the printer or those connected with him."

I felt a wave of indignation rush to my heart as if the man had insulted me in the filthiest language. Who did the fellow take me for? I looked at him straight in the face and replied with contempt: "I am no traitor!"

"That we know," said the man, his voice still softer; "we know. But could one call this treachery? We shall find out anyhow."

"Then find out if you can," I answered, "and don't ask me. You will never get a word from me." Then, recalling the threat of the German policeman on the night before, I pursued: "If you are really keen on making me speak, why don't you try on me your wonder-working democratic 'methods'—those you have used upon thousands of my betters, you who criticize us for being 'brutal,' you who pretend to have fought to deliver the world from our impending tyranny? Come along! Don't be squeamish! Remember that I too am a Nazi—a monster by definition—and by far nearer the conventional type of Nazi that you people hate and dread, than most others. If I were in your place, and you in mine, I would not waste precious time arguing. I would do what all representatives of well-organized services of coercion have done from the beginning of the world and will do till the world ends. Do the same! And let me, one day, give public lectures about the episode, to my own delight and to that of all the enemies of democracy. In the meantime, I might not speak—I sincerely hope I shall not, although it is always rash to boast beforehand. But you will at least have done your best for the defense of the decaying order in Western Europe—if you really care about it as much as the Allied-controlled press would lead us to believe."

The man—on behalf of the democratic world—listened to that bitingly ironical discourse with apparent equanimity. And he replied, "No, we shall not apply any sort of physical pressure in *your* instance; it is out of the question . . ."

"You prefer to apply it in the instance of defenseless Germans, who cannot expose your 'humanitarian' lies before the world and tear your prestige to pieces, because you do not allow them to travel," I burst out, interrupting him. But the man seemed to pay no attention to what I said.

"We shall not submit you to any sort of physical pressure," he repeated, ignoring my impeachment; "but we give you the confidential assurance that, if you tell us who printed your posters, we shall spare your writings—all of them, however subversive they be."

I marvelled, inwardly, at the psychological insight of that man. He had guessed that the irretrievable loss of my unpublished books would be a greater torment to me than any agony of the body. But even that did not work. On the contrary. A strange reaction took place in me. I felt that my last link with the world of appearances had been snapped, that, henceforth, I was free—freer than the roaring ocean that no man can control. In that fraction of a second, under the pressure of emergency, I had rid myself of my strongest attachment: the attachment to my life's creation.

"Burn them, then," I said, with exaltation. "Burn them!—although I know I could never write them again as they are. Better not a trace be left of whatever I produced, rather than I become unworthy of my Leader and of my Faith—of all I have lived for, all my life!" My eyes were filled with tears. But I regretted nothing and meant every word I said. I possessed nothing nearer to my heart than my own sincere writings, the children of my soul, my only children. And the austere joy I now experienced was—I presume—akin to the joy of a mother who sends her sons to a dutiful death, rather than incur shame.

ON REMAND

On the 21st of February, in the evening, after a beautiful motor drive, I arrived before the doors of the Werl Prison. I got down from the car and waited. It was already dark. A warder in a greyish-green uniform opened the door and let us into a room on the left. Then a young woman in

khaki uniform, who had been called for, came in and bade me follow her. I crossed with my new custodian a courtyard on all sides of which were high walls, nearly entirely covered with creeper. Then the wardress opened a large iron door with one of the two huge keys that she held and shut it behind me. I followed her along a path with a high wall on one side—the wall that separated the prison grounds from the street, I presumed—and on the other a building from which came a smell of food—the kitchens of the prison. That path led us into an alley in the midst of an open, grassy space, surrounded with buildings—five-storied ones on the left and ahead; a two-storied, elongated one on the right. In all I saw hundreds of barred windows, most of them now lighted, each one of which—I guessed—corresponded to a prisoner's cell. Then again the wardress opened a huge door with her key, and I crossed a sort of covered yard—a paved space between two workshops—in the dark. Another door was opened before me—and, as always, shut after me immediately I had passed—and I emerged into a rectangular courtyard, surrounded on all sides with the walls of a two-storied building. The ground floor was dark. But the windows on the second floor—all barred, like those I had seen from the much broader open space which I had just crossed on my way—were lighted. Two flights of steps, each of them protected by a roof, led to the second floor from that courtyard. We went up the one on the left. The door at the top was again shut. The wardress opened it, walked in, and turned to the right. I found myself in a long, dimly lighted, fairly wide, and perfectly silent corridor with rows of doors on each side of it. The wardress took me along, right to the end, and ushered me into a small room in which were an elderly lady in dark blue uniform, obviously an important member of the prison staff, and a young woman seated at a table before what seemed to me to be a book of accounts. Along the walls of the room ran large shelves upon which heaps of clothes and linen were neatly piled up.

The elderly lady—who, with her wavy hair, now white, her blue eyes and regular features, must have been pretty in her youth—took down my name, age, etc., and asked me the nature of my "offense"—at the hearing of which both her face and that of the wardress brightened imperceptibly. Those German women did not dare to tell me: "You are on our side; good for you!" But I felt at once that in their eyes I was innocent, if not praiseworthy, although surely stupid—stupid enough to have let myself get caught.

I was taken to cell number 121, in the C wing of the prison, where I was to live as long as I remained "on remand." As I was a British subject, I was allowed to keep the civilian clothes that I was wearing—a dark-brown, tailored suit and overcoat—and my attache case, emptied of all its former contents except a few sheets of blank paper, a towel, a piece of soap, a mirror, and an English translation of the *Bhagavad-Gita.*

The cell contained an iron bed fixed to the wall, a table, a stool, and a cupboard. Light came from a high window—with iron bars on the outside—of which the topmost part alone could be unfastened to let in a little air. The floor was covered with earthen-colored, square bricks. In the thick door lined with iron there was a small round hole in front of which hung, on the outside, a metal flap. By lifting that flap one could at will look into the cell from the corridor, while the prisoner could never look into the corridor from the cell. The walls were whitewashed. The inner side of the door—the iron side—was painted in light grey. It all seemed—and was—perfectly clean, as it would be, in an establishment of which at least the material management was entirely in German hands.

The wardress on duty brought me my supper in my cell—some macaroni, bread, and marmalade. I was told that the light in my cell would have to remain on all night "unless the English governor of the prison permitted the contrary." I, who cannot sleep with the light on, hung my clothes over the electric bulb in order to make the room as dark as possible and pulled the bed clothes over my head in addition to that.

I was awakened early in the morning as

the wardress on duty opened my cell. A prisoner came in to remove the sanitary pail and brought it back after a while, well cleaned and smelling of phenol. She also brought me a jug of water. I returned her "*Guten Morgen!*" and got out of bed. The door of the cell was again locked after she had gone out. Then came my breakfast, brought in by another prisoner—a heavily built young woman, with a red, round face, dark hair, and grey eyes. "All that!" I could not help exclaiming as I saw the amount of food she had laid upon the table. There was a pint of hot tea, with milk and sugar; a large tin can of porridge; six slices of beautiful white bread, such as I had not eaten even in postwar England, let alone in starving Germany; a piece of butter; and a large spoonful of orange marmalade. "Is it all for me?" I asked the wardress.

"Yes, of course," she said.

"But I have never had such bread, even when I was free. And I could not eat so much anyhow. Are they giving me a special diet because I am a 'political case'?"

"No. The political cases here are treated exactly like the ordinary criminals—given in the morning one single slice of dry, black bread and a tin of chicory without sugar or milk. You are given a special diet because you are a British subject."

"But I hate the Occupation as much as any German can."

"That makes no difference. In their eyes, you have a British passport; that's enough."

"Can I give a slice of my white bread to this woman," I asked, seeing with what longing eyes the prisoner was gazing at the quantity of food she had brought me.

"You can," whispered the wardress, "but don't allow anyone to see you, for it is against the rule."

"I am accustomed to doing things against those people's rules," I said, referring to the present-day masters of Germany. I smeared a piece of bread with a little butter and jam and gave it to the woman.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the latter. "Oh, I do thank you!"

She folded the bread in two, put it in her pocket, and disappeared, as another wardress was calling her from the corridor to help in the distribution of black bread and chicory to the bulk of the prisoners. She would eat the "delicacy" in her cell as soon as she would be off duty. It was probably the first slice of white bread and butter she had tasted since the capitulation. For the millionth time I recalled in my mind the ruins and desolation I had seen and the appalling starvation that had succeeded, since 1945, the horror of the phosphorus air raids. "Poor, dear Germany—my Leader's country!" I thought, as tears filled my eyes.

Turning to the wardress, who still stood in my cell, I asked her: "Could you not manage to give my porridge and my tea and four slices of bread to some of those who are here for the sake of the same Idea as I—to my comrades, the so-called 'war-criminals'? As there is not enough for all, could you give it to. . . the best ones; you understand what I mean. . . to the sincerest ones; those. . . ."

"I understand," she replied, "and I'll willingly do as you say. But not now at once. Later on, when there is next to nobody in the corridors. They must not know, you see, or else there will be trouble."

"Thank you!" I said. "I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you. It is not much, I know. But it is all I can do now for the people who have fought for the same ideals as I."

"Be sure I shall help you as much as I can," said the woman in a very low voice. "I was in the Party myself. . . and so were several others of us. We understand you. Keep the food in some corner. I shall come to fetch it later on. *Auf Wiedersehen!*"

I could not see the sky from my cell, for the windowpanes were made of non-transparent glass. Yet, I was happy. Having no pen and ink—not even a pencil—I could not write. I paced the room, from the wall below the window to the door and back, over and over again, like a captive tigress in her cage.

Later in the morning a wardress came to fetch me from my cell and took me to the

Governor's office. I stood before the desk of Colonel Edward Vickers, the British Governor of the prison—his name I had read on the door as I had entered.

"Yours is an offense of a very serious nature—an offense against our prestige in this country," said the Governor, addressing me. "However, it is the court's business to judge you, not mine. All I wanted to tell you is that you are here in a prison and that there are rules which you will have to obey, as every other prisoner. You will be fairly treated—in fact, you will enjoy the privileges of a British subject, since you are one. But I cannot allow you extra privileges. In particular, you cannot have food specially cooked for you in consideration of your strictly vegetarian habits. You shall be given all that is neither meat nor meat soup in the daily diet for British prisoners."

"I am grateful for that and have never expected undue privileges," I said. In fact, I wanted to ask as a favor that no distinctions whatsoever be made between the Germans and myself. But I reflected that if I accepted the special British diet—which was incomparably better than theirs—I would easily be able to pass over to them whatever niceties I might be given. I already knew that, of the hundred and seventy or so inmates of the *Frauen Haus,* twenty-six were so-called "war criminals"—former members of the staffs of German concentration camps and so forth during the great days: people against whom our enemies had succeeded in loosing the fury of a whole world. I was impatiently looking forward to making their acquaintance and to showing them all the marks of comradeship I possibly could. Naturally, all my best food would be for them—for those of them, I mean, that were "*in Ordnung,*" i.e., real National Socialists, for I had already been told—to my amazement—that half of them were not. I therefore said nothing.

"A British doctor will examine you this afternoon, and another one in a day or two," continued the Governor. "Have you anything to say concerning your needs apart from food?"

"I would be grateful if the light in my cell could be switched off at night," I said. "I cannot sleep with it on."

"We generally keep it on so that the wardresses on duty might be able to look into the cells at night and see what the prisoners on remand are up to. We do so in case some might try to commit suicide," emphasized Colonel Vickers. "But if the doctor sees no objection, I am quite willing to allow you to have the light put out. Anything else?"

"I would also like to have a few sheets of paper and a pen and some ink, or even an ordinary pencil—if it is possible—to write a couple of letters." What I wanted to do in reality was to try to remember the plan and at least certain passages of the three first chapters of my *Gold in the Furnace* and to rewrite these the best I could. And when that would be finished, I would continue the book clandestinely. The Englishmen would not be all day long at the *Frauen Haus.* And I was beginning to feel that the members of the German staff, if not all *in Ordnung,* were at least all sufficiently hostile to the Occupation—all sufficiently German—to allow me to write in peace provided that *they* did not thereby get into trouble.

The Governor looked at me with suspicion, as though he had guessed my intentions. "I am certainly not going to give you paper for you to continue your propaganda in this prison," he said sternly.

"I have not the slightest intention of carrying on any sort of propaganda or of doing anything which is against the rules," I answered with utmost naturalness. "I would only have liked to write a few letters. But if I cannot, of course, it does not matter."

Apparently my naturalness was convincing, for the Governor was kind enough to give me a writing pad and a pencil. "I hope you understand," he stressed, however, "that every word you write will be censored."

"Most certainly," I said. But in the depth of my heart I thought: "That we shall see!" And after thanking the man I left the room, feeling that I had won a victory.

Back in my cell, I at once put down in black on white whatever I remembered of

the three first chapters of *Gold in the Furnace*—and of the beginning of the fourth chapter, that I had started writing in a cafe in Hannover a day before my last journey to Cologne and my arrest.

The day passed quickly. In the afternoon, I was taken to the infirmary, where the British doctor examined me in the presense of the matron of the prison, the nurse in charge, and a prisoner who worked there under the latter's supervision. I could not take my eyes off that prisoner. She could have been about thirty-five or forty. In the shabby blue uniform she wore—like all the others—she displayed the classical beauty of a chieftain's wife in ancient Germany: a vigorous, well-built body, created to comfort a warrior and give birth to heroic sons; a queenly bearing; a regular face in which one detected serene strength and pride—and lofty dreams, also; authority and inspiration. Her pale blonde hair, as glossy as silk, shone in a ray of evening sunshine. Her large, luminous, blue eyes, of which the glance could, occasionally, I knew, be as hard as stone—now smiled at me.

The next day—which was the 23rd of February, and the nineteenth anniversary of Horst Wessel's death—I experienced one of the great moments of my prison life. I saw that prisoner of whom I have just spoken walk into my cell, with the nurse who accompanied her. "We have come to pay you a visit—to see how you are," said the nurse with cordiality. "This woman, who is one of our 'war criminals,' is keen on making your acquaintance."

"Yes," she said, "I am a 'war criminal.' My name is Hertha Ehlert. I am one of those from the Belsen trial. I was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment."

Hertha Ehlert, of the Belsen trial! Of course, I knew. I actually remembered her name for having seen it in the papers. And with irresistible vividness, the atrocious past suddenly rushed back to my consciousness. I heard, once more, the wireless of those days barking at me from all sides, wherever I went, the news of those sickening trials—the Belsen one and the others—along with its daily insults against all I loved and (what was perhaps even worse) its daily, slimy sermons about the "re-education" of Germany in view of her "re-integration into a more humane and better world!"

The two women told me something of the atrocious way they and the rest of the German staff in charge of the Belsen camp were treated in April, 1945, when the British Military Police took possession of the place. They spoke of the lorries full of frenzied Jews, sent there specially to inflict all manner of ill treatment upon them—and specially upon the SS men, warders of the camp. They described to me how, after four days' horrid confinement, without food or water, in their own filth, they had themselves been made to bury, with their own hands, under the threat of British bayonets, the bodies both of the dead internees and of the slain warders, and were not given even water to wash themselves of the stench but were compelled—rather than nothing at all—to use their own urine for that purpose. They told me of the howls of the unfortunate SS men whom *they saw* disembowelled alive by creatures wearing the British Military Police uniform and of the thin, long-drawn, high-pitched shrieks of the tortured.

I listened intently. With my naturally vivid imagination, I pictured myself the ghastly scenes. And I felt every hair of my skin stand erect and an icy-cold sensation run along my nerves and penetrate me through and through. It was surely not the first time that I had heard of such achievements of the fighters for peace and reformers of mankind. I knew of plenty of atrocities performed by the "maquisards"—the "heroes of the French resistance"—specially from August, 1944, onward; French people had told me themselves of these things in 1946. And I remembered many similar facts of which I had heard in Germany. But few instances of anti-Nazi barbarity as repulsive as those I had just heard had yet been related to me by the very people who had witnessed them hour after hour, for days on end. These sur-

passed, if possible, even the horrors of Schwarzenborn and of Darmstadt.[3]

I gazed at the two women. In my mind I recalled other tortures, outlandish ones, equally ghastly but more long drawn, more scientifically studied, more artfully applied, things unheard of, that took place in imperial China, in Korea, in old Japan, and that I knew. And something akin to enthusiasm possessed me. I smiled at the vision of the wide world spread before me and at the endless unknown possibilities that might be offered to me, who knows how and when, in the course of the next thirty years. "My martyred comrades, my loved ones!" I said in a clear, almost inspired voice, "*They* have thrown you to the Jews. May I, one day, be given the power and the opportunity to throw *them* to torturers of Mongolian blood!—to yellow men with blank faces and slit eyes. On that day, I shall avenge you! By the unseen Forces that govern all things, I swear it!"

The nurse smiled, and Hertha Ehlert continued: "Ever since they arrested us these people have been trying to rub into our heads that we are monsters on account of the things we did, specially of the gassing of the Jews. The priests they have sent us to bring us back to Christian feelings have been repeating the same to us for three and a half years, namely, that *that*, of all things, was something appalling. You are not a German, although one of us. You have in these matters an impartiality that none of those enemies of Germany can pretend to have. Tell me frankly: what do *you* think of that feature of our regime?"

"It was necessary," I replied unhesitatingly. "The only pity is that, first, so many dangerous Jews were never gassed, never even arrested; and second, that the slaves of Jewry were not gassed with their masters—to continue to serve them in the next world, if such a thing exists, like the slaves of dead chiefs were supposed to follow them, in remote antiquity. I admit it would have been doing the Yids a great honor to give them an escort of pure Aryans to the gates of Hades; but it would have cleansed the Third Reich—and the world—of a considerable number of traitors."

On the 7th of March, I was taken to Düsseldorf. Snow had been falling for several days, and under the grey sky the landscape had become dreamlike. I gazed at it from the windows of the car with passionate admiration—conscious that the time was drawing nigh when I would see nothing but the prison courtyard, day after day—and I talked to Miss Taylor, the English policewoman who had come to fetch me and who sat at my side.

"You are not too unhappy in jail?" she asked me.

"I? Not at all. I am, on the contrary, very happy," I replied. But I did not tell her that I owed most of my happiness to the fact that, glad to seize upon this opportunity of mocking the occupation authorities, the German staff let me do practically all I liked.

At Düsseldorf, I was confronted in court with my unfortunate collaborator, Herr W.—I, on the bench of the accused; he, although still himself a prisoner on remand, in the witness box. He looked dejected. Doubtless, he had suffered in prison.

It was decided at last that, given the very serious nature of the charges against me, my case exceeded the competence of the Lower Control Commission Court and would therefore be heard at the next sitting of the High Court of similar character. I was told that the final hearing would not be further postponed. I was asked if I wished to be defended. I replied that I was quite able to defend myself—or rather to state, myself, the reasons that had prompted me to act as I did. "I am proud of what I have done," I added, "and would begin

[3]In those portions of Germany which were occupied by American troops, Eisenhower likewise gave the Jews full rein in their murderous and sadistic orgy of revenge against helpless German prisoners—part of the price he paid for their later political support. A Turkish journalist, Nerin Gun, a former prisoner in the camp at Dachau, has related in his best-selling book, *Day of the Americans* (New York, 1966), how the entire Dachau prison staff of 600 SS men was fiendishly butchered after surrendering to "American" troops in 1945.

again if I could, though—I hope—this time less clumsily, taking full advantage of bitterly acquired experience."

The judge took a pencil and a piece of paper. "Will you repeat that, if you please?" he said.

"Most gladly!" I answered. And I repeated the sentence, smiling at the German public. And the judge wrote it down.

"So you don't want a lawyer to defend you?" he asked me when he had finished.

"Oh," I said, "if it is the custom and if *I* am not to pay him, I don't mind having one. But I wonder what he will be able to say in my favor. Anyhow, I also wish to speak, personally. I hope I shall be allowed to."

"You will," replied the judge, "provided you do not intend to make a long political speech."

"I just want to make a short one," I said. The public laughed.

After that Miss Taylor brought me back to Werl. In the car, travelling with me, was my luggage, which the police had given me back. "I wonder what they did with my manuscripts," I could not help saying.

"They told me they kept whatever was of a political nature, and gave you back the rest," replied the policewoman.

I felt my heart sink within my breast, believing my precious writings were now lost to me and to those for whom they had been written. I spoke little during the journey.

My luggage was carried to the *Frauen Haus* and, on the request of Miss Taylor—who was kind enough to understand my desire to inspect it at ease—deposited in in my cell, under my bed. As soon as I was alone, I opened it. And my heart leaped: there before me lay the thick, light-brown notebook with a red binding in which were written, in my own handwriting, the three first chapters of my *Gold in the Furnace* and a few pages of the fourth! And there was, under it, the dark-red notebook containing the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun* and the whole typed manuscript of my unpublished *Impeachment of Man.* I could hardly believe my eyes. I took a glance at the precious pages to see if any had been torn out or if any lines had been effaced. No; all was in order—just as I had left it on the day of my arrest. Tears filled my eyes. I felt so light, so exultantly happy, that I would not have found it strange had my body been lifted from the ground.

The police had also left in my possession a booklet of military songs and another one of fighting songs of the Movement and . . . one sample of each one of my leaflets, as a remembrance! Attached to the longer one—the one I had composed in Sweden—was a small square of typed paper containing the methodical enumeration of the four mistakes in German that had been found in the printed text. I could not help being amused at the ironical haste they had shown in correcting them, as though to tell me: "Look here; before indulging in Nazi propaganda, you'd better go and improve your German a little!"

"I certainly shall," I thought, as though answering the challenge in my mind. And I felt ashamed of myself for not having studied Hitler's language more thoroughly, years and years before.

Life continued for me, the same—or nearly the same. The wardress came and had talks with me in my cell, as before. And Hertha Ehlert spent a Sunday afternoon in my cell—alone, this time. She repeated to me, in detail, the account of the Allied atrocities she had witnessed in 1945, and the story of the iniquitous Belsen trial, of which she was one of the main victims: "The witnesses against us, mostly if not all Jewesses, had been flown over by the Allies to England, to America, or goodness knows where, immediately after their statements had been taken down. *They did not appear in our trial,* which was conducted merely upon the evidence they had given. Moreover, our judges knew not a word of German and we not a word of English, and the interpreters who translated what we said (and what our accusers had dictated before they had left) *were all Jews.*"

I wrote down every word she said—matter for Chapter VI of my *Gold in the Furnace.* "You should not *write* those things," said Hertha; "if ever they

searched your cell and found out that *I* have been telling you all this . . . I would have to suffer for it terribly."

"Rest assured they will never find out, even if I do write down every item of it," I said. "Look at this!" And I handed over to her the rough paper on which her account was in black and white.

"What language is this?" she asked at the sight of the unfamiliar signs.

"Bengali," I replied.

"And you write it from left to right, like German?"

"Naturally, it is also an Aryan tongue—derived from Sanskrit. All Aryan tongues are written from left to right."

"But would they not find someone to decipher it?"

"Let them!" I said. "Nobody could ever translate to them what this means *to me.* See here, for instance, those five words in a row—all very harmless, current Bengali words, without any connection with one another. Well, they each begin with the same letter as each one of the camps in which you worked from 1935 onward. I shall understand when I use these notes. Nobody else possibly could."

THE TRIAL

My trial was held in Düsseldorf on April 5. After the routine presentation of evidence and the depositions of witnesses, it was the public prosecutor's turn to speak. He summed up the evidence that the witnesses had brought, putting special stress upon my own statement which the last witness had quoted. He then proceeded to give a brief account of my academic qualifications and of my career. "Here is a woman who is obviously intelligent," he said; "who has obtained the highest degrees a university can confer upon a scholar—she is a master of sciences, a doctor of literature—who has travelled over half the surface of the globe; who has taught history and philosophy to students and held public meetings; who can speak and write eight languages and who has published a few books lacking neither in original thought nor in erudition; and yet, *in spite of all that,* we are compelled to acknowledge that she is a fervent National Socialist . . . ."

I could not help being amused—and at the same time a little indignant—as I heard the words "in spite of all that." "The damned cheek of this man!" I exclaimed, in a whisper, to Miss Taylor—for she was the only person I could possibly speak to—"'in spite of all that,' he says, as though a higher education, experience of foreign lands, thought, erudition, and what not were incompatible with a sincere National Socialist faith!"

Finally came my turn. The judge turned to me and asked, "Do you wish to speak?"

"I do," replied I; "although I have nothing to say for my defense, I would like to state the reasons that have prompted me to act as I did—if those reasons interest the Court."

"They certainly do," said the judge, giving me at last the opportunity that I had been so eagerly awaiting.

"I have never had the conceit to believe that by distributing a few leaflets and sticking up half a dozen posters I would, alone, provoke the resurrection of National Socialism out of the ruins and desolation in the midst of which we stand," I said in a clear voice. "Those ruins are not, as the Public Prosecutor has just now tendentiously asserted, the consequence of our Leader's policy. They are, on the contrary, the marks of the savage war waged upon National Socialist Germany by the coalesced forces of disintegration from East and West, lavishly supported by Jewish finance, to crush in this country the kernel, the stronghold of regenerate Aryandom. The heavenly Powers, Whose ways are mysterious, have permitted the disaster of 1945. It is their business—and not mine—to raise National Socialism once more, in the future, to such prominence that its right to remain the one inspiring force of higher mankind shall never again be questioned. I, the powerless individual, can only, as I wrote in my posters, 'hope and wait.'

"Whatever I have done, I did, therefore, not in order to win immediate success for the Cause I love, but in order to obey

the inner law of my nature, which is to fight for that which I firmly believe to be true. The most sacred book, revered throughout India—the *Bhagavad-Gita*, written thousands of years ago—tells all those who, like myself, are militant by heredity, warriors by birthright, to fight steadfastly, regardless of gain or loss, victory or defeat, pleasure or discomfort. And our Leader has written, in the self-same spirit, in chapter two of the second volume of *Mein Kampf:* 'Whatever we think and do should be in no way determined by the applause or disapproval of our contemporaries, but solely by the obligation that binds us to the truth which we acknowledge,' or, to quote the actual text itself: '*Allein unser Denken und Handeln soll keineswegs . . . .*'"

"I am not concerned with what your *Führer* wrote or said," the judge burst out, irritated. "And please remember that you are not here addressing a political meeting, and turn to the Court, that is, to me, and not to the public, when you speak."

The judge then allowed me to speak for another two or three minutes before he interrupted me again. "We have heard enough, more than enough," said he. He then sentenced me to three years' imprisonment.

Miss Taylor took me to another building and there kindly offered me a cup of tea and—which I appreciated infinitely more—presented me with a bottle of ink and a thick notebook, priceless gifts, now that I was going to jail for good. It appeared to me that she was inclined to be much more considerate—that she could even be friendly toward me—when there were no other members of the police about the place. "The book you are writing, you will finish in prison," said she. And she added, to my amazement: "You will finish it with this ink, and in this notebook. Thus you will have a lasting remembrance of me."

"If you really intend to help me, knowing who I am and what I am writing, I cannot but thank you," replied I, suddenly moved. "But do you? And would you still, if you knew *all* I have written already, and all I hope to write?"

"Why not?" said Miss Taylor. "You are not writing against England."

"I am not; that is true. I am writing against those who, in my eyes, have betrayed the real interests of England no less than of all Aryan nations. And those are, I repeat, all those who fought to destroy National Socialism, through criminal hatred or through ignorance."

Miss Taylor got up. "I must now take you to Werl," she said, "or it will be eleven o'clock before I get back."

I followed her to the car that was waiting for us downstairs.

THE DOORS CLOSE

On the afternoon of the day after the heavy iron doors of the prison at Werl had once again closed upon me, some two hours after lunch, my cell door was opened.

The *Oberwachtmeisterin*, the lady who supervised the prisoners' work in the whole women's section, came in. Middle-aged, short, and a little stout, but extremely elegant—dressed with utmost sober taste—she was energetic, firm, efficient, of more than average intelligence, and could be charming in her relations with me, showing more interest in my career as a writer and in my activities in India than most other members of the prison staff.

She asked me with a smile: "Well, how are you getting on? And since you must work now, what would you like to do? What are you able to do?—for here some of the prisoners knit; others make nets or bags or baskets; others, who know the trade, make dresses. Do you know how to make anything?"

"I am afraid I don't," replied I. "But I can learn."

She smiled again. "It takes time to learn," she said. "It is better to do what one is made for." And after a pause she asked me: "Apart from writing, and from lecturing in public—and, doubtless, also privately, to your husband and all your friends—what did you do when you were home in India?"

"I used to give lessons in languages and do translations when I needed more money than my husband could afford to

give me. Otherwise, I did a little painting, I went to a few tea parties; did practically nothing."

"A National Socialist woman should be skilled in all manner of household work," she said watching me ironically to see how much the irreproachable orthodoxy of her statement would impress me. She was not the first person in Germany to remind me of that and to make me feel utterly ashamed of myself. For a second the acute awareness of possibilities lost forever—the retrospective vision of the woman I *could have been*—was painful to me. And I looked at her with such depth of sincere sadness that the irony vanished from the glance of her sparkling grey eyes.

"Perhaps I was wrong not to have striven, in my youth, toward that all-round realization of my womanhood implied in our ideals," said I. "I don't know. I somehow seemed to feel that I was destined to be a wanderer all my life. Anyhow, it is no good thinking of the past. *Now*, my household is my cell. And I shall try to keep it as clean and tidy as I can."

She patted me on the shoulder. "I am sorry if I made you feel sad," she said; "I did not intend to. Now, tell me frankly: what would you really like to do? What would you do if you were free?"

"Continue to write my book," I replied, unhesitatingly.

"Well, continue now," said the *Oberwachtmeisterin*, to my amazement and to my joy. "I shall bring you, for the sake of formality, a little easy work which you will finish in an hour or so. The rest of the day, continue your own real work—your work that matters."

I was deeply moved. "I can find no words eloquent enough to thank you," I exclaimed, in a sincere outburst of gratitude, as tears came to my eyes. "This is the greatest favor you could do me. And. . ."—I could not help adding—"I cannot bring myself to believe that you would regret your kindness if you knew what I am writing."

"I don't want to know—*now*," she replied "It is in English, isn't it? I can't read English. One day, if it is ever translated into German, as I hope, I shall be glad to read it."

Days passed. I worked—very little: I talked—to *Frau Oberin*, the supervisor, who would stop for a few minutes in my cell or invite me for half an hour to her office as often as she could; to the *Oberwachmeisterin*, to whom I became more and more attached; to other members of the prison staff; to Hertha Ehlert and a few of the other political prisoners. And I thought a great deal. And I was never bored, even for a minute.

But my greatest joy of all was undoubtedly to be able to continue my writing.

As soon as I had finished darning the few towels or shirts or pairs of trousers that the *Oberwachtmeisterin* brought me every morning, I would pull out of my drawer the thick, brown notebook that Miss Taylor had given me on the day of my trial and start writing. I planned each chapter before I wrote it. And when I had composed a passage to my satisfaction and put it down in pencil upon a scrap of paper, I would at once transcribe it with pen and ink into the notebook. I had very little paper and could not get fresh supplies of it easily. Getting a few new sheets out of my trunk meant not only obtaining *Frau Oberin's* permission (which was not difficult) but waiting, often for days, until *Frau Erste*, the matron, would have time and would feel inclined to take me to the cloakroom where my trunk would be opened before her, and where I would take in her presence what I needed. So I saved to my utmost the little paper I had. I would write upon the envelopes of the rare letters I received, or even upon the letters themselves, between the lines, or on the packing paper from the parcels that a kind friend occasionally sent me from England, so as to make the half-dozen sheets I had left last as long as I could. I wrote at first very faintly, with a black pencil. Then again, upon the same paper, over the pale writing with more stress, so that this time only the second writing would show. Then I used over that second writing an indelible pencil which Colonel Vickers had given me "to write letters," on the day following my arrival, and the existence of

which he had apparently forgotten. And whenever it was possible I would write a fourth time over this third writing, with pen and ink. Each successive writing I copied, after correcting it, in the brown notebook, with pen and ink.

My ink was also running short, and it would be a job to obtain some more. To make things worse, the matron had twice lately filled a fountain pen from my bottle—without my being in a position to object, for then (who knows?) she might have told me abruptly that I was no longer to write without the Governor's express permission, which would have been to me a fatal hindrance. But I did not allow those difficulties to worry me. Irritating as they might have been, they were minor difficulties. *All* difficulties were minor, so long as I could write without being detected by the representatives of the occupying power.

Between chapters of my *Gold in the Furnace*, I would slowly continue *The Lightning and the Sun*—the book in which I intended to evoke, as powerfully as I could, as three eternal symbols, illustrating three different aspects of the rhythm of Creation, the mighty historical figures that I admired the most (for entirely different reasons): Genghis Khan, King Akhnaton of Egypt, and. . .our Leader; the man *within time*, the man *above time*, and the man *against time*, as I had characterized them. That work, I reflected, would be the long-drawn, main work of my life; the synopsis of my whole outlook on history. But I had no idea when I would finish it, if ever.

The time I worked the most happily was in the evening after 6 o'clock, when I knew nobody would come into my cell until the next day.

THE SEARCH

One major catastrophe marred my stay at Werl. On Monday morning, the 30th of May, my cell was opened. *Frau Erste* and the wardress on duty that day appeared at the threshold. *Frau Erste* ordered me out and ushered me into the cell next to mine, which was empty. She pulled the door behind us and then told me abruptly: "Undress."

I started unbuttoning my overall while she untied my hair to see whether I had anything hidden in it. I then took off and threw aside my clothes, stockings, and shoes, and remained naked before the two women, retaining only the little glass likeness of the Leader that I wore around my neck on a piece of string. I could not help asking *Frau Erste* why I was suddenly submitted to this minute search.

"You have been doing silly things," she replied. "You know yourself what you have done."

"Honestly, I don't. I have done nothing," I protested energetically. I was speaking sincerely. I had not the foggiest idea of what I could possibly be accused of. For weeks all my activity had consisted merely of writing my book, without coming into contact with anybody but my few friends from the D wing, whenever I could, and the members of the staff. For weeks I had completely left off trying to indoctrinate the rather dull women with whom I used to spend my "free hour," twice a day.

But *Frau Erste* did not believe me. "You have been distributing leaflets and talking propaganda among the other prisoners," said she.

"I have not, for many weeks," I replied. And again I was speaking the truth.

Meanwhile, the wardress was searching the pockets of my overall and my stockings. In one of my pockets she found a paper folded in four, bearing in my own handwriting a copy of the text of the posters that had caused my arrest. And I knew that the one printed copy of the same text that had been left in my possession—and one of my leaflets of a year before—were to be found among my books. That would no doubt strengthen the accusation against me. And my manuscripts were, of course, more than any leaflets an eloquent proof that I remained as militant a National Socialist as ever. The two women then went back to my cell next door after locking me in the empty one.

Motionless, speechless, and tearless,

I listened to them turn over my mattress, take down my books from the shelves in the cupboard, upset my drawer. Doubtless, they had found my manuscripts. They would carry them away in a minute and give them to the representatives of the occupying power. Those writings, in which I had put all my love, I would never see again. Something choked me, and something paralyzed me. I felt as if I had suddenly been emptied of all my substance and had ceased to exist, save as an automaton. I listened with indifference to the two women ransacking my cell, less than two yards away from me on the other side of the partition wall. I caught sight of a patch of blue sky through a transparent windowpane. But even the sky—the boundless, fathomless ocean of light that had always meant so much to me—did not stir a feeling in me.

I could not tell how long I remained standing in the empty cell, inwardly crushed into that indescribable state of psychological death. Time existed no more for me than if I had really been dead. At last, *Frau Erste* came to fetch me, ushered me back into my own cell, and locked me in. I saw my mattress and bed clothes that had been turned over; my cupboard, in which nothing was left, not even the dish in which I used to eat; my now-empty drawer, in which all these weeks I had kept my manuscripts. And, just as a man who has been stunned awakens to pain after a few seconds of insensibility, I was lashed out of my strange, death-like inertia, back to life—back to hell. I knew the horror of knowing that I had lost everything and that I could do nothing about it; the horror of being vanquished. My mouth quivered. Tears choked me. I threw myself upon my bed—topsy-turvy as it was—and started sobbing aloud, wildly, desperately, as I had so many, many times during those three atrocious years of bitterness, humiliation, and powerless hatred that had followed the collapse of all my dreams in 1945; those years through which I had lived without hope, for vengeance alone, and during which even vengeance seemed at times too far away for me to expect to see it. I sobbed till my eyes were dim and my body exhausted; till I could sob no longer. I tried to sleep—to forget. And out of sheer exhaustion, I managed to fall into some sort of demi-somnolence in which, if not totally unconscious, I was at least relieved of the torture of thinking, of remembering, of regretting; of feeling powerless before the loss of what I considered to be the culmination of my life-long struggle for the Aryan ideal of life modelled on cosmic truth. I perhaps even slept. I do not know.

I spent four days in agony, completely unable to reconcile myself to the loss of my writing. Finally, on Friday morning, I was taken before the Governor. "Your behavior," he told me, "has been a great disappointment to me. I had ordered both your person and your cell to be searched, hoping that facts would disprove certain rumors that had reached me. I have to admit that the result of the search has been most discouraging. We had treated you kindly; we had given you privileges that we do not give German prisoners. We had expected that in return you would begin to understand the value of our principles; that you would be reformed; at least that you would feel some sort of gratitude toward us. . ."

"What a hope!" thought I. And I forced myself to bear sad things in mind, in order not to laugh.

"Instead of that," continued the Governor, "we find in your possession a picture of Hitler. . .and a book of awful songs of which the first one speaks of 'bombs on England.' All that will be burnt. Do you understand? Burnt. I can't allow you to keep, here in prison under my eyes, what is forbidden even to ordinary German civilians. . . . Another thing: you have been meeting war criminals in your cell. That must stop. If I ever hear that you have again directly or indirectly come in touch with a single one of these women, I shall sack the whole prison staff. . . ."

"It is not the fault of the staff," I exclaimed. "Do be kind enough to let me say so. It is my own fault. It is I who insisted on seeing one or two of these women. And I did not talk politics with them. I only wanted a little intelligent

conversation. I found the other prisoners hopelessly dull."

"It is my business to judge whose fault it is," replied Colonel Vickers sternly. "And I blame the staff. I repeat: I shall sack the whole staff if I hear that you have again spoken a single word to any of the war criminals. Have you anything to say?"

The opportunity had at last come to me to do *all* I could to save my book. "Yes," said I; "one thing only. Spare my manuscripts!" Tears—not "crocodile's tears" this time—rolled down my cheeks. "I have transgressed the rules of this prison by keeping in my cell the objects you mentioned," I pursued; "I was wrong, and I am sorry. And although I had kept those objects solely for the emotional value they might have in my eyes and although I have never showed them to anybody or tried to use them in a spirit of propaganda, I do not plead for them to be spared. But I beg you to spare my own writings. These might be of no value to anybody, but they are mine. They are like my children. I have put all my heart in them. And, moreover, they are not for publication."

"The manuscripts found in your cell are now in the hands of experts," said Colonel Vickers. "If they are of a subversive nature, they shall be destroyed like the rest of your Nazi stuff. If not, you will have them back when you are free—whenever that be. . . ."

I felt my heart sink within my breast and my knees give way under me. No one knew better than I how "subversive," from a democratic point of view, my manuscripts were.

After a minute's pause the Governor—who could not read my secret thoughts—said: "I repeat: at present, your writings are in the hands of experts. I shall have to consider the experts' opinion about them. But I give you my word—the word of an Englishman—that whatever be the experts' report, I shall not order the destruction of your books without calling you and giving you a chance to plead for them to be spared. And I shall take your arguments into account, along with other factors. You may go now."

During the week that followed, I could neither eat nor sleep nor work nor think of anything save my lost manuscripts. When the Governor made his rounds of the *Frauen Haus* the following Friday, I could restrain myself no longer. I asked the wardress on duty to take me to see the Governor again, and there in his office I asked him whether he could give me any word on the fate of my writings.

"Do you think I am in a mood to read your damned Nazi propaganda for the sake of telling you how much I dislike it?" he replied. "I have more important things to do. I told you—I gave you my word—that I would call you to my office when I have read it. I shall read it when I please—not when you tell me to. And that might be in three months' time, or in six, or in a year. You are here for three years. You must not imagine that we are going to release you without first being sure that you can harm us no longer. In the meantime, if you come bothering me again in connection with those manuscripts of yours, I shall destroy them straightaway. Why on earth should I be lenient toward you, may I ask you? I have seen two wars, both of them the outcome of that German militarism that you admire so wholeheartedly. Why should I show mercy to you who in your heart despise mercy and mock humanity? To you, who sneer at the most elementary decent feelings and who have nothing but contempt for our standards of behavior? To you, the most objectionable type of Nazi whom I have ever met? You can go," said Colonel Vickers, addressing me after a second's pause.

I bowed, and left the room.

On the threshold of my cell, unable to contain myself any longer, I turned to the wardress who accompanied me. "You would never guess what a glorious compliment the Governor has just paid me!" I exclaimed. And a bright smile beautified my tired face.

She was astonished that the Governor could pay me any compliment after all that had happened, and specially after the recent search in my cell.

"He told me," said I, "that I am the most objectionable type of Nazi that he

has ever met!" And I added, as she smiled in her turn at the sight of my pride: "I have been told that in 1945 there were eleven thousand SS men imprisoned here in Werl. It is not too bad an achievement, you know—and specially for a non-German—to be, in the eyes of a British officer, more 'objectionable' than eleven thousand SS men. . . .What do you think?"

"I think you are unbeatable," replied the wardress good-humoredly.

REPRIEVE

In my cell I pondered over the Governor's words. I now had almost the certitude that my manuscripts would be destroyed. And in the days which followed I gradually became accustomed to this certitude. I had become serene, if not cheerful. Then, just one week after my last conversation with the Governor, a bombshell struck. On Friday, the 17th of June, in the morning, *Frau Oberin* entered my cell smiling. It was the first time I had seen her smile for many days.

"I have good news for you," said she. "Your manuscripts are safe in my office. They have given them back to you."

From the expression on her face, from the naturalness of her voice, it was clear that she spoke the truth. Yet, I could not believe her. "It is impossible," I replied; "Don't tell me lies; don't make fun of me. They can't have given me back *those* manuscripts."

"Believe me," insisted *Frau Oberin*, "for I am telling you the truth. Your notebooks are all there: the dark-red one, the light-brown one with a bright-red binding, the other light-brown one in which you were writing before they searched your cell. They are there, intact. I have orders to put them in your trunk in the cloak room, for you to have them when you are free."

I felt myself overcome with a sort of religious awe, as though I were actually witnessing a miracle, and I shuddered. Indeed, it was a miracle. Had my writings been thrown into a blazing fire and brought out intact, the miracle would not have been greater.

I was soon called to meet Colonel Vickers in *Frau Oberin's* office—that same Colonel Vickers who, only a week before, seemed to consider me his deadliest enemy. This time he spoke to me almost kindly. "These you can have in your cell now," he told me, pointing to a pile of books. "Your other things you can have when you leave this prison."

My trunk had been brought into the office, and I actually saw in it, on the top of other books, my dark-red notebook containing the first part of *The Lightning and the Sun*, and my two light-brown ones containing all that I had written of *Gold in the Furnace*—exactly as *Frau Oberin* had told me. I could not help feeling that there was something very strange both in Colonel Vickers' sudden change of tone and in the fact that he had given me back my manuscripts. Doubtless he had orders from somewhere to act as he did. But *why* were those orders given? To this day I do not know. To this day it baffles me.

Frau Erste soon brought me back my own pen and ink and some paper—a writing pad that a friend had sent me from England but that she had not yet given to me on account of the search in my cell and the subsequent restrictions imposed upon me. Never was a gift more welcome than that writing pad. "Continue your book about Genghis Khan, *The Lightning and the Sun*, or whatever you call it, as much as you like," said she. "But for Heaven's sake, don't start writing that other one again, so long as you are here! If they caught you doing so *now*, I would surely be accused of encouraging you, and sacked. I have already very nearly lost my job in connection with you."

The Governor had, in fact, expressed the same feeling when he told me in the most casual manner: "Oh, you can write about Genghis Khan as much as you like," as though to say: "Thirteenth-century stuff!—*That's* not dangerous." "And yet," thought I, as I read over a whole paragraph that I had just written, "nothing could be more National Socialist in spirit than *this*."

I recalled an incident from the time I was in Paris trying to obtain a military permit to enter Germany. I had already

secured my entry into the French Zone—with which I could, in fact, travel all over Western Germany. I tried to obtain a permit for the Russian Zone through a vague acquaintance of mine, a rather insignificant Frenchman (so I thought) who had been a student at the same time as I and who, while I was in India, had undergone an evolution in the direction of Communism. The man had taken an active part in the French "resistance"; he was a journalist and knew many people. Naturally, I did not go and tell him who *I* was. Nor did he ask me—directly. He merely asked to have a look at any one of the books I had written. My only book in French, apart from my two doctoral theses, was *L'Etang aux Lotus*, a book about India, written in 1935. I handed him a copy of it thinking: "The devil himself would not be shrewd enough to guess my views from this mere collection of impressions about a tropical land." But to my amazement the man, after reading a page, told me: "I see you are an out-and-out follower of Adolf Hitler. It is as clear to me as daylight. No doubt your book is about India. But you see India from the National Socialist standpoint." I admired the man's perspicacity. Needless to say that I had to give up all hope of obtaining through him a permit for the Russian Zone.

I remembered now—as I had then—the words of Emerson: "A cat can do nothing which is not essentially graceful." "I suppose *I* can do nothing which is not essentially National Socialist," thought I, "and write nothing which is not propaganda in disguise, whether the actual subject matter be India, Akhnaton, or Genghis Khan." And I was all the more happy to realize that I did not do so intentionally, but that it was the consequence of my natural orthodoxy.

* * *

Less than two months later—on Thursday, August 18, I left the prison at Werl for good. It had been just a little over six months since my arrest in Cologne.

At the prison gate I was handed over to the policewoman whose duty it was to escort me to the border of the British Zone, from which I was henceforth to be barred. As we drove along, I found it impossible to restrain myself from propagandizing the policewoman.

After a bit she smiled and said: "You are free to have your opinions."

"Yes," I retorted, "free to have them and free to express them here in this car, because the driver does not know English, because it is my first day out of prison, and because you are delighted to show me how magnanimous you democrats are; but not free to express them in a cafe, in German, as soon as we step out of here; nor free to publish them in black and white. What hypocrites you are, really! You don't believe in 'individual freedom' any more than we do. You know perfectly well—as everyone else does—that no system of government can last if intelligent and courageous individuals attack the very principles on which it is based. And you defend your parliamentary principles as fiercely as you can. You don't respect the 'individual freedom' of those who have set out to expose their absurdity. You do try to keep us from thinking, through your whole system of so-called 'education.' And if you don't actually punish us for thinking, it is only because you do not believe in the power of thought and therefore hold us to be harmless so long as we *do* nothing against you, or else, because you are not yourselves sufficiently convinced of the truth of your principles to sacrifice human lives to them. The Catholic Inquisitors of old, who valued human life far more than you do (for they all believed in the immortal soul), did not hesitate to get rid of the men whom they considered dangerous to the faith of others. They served what they believed to be the truth. And we, who are only vaguely concerned with the next world—if at all—are prepared to bump off any obstacle that stands in our way, for we too act in the name of truth: our truth. Your apparent magnanimity comes from the fact that you have no truth to believe in. You only sacrifice human lives to your material interests; you kill off (in the name of 'humanity') those of us who could be a danger to your incomes and to your

dreary and secure little pleasures. You believe, not in truth, but in profit. Distasteful as they may be, my words are not blasphemy to you, as your attacks on our regime would be to me. That is why you tolerate me, provided I am not an obvious danger to 'peace, order, and good government'; that is why you were 'kind' to me. Gosh, what hypocrites you are!''

''Yet,'' said the policewoman, ''would you have liked it better if we had tortured you?''

''There is no question of 'liking it better,' '' I replied. ''Had you done it in the interest of something greater than yourselves, in which you really believed, I might have hated you (as I hate the Communists) but I would have respected you. But you don't do such things for higher,

But you don't do such things for higher, impersonal interests, with that detachment which alone we people of faith can have. When you do them—and you *have* done them often enough, if not on me, on my comrades I know it—you do them out of sheer cruelty; out of spite; for the pleasure of seeing us suffer, now that, for the time being, we are powerless. That is the democratic spirit.''

''Couldn't we talk of something else?'' said the policewoman.

After taking leave of the English policewoman, I went to the railway station. There was a train for Coblenz in an hour's time or so. I booked my ticket, hired a porter for my luggage, and went to wait on the platform. I sat on a bench for five minutes then got up and began pacing the platform, my brown attache case in one hand, my bag in the other, at last alone. I could hardly believe that it was true: that I could now go where I pleased, stop where

I could now go where I pleased, stop where I pleased, speak to whom I pleased, without being always watched, always accompanied—that I was really free. I felt inclined to tell the porter, the passengers, all the people within my reach: ''You who always have been free do not know the meaning of sweet liberty. But I do, I who have just come out of jail. And I tell you: after honor and health, liberty is the greatest treasure.'' Then I suddenly thought of Hertha Ehlert and of all my other comrades, in Werl and in all the prisons in Germany and elsewhere, already serving terms of imprisonment or still waiting to be judged and sentenced as ''war-criminals.'' When would she, when would they at last experience the joy that I now knew, the joy of being free? And the more I thought of them, the more I felt small, I who had suffered so little. And the more I was puzzled at the idea of the miraculous way I had ''got away with it.''

Then my train came.

BOOK REVIEWS

EAST AND WEST, by C. Northcote Parkinson. Houghton Mifflin. Boston, 1963 (5.00). Reviewed by William L. Pierce.

Professor Parkinson has excellent qualifications for writing his latest book on the interaction between the Orient and the Occident. As Professor of History at the University of Malaya he has specialized in a study of the subject, and the present book follows approximately a dozen earlier ones with related themes.

In addition to his serious works, he has written several half-serious, half-humorous books, most notably the best-selling *Parkinson's Law.* ("Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion.") It is, in fact, quite likely that had he not already established his reputation as a best-selling author with his less-serious books, Parkinson would not have been able to find a publisher for *East and West.* The reason for this statement will become clear later in this review.

The fundamental idea around which *East and West* revolves is that the (presumed) cyclical nature of the history of civilization in both the East and the West—i.e., the recurring cycle of expansion, decadence, and collapse—is the consequence of an *interaction* between those two great historical entities, the Occident and the Orient. In his twelve-page introduction to the book, Parkinson states this thesis quite clearly:

> In studying the history of relationships between East and West, between the opposite sides of the Eurasian continent, we come to realize that there have been alternating phases of Oriental and Western ascendancy. Periods of high civilization are found to have lasted from one to two thousand years (more or less), and scholars can break these periods down into phases of origin, growth, achievement, and decay. And whatever their life span, whatever the height or splendor of their flowering, all civilizations known to us have ended in decadence. Why? ...
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> Whatever our answer to that question or however complete is our ignorance on the subject, we are left with the fact of decadence. The energy dies away, the arts become sterile, policy becomes timid, and the outposts are abandoned. And it is this decay which creates the vacuum into which another and more virile civilization is drawn. As between East and West, it is clear that their periods of high civilization have never been simultaneous. Instead, there have been alternate periods of ascendancy, the decadence of one coinciding with the highest achievements of the other. ...
>
> Once set in motion, this gigantic and clumsy engine, this alternating ascendancy of East and West, must seemingly pound on. In its decay each civilization creates a cultural vacuum into which the forces of the rival—and rising—civilization must tend to flow. By the time this transfusion has created a resistance, and so brought about a recovery, the source of new vigor has itself decayed, creating a new vacuum in another place. So the piston moves back to its previous position, not without friction, sparks, and noise.

After this expository introduction, Parkinson uses the next eighteen chapters of his book, covering some five millennia of world history, to illustrate and support his principal thesis. Finally, the nineteenth and twentieth chapters concern themselves with the present East-West confrontation and give a few prognostications as to the further development of the conflict.

The author repeatedly relates the phenomena of each historical period he considers in the book back to his one central idea, so that the reader is easily able to appreciate the relevance of Parkinson's historical evidence to the basic theme. As an example, in discussing the interaction between the ancient Greeks and Persians, in chapter 5, he says:

> While there may be historical doubts about the machinery of East-West relationships before this period, the rise of Macedonia marks the beginning of a movement about which our information is reasonably complete. From this period on, our picture of the great engine of progress, the alternating ascendancy of East and West, the

piston driven by decay and expansion, is more clear and precise. And this new phase of western expansion under Macedonian leadership illustrates perfectly the theme of this book. The Persian pressure upon Hellas followed an earlier phase of Greek expansion and was caused by the Greek loss of momentum and subsequent decay. At once reacting to the Persian threat and absorbing something of Persian tradition, the Hellenes began to emphasize all that was distinctive about their own way of life. They accorded a special veneration to the works of Homer. Why? Because Homer sang of the last period of European ascendancy over Asia, the period when Troy fell to the Achaeans, when the East-West trade route was largely under Greek control. Greeks of the Hellenistic period turned to Homer just as later Europeans would turn to the story of Rome. But a mere revolt against the Asian way of life would have failed had its leaders not absorbed, without emphasizing, some elements of Persian tradition. More than that, some Greek ideas had to go. First of these was democracy. The Athenians had developed their democratic institutions during a period of decline. These had served to rally the Greeks against Persia in the cause of freedom. For that strictly defensive purpose the Athenian political theories had (more or less) sufficed. For the period of European ascendancy that was to follow, democracy obviously had to go. Greeks who elected their officers could fight their way out of a declining Persian Empire. They would have to be reorganized on very different lines before they could fight their way in again.

This last comment of Parkinson's, on the weakness of the democratic system of government, immediately separates him from the great bulk of academic historians today, who strongly tend toward doctrinaire liberalism. And this is only one of many instances throughout the book where Parkinson displays an intellectual independence which is quite rare in academic circles today. In his introduction, in fact, he flatly rejects the equalitarian, raceless attitude which is considered *de rigeur* by those historians with an eye toward their own professional advancement at most universities:

> In studying the chapters which follow, the reader will do well to remember the central theme. But in comparing the East and West he must try to avoid the opposite mistakes. Intolerant and narrow-minded people stress the differences to the point of concluding that Orientals or Westerners, as the case may be, are scarcely human, being no more than "chinks" or "foreign devils." Philanthropists ignore the difference to the point of saying "We are all human beings—people are everywhere the same." Neither theory is particularly helpful, and the upholders of these contrary opinions, both mistaken, make, in effect, the same mistake—that of applying a preconceived idea to a subject of which one knows practically nothing. The differences exist and serve a purpose. They need to be measured, analyzed, and compared. To exaggerate them is manifestly wrong, but to ignore them is obviously worse.

Besides the Greeks and the Persians, other peoples whom Parkinson puts into opposition to illustrate his theme of East versus West are the Phoenicians and the Romans; the Germanic peoples and the Arabs; the British imperialists and the Indians, Indonesians, Chinese, and Japanese.

In each case he emphasizes the sharp differences in temperament, outlook, and customs between the opposed peoples. And he clearly has racial as well as cultural differences in mind, for he makes several explicit references to racial characteristics. For example, in his chapter entitled "Carthage and Rome" he says: "... the people of Carthage were Asian in character .... Racially akin to the Jews, they were definitely foreign ...." In discussing the Phoenicians and the Jews, he goes so far as to conclude that treachery and deceitfulness are racial characteristics common to these peoples. Some of his remarks, in fact, are quite blunt. Speaking of the declining Roman Empire, for instance, he says: "Rome came to be peopled very largely by Levantines, Egyptians, Armenians, and Jews; by astrologers, tipsters, idlers, and crooks." And in the same chapter:

> Carthage had been destroyed, but among the Carthaginian satellites had been the Jews, scattered westward from Palestine but of Asian origin and sympathies, potential spies and rebels, difficult to assimilate and impossible to trust. The Jew represented then, and has appeared ever since as an enemy agent behind the European lines ....

Yet, despite this awareness of racial differences, Parkinson certainly cannot claim to be a racist. While he repeatedly refers to racial characteristics throughout the book, he usually does so only in an incidental way, seldom emphasizing them. Sometimes, in fact, he seems to consider cultural differences fully as important as racial differences in his theory of history. An example of this is his treatment of the Greek-Persian conflict. While other instances of East-West opposition in the book clearly involve peoples of sharply contrasting racial characteristics, this was not the case with the Greeks and the Persians of the fifth century B.C. As Parkinson points out, the Persians of that day were as Aryan as the Greeks of that day. (Since then, of course, both peoples have fallen on hard times, racially speaking.) The Persians, however, were much more strongly under Oriental influences than were the Greeks. This could be gathered, for example, from the extent of Jewish political control in Persia, as indicated by the Old Testament tale of Queen Esther, which dates from that period.

The evidence which Parkinson advances to support his principal thesis is quite convincing in some places, less so in others. In general, he is most credible where he bases his East-West opposition solidly on racial differences. Thus, his recognition and clear identification of the Jews as a racially subversive fifth column among the Aryan nations, from at least Roman times, provide one of his most telling arguments.

Although a racially conscious East opposed to a racially conscious West, the two locked in an unending struggle for survival and dominance, is a considerable over-simplification of the course of world history, there are many epochs into which this picture provides the most fundamental insight. This is nowhere more true than the present epoch, and again he stresses for us the role of the Jews in this struggle. Actually, it has been a dual role, for they have not only worked quite effectively at sapping the strength of the West, but—and this is what has attracted Parkinson's attention—they have provided the spiritual basis for a resurgence of the East:

> ... Only a religion can take the place of Islam in modern Asia, spearheading the movement for expansion. It is clear, moreover, that the religion must fulfill certain requirements. It must replace the family by an organization which offers the same sense of membership and security. While Oriental in spirit it must be consistent with the Western ideas which have been found essential for defense against the West. It must satisfy the Chinese tradition of rule by an intellectual elite, as also the Chinese sense of superiority over other peoples. It should satisfy, if possible, the Indian abnegation of self and the Arab sense of conflict between Good and Evil. It must, in fact, be Communism.

And Parkinson, in a paragraph of astounding frankness for a book issued by a major publisher today, makes it thoroughly clear that Communism is Jewish:

> The main religions of the world fall into two groups. There are the four theistic religions, each claiming a unique revelation: Shintoism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. There are, by contrast, the four broadly philosophic or aesthetic religions: Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, and Confucianism. To the first group must now be added Marxism—a creed, like the others, of violence, a religion derived ultimately from Judaism. Karl Marx was a Jew, German only in language and education. He was Jewish in his fanaticism, Jewish in his intensity, Jewish in his sense of personal salvation, and Jewish in his hatred. Like Christianity and Islam, Marxism derives thus from the Semitic peoples on the fringe of the desert. Like his rabbi ancestors, Marx saw the world as a place of contrast between Good and Evil, between the believers and the damned. He looked exactly what he was, an Old Testament prophet calling destruction on the cities of the plain.

Yet, despite his acknowledgment of this aspect of the Jewish role in the East-West conflict, and despite his apparent recognition of East-West racial differences, it is plain that Parkinson—not being a racist—lacks a real understanding of the *racial* basis of the Jewish problem. An example from his chapter 12 will illustrate this. There he tries to make an

analogy between the Church's massacre of the Albigenses in the thirteenth century and the National Socialist extermination of a portion of the Jewish population in Europe during World War II: "Adolf Hitler's prototype was Innocent III, whose slaughter of some hundred thousand deviationists set up a record unbeaten until our own time." The execution of approximately a million[1] Jews was not undertaken because Jews are "heretics" or "deviationists." The National Socialist regime in Germany, as a matter of fact, took a position of extreme leniency toward its ideological opponents. All the emphasis was on winning over to the new Idea, by the manifest demonstration of its superiority—not killing—those Germans who had been tainted with Marxism. There could be no serious thought of winning over the Jews, however, whose enmity was genetically rather than ideologically determined. Their extermination was—and will be—genocide, pure and simple.[2]

Parkinson misses the point even further when he discusses the rapid dissolution of the West—particularly the British Empire—in recent years. He interprets this as part of the normal historical course of cultural decay, in preparation for the coming ascendancy of the East. He recognizes the all-too-evident symptoms: marijuana and "pop" art, permissiveness and pacifism; but he apparently considers these things as the natural consequences of a kind of cultural senility. He does not understand the role of the Jew in deliberately promoting these things for the sake of Western cultural dissolution. He sees in the Jew a fifth column, an enemy inside our defenses waiting for an opportunity to open the city gates to the invaders from the East, but he does not see them—at least, not clearly—in their role as the natural ferment of decomposition among peoples and nations, as corrupters and poisoners, as culture distorters and destroyers. He apparently has no understanding of the Jewish thought-control apparatus in the Aryan world—neither its mechanics nor its purpose nor even its existence.[3] And not being aware of these things, he falls into the error of making a very imperfect analogy between the present East-West confrontation and earlier ones. Thought control exercised over whole peoples via modern mass media is an essentially *new* phenomenon, and it drastically alters the rules of the historical game.

Despite its flaws, the most serious of which lies in the author's attempt to force-fit the entire historical record to his single thesis, *East and West* provides a number of new insights into the interaction between Eastern and Western civilizations. Parkinson's independent viewpoint alone makes the book well worth reading.

There is, however, one matter of fundamental importance where Parkinson is not independent in his thinking. He tacitly assumes, along with virtually all other historians, that a history of the world should be a record of political and cultural activity, and that such a record provides all the data needed to yield an understanding of the historical process. The state of development and degree of organization and complexity of city life is taken as a yardstick by which to evaluate the significance or historical importance of a particular period. And if one's standards of value are geared to such things as the volume of commerce, the gross national product, or even the intensity of scientific, literary, and artistic

[1] *Not* six million, as fraudulently claimed by the Jews to cover up the illegal immigration of several million Jews into Palestine and the United States after the war.

[2] A somewhat better analogy could be made between the Albigensian Crusade and the Communist purges in Russia after the Jewish takeover there. Although these purges were initially genocidal in nature, with a deliberate attempt being made to exterminate the entire Germanic element in the population, later purges, particularly in the 1930's, were aimed more at the liquidation of ideological deviationists than of superior racial strains.

[3] For an introduction to this subject, see "Newspaper Control in America," by Robert Homan, in *National Socialist World* 4 (Summer, 1967).

activity, such a yardstick may seem, at first glance, to be proper.

But a National Socialist has standards of value which differ somewhat from the customary ones. For it is not in the external forms of organization and activity of a people that we see the most important criteria for making a judgment as to the significance of a particular period, but rather in the actual racial constitution of a people and in the dynamic processes which, for better or worse, are influencing that racial constitution. Although the basic racial constitution of a people is always intimately related to their achievements in commerce, science, industry, art, politics, and warfare, still the two sets of criteria can lead to fundamentally different evaluations of a given historical period. This is a consequence of the fact that race building and decay are usually strongly out of phase with civilization building and decay. Thus, the long ages between periods of maximum civil activity—ages which the historian customarily ignores as unimportant—may very well be periods of the greatest interest from a standpoint of racial dynamics.

It is, of course, true that the periods of maximum civil activity are precisely those which yield a maximum of written records, artifacts, and the other raw materials from which the historian builds his tale. But relative abundance of evidence should not be interpreted as equivalent to relative historical significance, regardless of the historian's value criteria.

The record of the rise and fall of pure races constitutes the primary history of mankind, and the rise and fall of civilizations occupy a place of secondary importance. This statement may seem self-evident to those accustomed to looking at history from a racial viewpoint, but it is by no means generally accepted by historians today. Until it is, much historical writing will continue to be flawed in a most fundamental way.

SHORT REVIEWS

by Victor White

CHINA'S WARTIME FINANCE AND INFLATION, 1937-1945, by Arthur N. Young. Harvard University Press. Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1965 ($10.00).

This book is to be noted principally because it documents an example of Zionist and Communist sabotage of American Congressional policy, namely, the policy of assistance to Nationalist China, which, properly executed, could have prevented the disaster of Communist victory.

The author, Arthur N. Young, was financial advisor to the Chinese government from 1929 to 1947 and is also the author of an earlier book, *China and the Helping Hand, 1937-1945.* His present volume complements the earlier one and treats in much more detail the financial and economic developments which were responsible for China's economic disintegration during this crucial period.

During the first years of the Sino-Japanese war, the United States gave no substantial assistance to China. The Soviet Union provided some financial assistance, combined with military equipment and volunteer pilots, to the Nationalist Government. This was a continuation of the Russian geopolitical response to Japanese militarism, as well as a means of improving communications with the Chinese Communists at the subversive level.

After Pearl Harbor the United States finally provided more substantial financial support, but in the critical last year of the war the gold deliveries promised for the support of the Chinese currency were deliberately withheld. As the figures show, this was a major cause of the disastrous inflation. The role played by Harry Dexter White, whose parents were known as Jacob and Sarah Weit[1] when they reached the U.S. from Russia, in sabotaging the Congressional policy of gold support to China is dealt with in detail.

[1]George N. Crocker, *Roosevelt's Road to Russia* (Chicago, 1959), p. 229.

White, known to the F.B.I. by 1945 as a member of the Silvermaster spy ring, reported to Jacob Golos, a high Soviet official in America who directed a number of Communist cells in the U.S. executive apparatus. As Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under the Zionist Henry Morgenthau, Jr., he was a leader of those "who held back gold, in spite of China's pleas, and in violation of a clear American commitment, [and who] must bear part of the responsibility for later tragic events." This action, with resulting uncontrolled inflation, "coming along with the disruption and suffering from enemy invasion," was a major factor in the fall of China.

For reference purposes, the author shows that, basically, agriculture under the Nationalist Government was in good shape before the war, with the per capita calorie intake of the population substantially higher than in 1957, the best year under the Communists.

The withholding of credit and gold and their strategic use for the furtherance of Communist and Zionist goals has a long history, and this is a prime example of the tragic results of giving such people control of a nation's treasury. It is noteworthy that an even more spectacular Weit-Morgenthau, Communist-Zionist plan narrowly failed.

MORGENTHAU'S DIARIES (GERMANY). U.S. Government Printing Office. Washington, 1967 (Vol. I $2.75, Vol. II $2.50).

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., died February 6, 1967. In December, 1967, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee issued a study of the so-called Morgenthau Plan, including two volumes of excerpts from the voluminous diaries kept by Morgenthau. The excerpts, together with an analysis by Dr. Anthony Kubek, head of the history department at Dallas University, total 1,643 pages.

At the Octagon or second conference in Quebec, in September, 1944, the United States was represented by Morgenthau and Weit, with Roosevelt taking their advice rather than that of Secretary of State Hull or Secretary of War Stimson, who were kept away. At the conference, they presented the Morgenthau Plan to strip, pillage, and so destroy Germany that it would be permanently converted into "a country primarily agricultural and pastoral in character." But that was not all. Even more diabolical punishment was prescribed for the German people and their children and grandchildren. First, a list was to be made of the Germans who were to be shot at once upon apprehension and identification. Second, the entire German population was to be held down to a standard of living no higher than bare existence.

On a paper containing the main features of the Plan, the President wrote: "O.K. - F.D.R.," and Winston Churchill also initialled it. Years later, when the monstrous plot had failed, Churchill wrote in his memoirs that he only did so because "the President, with Mr. Morgenthau—from whom we had much to ask—were so insistent." We need not believe him. Mysteriously, the press got wind of the plan, and the *Daily Worker* leaped to praise its authors; but Hull and Stimson were staggered and angered. Hull mentions his worry in his memoirs: "If the Morgenthau Plan leaked out, as it inevitably would—and shortly did—it might well mean a bitter-end German resistance that could cause the loss of thousands of American lives."

As a result of the forceful representations of Hull and Stimson to Roosevelt, with the possibility that if he continued to follow the Communist-Zionist line in this instance too obviously and against such opposition his political image might be compromised, Roosevelt temporarily shelved the Morgenthau Plan. He did not publicly repudiate it, but on October 20, 1944, he privately ordered that its detailed planning be halted. Careful to give no affront to Morgenthau and the Jewish conspiracy he was promoting, in subsequent speeches Roosevelt did not commit himself beyond promising that the German people were "not going to be enslaved." "Enslaved" had a useful ambiguity. And the spirit of Quebec

prevailed at the Yalta conference, under the direction of Alger Hiss.

The depravity of the Morgenthau Plan is difficult for unawakened historians to explain. However, we know that it satisfied two Jewish power lusts: one, the Zionist or Jewish-nationalist lust for eternal revenge and reprisal against those who had dared to purge their national body of these parasites; and two, the Jewish-Communist plan to bring Communist control to all of Europe through the economic chaos and anger against the West which would follow the reduction of Germany to a pre-feudal economy.

Kubek says that the avowed objective of the Morgenthau Plan was to prevent a militaristic Germany from rising again to threaten world peace, but only goes as far as to speculate that a motive might have been the communization of the defeated nation. He observes that in testifying before the Senate subcommittee in 1952, a confessed Communist courier, Elizabeth I. Bentley, charged that Mr. White prepared the Plan for Mr. Morgenthau, and "on our instructions he pushed hard."

They both continued to push hard, and in 1945 with Weit's aid Morgenthau wrote a book[1] expounding the Plan. Weit was given new power by being assigned the leading role as U.S. representative at the Bretton Woods Conference, which set up the International Monetary Fund, and was slated to be the first executive director of the Fund when Miss Bentley testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1948 that he was one of a group of high American officials who had given information to a Communist spy ring.

Thus, another example of Zionist-Communist treason is exposed irrefutably. The lesson is that it continues. Our intention is to root it out and burn the branches.

As Eisenhower's troops pressed toward the Siegfried Line and the Russians moved in from the east Dr. Joseph P. Goebbels told the German people of the Morgenthau Plan, helping to stiffen their resistance and increase their cohesion. This cohesion and the courage which enabled the Germans to fight on, in spite of attack from east and west and above, was a remarkable phenomenon. A key to understanding may be found in a book by Lord Moran.

THE ANATOMY OF COURAGE, by Lord Moran. Houghton Mifflin. Boston, 1967 ($4.95).

Moran draws on experience in the two fratricidal wars to explore the fundamental issues—psychological, moral, and perhaps religious. He finds that courage is based on willpower. Both can be acquired by discipline. Again and again this proposition is emphasized. Discipline is now mainly an individual matter, but as part of the general issue of military and Party training is of particular interest today:

> Men are everywhere demanding whether discipline which was designed for the illiterate is still suitable for an army with a considerable number of thinking men in its ranks. I have turned over in my mind whether it is possible to relax that discipline without impairing the soldier's efficiency as a fighting man, and I can only find one answer in the story of war. There is nothing in the life of our times to suggest that we can make an exception now with impunity. In a democracy we need more, not less, discipline, if by discipline we mean self-control.

This book contains other valuable analyses, and its ethos, to which we respond, is to some extent a standard against which the alienness of Jewish-imposed values, in the United States and many other countries, can be measured. The Jews maintain their own cohesion, their own apparatus for responding to exposure of their domination or to a threat of force, in many ways. The internal Jewish system is tough, deadly, and without mercy. The external value system, advertised in all the media and taught in

[1]Henry Morgenthau, Jr., *Germany is our Problem* (New York, 1945).

schools and colleges, has as much of the elements which build courage as there are in a decomposing rat. Let's throw the filthy thing back in their faces!

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